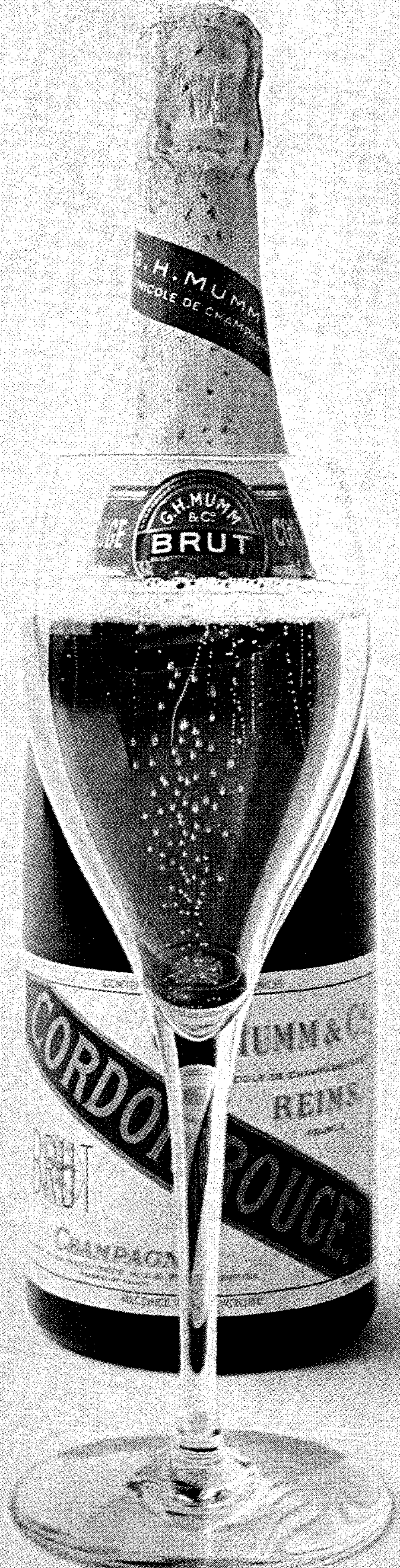
Dec. 19, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

CHRISTMAS
TREES
LIVE AND CUT
MARKET
Holly
Wreaths
Albert Hubbell

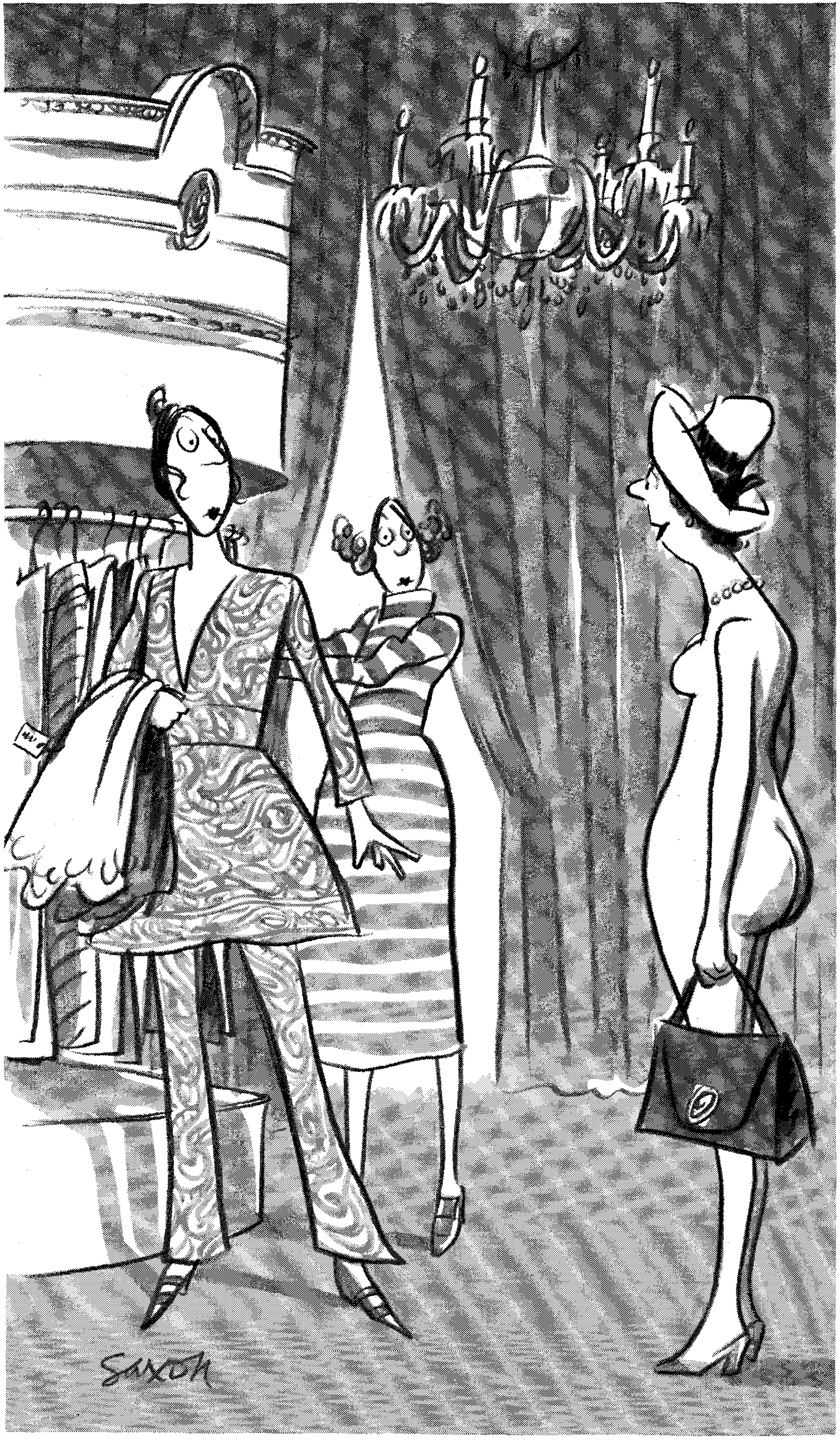
Say no more. Mumm's the word.


G.H. MUMM
VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE
G.H. MUMM & Co
BRUT
CORDON ROUGE
MUMM & Co
REIMS
BRUT
CHAMPAGNE

Cordon Rouge Brut, Vintage, Mumm's Extra Dry.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company,
Browne-Vintners Division, N.Y.C.

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



Season's
Greetings
from
Jerry
Silverman
and
Shannon
Rodgers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, members of Off Broadway Actors Equity are still on strike, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules and openings drastically. . . . ¶ Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ One of the major changes for the new year, as of Monday, Jan. 4, is that for all Broadway shows the evening curtain time will be at 7:30. And matinées will start at 2. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Les Blancs—James Earl Jones is the be-all and end-all of the late Lorraine Hansberry's dated play about an emerging African nation. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A couple of dozen very funny skits about the venal and foolish world of radio and TV. Directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Carpenters—A play by Steven Tesich, with Vincent Gardenia and Alice Drummond. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A Victorian melodrama that quite uncannily happens to have just been written. Superbly overacted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Dream Out of Time—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Foreplay—A sentimental and proselytizing homosexual drama, but with one good scene and two good actors, Sam Stoneburner and Alan Castner. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gingerbread Lady—A sad play about a middle-aged alcoholic entertainer. Because its author is Neil Simon it is full of gags, many of them funny. The cast, which includes Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen, is superb. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hamlet—Seven performances by the Oxford and Cambridge Shakespeare Company, directed by Jonathan Miller. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 8:30.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. Reopens Tuesday, Dec. 22. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—David Storey's touching little play, not to be missed on any account whatever. The cast is headed by Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett—This arrangement of excerpts from Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tues-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"THE CAROL SING" . . . . *John Updike* 36
"AN EVENING WITH RAMÓN BONAVENA" . . . . *Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy Casares* 38
"AMONG SCHOOLCHILDREN" (POEM) . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 40
ANNALS OF ADVERTISING (CIGARETTES AND TELEVISION) . . *Thomas Whiteside* 42
"CROW'S FALL" (POEM) . . . . *Ted Hughes* 46
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 96
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 96
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 98
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS) 101
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 112
LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 116
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 135
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 137
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 143

COVER: *Albert Hubbell*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Barsotti, Charles Addams, Donald Reilly, Barney Tobey, Dana Fradon, William Steig, Richard Oldden, Herbert Goldberg, Lee Lorenz, Alan Dunn, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, Mischa Richter, Stan Hunt, John Corcoran*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

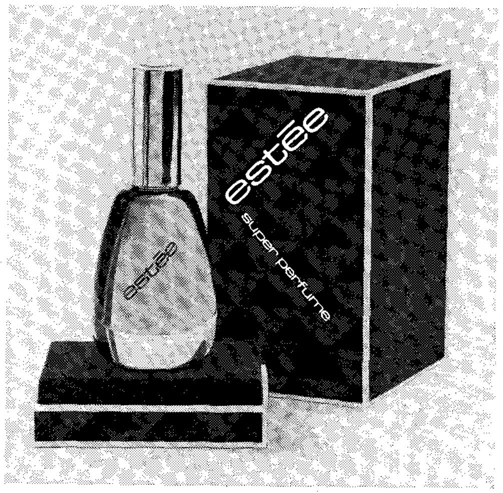
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 44, December 19, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

© 1970 Estée Lauder Inc.
Suede outfit by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo.

Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder


estēe
super perfume
estēe

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Story Theatre—A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed by Paul Sills. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays—except Dec. 23—through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. Reopens Friday, Dec. 18. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Ododo—A fierce, though ultimately ineffective, attempt to record the history of the American Negro in words by Joseph A. Walker and music by Dorothy A. Dinroe. The brand-new Negro Ensemble Company seems very promising indeed. "Ododo" is the Yoruba word for "truth." (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

The President's Daughter—Another Yiddish musical with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays—except Dec. 22—through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tarot—An entertainment of tiresome mime and pleasant folk-rock music. (Chelsea Theatre

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —He's English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —Grand is no name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma'am? (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.) ... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Gideon Singer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Singer at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Tony Roberts and Jenny O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)... **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 10. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 16-18, at 6:15; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 22-23, at 6:15; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1:15 and 5:15; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 10—Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 7:30: "Giselle." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call PL 7-7035.)... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 5; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30 and 8: "Coppélia." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Batsheva Dance Company of Israel—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 8: "Moves," "Embattled Garden," "Curtains," and "Rehearsal!"... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2: "Baroque Concerto No. 5," "Errand into the Maze," "The Mythical Hunters," "Sin Lieth at the Door," and "Rehearsal!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre—"In the Beginning," "Gloria," and "Songs." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call OR 4-8191.)

Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company—Thirty-nine dancers and musicians in a two-week engagement that starts Monday, Dec. 21, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Nightly, except Christmas Eve, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus on Ice—This one-ring refrigerated circus has fifty-seven performers, including a troupe of monocyclists and eleven skating bears who play musical instruments and even hockey. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays—except Christmas Eve—at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

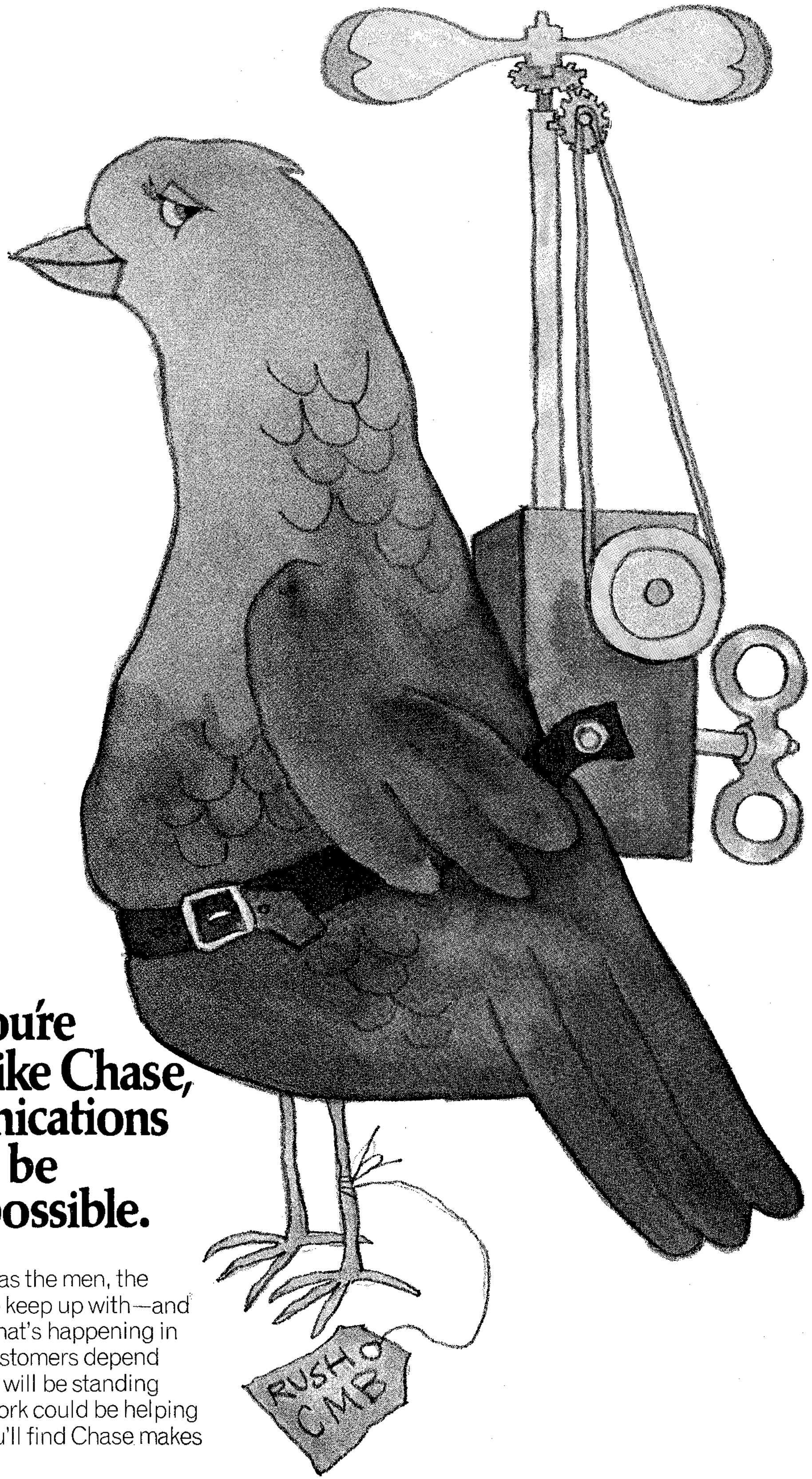
(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Jim Webb, the composer of "Up, Up and Away," whose voice is light but pleasant, sings his own songs, and he has a batch to choose from. A rock outfit shares the stage with him. On Thursday, Dec. 24, Ten Wheel Drive will arrive with a medium-hard beat and a collection of instruments that includes hamesha, harmonica, and cowbell. Rockers Mason Profit will be on the same bill. Tuesdays are different, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 23.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Peo-

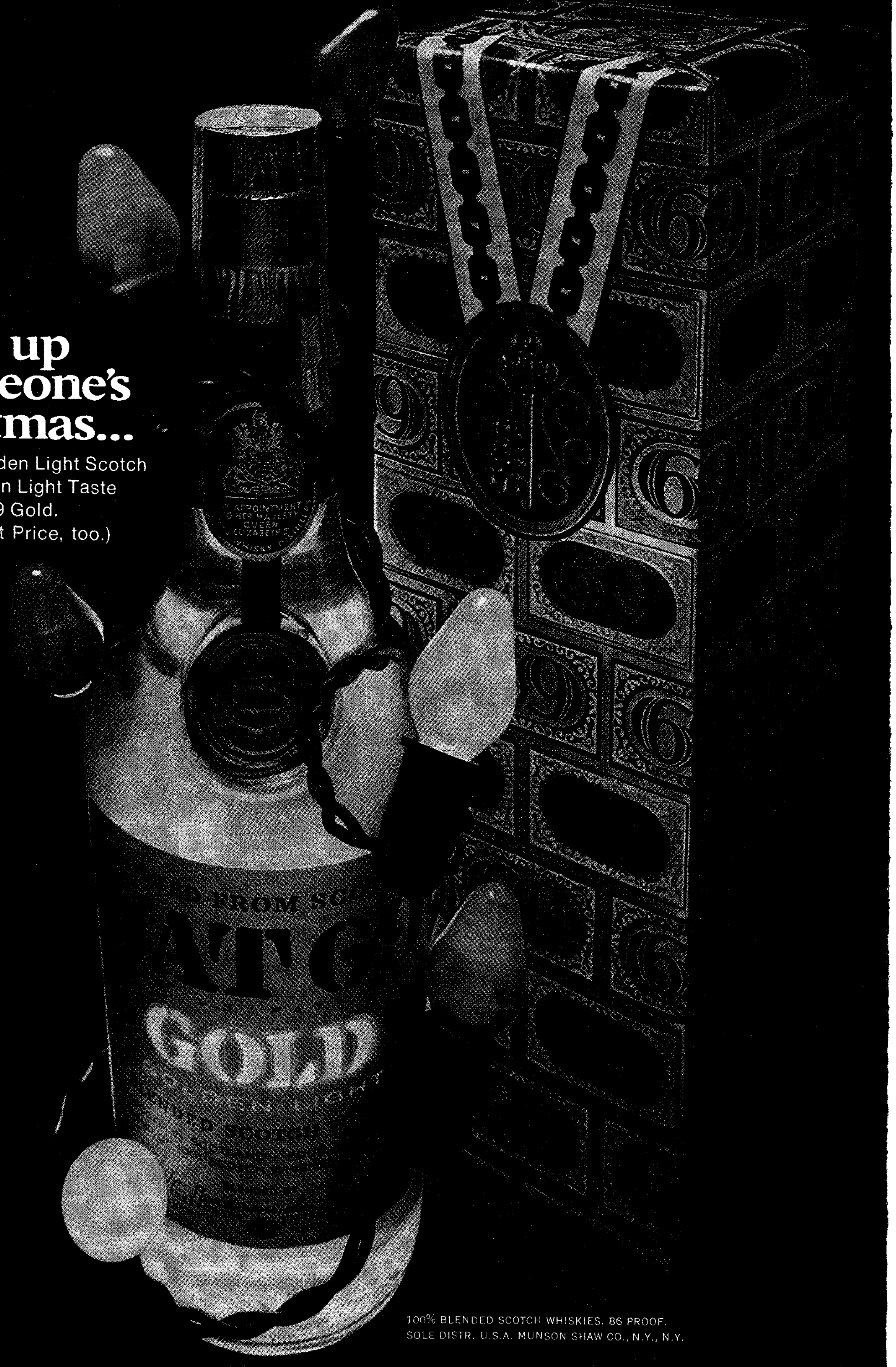


When you're a world bank like Chase, your communications have to be the fastest possible.

And ours are. Chase has the men, the machines and the systems to keep up with—and often ahead of—everything that's happening in international finance. Our customers depend on it. (If all else fails, pigeons will be standing by.) This world banking network could be helping your company, too. Try us. You'll find Chase makes things happen.
Remember...you have a friend at Chase.

1 Chase Manhattan Plaza,
New York, N.Y. 10015. Member FDIC.

CHASE MANHATTAN


FROM SC
AT G
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Light up someone's Christmas...

with the Golden Light Scotch
with the Golden Light Taste
—Vat 69 Gold.
(Golden Light Price, too.)

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 86 PROOF.
SOLE DISTR. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ple who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. Guitarist Eddy Deal will work with a bass player until Tuesday, Dec. 22, when Jan Hammer will come in to play electric piano with Gene Perla on bass. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, from whose piano so many blessings flow, is back in her element (life after dark), accompanied by Michael Fleming on bass, and it's the proper element, too, for this restaurant belongs to Barney Josephson, inventor of the memorable Café Society, Uptown as well as Downtown, where she broke in thirty years ago. Eight to one, but not on Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The instrument after which the club is named is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. Kenny Burrell, with Larry Ridley on bass, uses his guitar with skill and wisdom. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Infra-Mason-Dixon dining.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The twelve-bar blues have few more able advocates than Jimmy Rushing, who sings them Fridays through Sundays. His colleagues are the members of the reliable Zoot Sims quartet, who perform on their own the other nights of the week. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Jazz pianist Eddie Thompson, who can give the illusion of raising the rafters when he wants, plays through Sunday, Dec. 20, after which Joel Shulman will take over for a week. Their accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, the piano is solo. On Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time in the old banjo palace. If the music doesn't zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus*, movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Sundays, from six to nine, a Dixieland band lives it up. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. Charles Mingus, in very good form these days, leads a quartet. On Tuesday, Dec. 22, McCoy Tyner's very active quintet moves in. Music from nine until closing. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Bill Evans trio plays its shiny, expert jazz. On Tuesday, Dec. 22, Junior Mance, whose piano is funky and blues-oriented, will bring in a quartet. Mondays, the above musicians are off, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: A rock policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, the Larry Coryell trio (Coryell is a guitarist whose jazz is as good as his rock) and Ambergris; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, the Larry Coryell trio and Molimo; Sunday, Dec. 20, the Larry Coryell trio, Molimo, and the Roy Haynes quintet; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 22-24, Dreams and Randall's Island; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, Dreams. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Freddie Hubbard, adept on trumpet and flugelhorn, leads a quintet here until Tuesday, Dec. 22, when Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a phenomenon on several reeds, succeeds him with a sextet. Deep sounds on Sunday, Dec. 20, from five-thirty to nine, when the New York Bass Violin Choir will do a special. Among its members are Ron Carter, Bill Lee, and Milt Hinton. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, theoretically.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est quoi*? Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and adequate dancing (from nine-thirty to three or four). Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Campbell than Cocker—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Carnarvon and Carter would have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1970, and few gasps are heard. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by the Glass Bottle, which at some performances puts on a condensed concert version of "Hair." Dining. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A new house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a glittery brass bar, a non-glittery bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

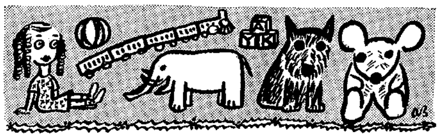
Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the hearty sound of Rick Martin's Backyard Society or—beginning Tuesday, Dec. 22—Sarojopi. Closed Mondays and Christmas Eve.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. Closed Sundays, Mondays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.



Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, or the Boys from Barcelona, end their jolly musicales on Wednesday, Dec. 16, so that José Greco and his troupe of prancers can move in next evening. This castle keep is in session every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **Château Disco** (371-5155), colloquial Latin (French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese) streams across the tapes (some of the best tapes in town, in fact), with enough instrumentation for those who would dance as well as listen. From nine to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Wednesday, Dec. 16, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, a good example (and a well-orchestrated one) of *vox pop*, sign off; the Friends of Distinction, known hereabouts only on wax so far, start singing next evening. Never a dark night in this den. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is appropriate music, night after night, by characters calling themselves the Dunhills.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Hear, hear! Which can to a certain extent be done even while the Third Rail, without electrocuting itself, is electrifying the atmosphere with its rocking and rolling. Closed Sundays for cooling out.

La Forêt, in the Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): The Save Our Environment movement attains a sort of climax in this Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of Phil Wayne's quintet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, or bounce a bit, later at night, to the minute alarums and excursions of Joe Bill Loudermilk & Grits. Tuesday through Saturday. . . . ¶ The adjacent **café** goes its placid way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the band run by Burt Farber, which has been rebuilt to let in more light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Tradition here calls, too, for soprano interludes in the midst of dinner and supper; these are the work of Karen Wyman, a new girl in town, and almost too young to be allowed out at night. This enterprise is always shut on Sundays, and after Tuesday, Dec. 22, it will take a week's vacation. . . . **Plaza 9 Music Hall** (PL 9-3933): The old Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals, an art form so juvenile that it cannot be parodied, is paradoxically parodied, and pilloried, by "Dames at Sea," which is all in fun and by the ton. Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the exemplary cast; Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the justifiably proud perpetrators; Baldwin Bergersen is at the well-tempered entr'acte clavichord. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Sundays at four and seven-thirty. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday and Christmas Eve, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Promenade deck with a view. During dinner and supper, Eloise Laws and her soprano collaborate with the Dick Cavett Show Orchestra, causing the customers to wonder where they have seen this pair before. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—The ten-man band run and orchestrated (tautly, tersely) by Sy Oliver is warming the cockles (and the mussels, too) of everyone's heart. Benny

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Morton and Leonard Gaskin are both with it and With It; so, too, is Mr. O., who sings at his work, and winningly, assisted by Buddy Smith and Candy Ross. Six until two, except on Sundays. The dining is skimpy.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero has again become the starting quarterback in the Maisonette, and the special maneuvers that are best accomplished to the Latin music of his band can once more be seen and/or participated in. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is designed for non-levitating diners, Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti (fiddle-and-pianoforte duo) drift slowly down the Danube right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

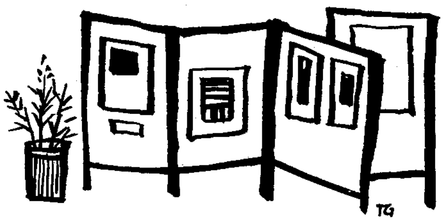
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Those were the days, and Bobby Short, whose literate arias go back to the distant peacetime, pastime world, makes all that happy hedonism seem lush, lyric, and (as it truly was) laughable. This great retrospective is enhanced by his piano and his sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by Athenian musicians intent upon persuading everyone to dance, and by liberal helpings of song. It happens every night. Closed Christmas. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Ron Eliran, whose tenor speeds along in the Israeli vernacular, will return to action on Wednesday, Dec. 23. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. Closes after eight on Christmas Eve, and closed all day on Christmas. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays, and after Wednesday, Dec. 23, there will be a short interlude of meditation and prayer. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Christmas. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays and Christmas. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Early settler Ernie Warren is keeping fairly late hours with his dance band (until midnight, one, or two) in the local restaurant. He starts off at seven during the week, at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and takes only Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Everyone may take justifiable pleasure in hearing that on Monday, Dec. 21, Irwin Corey, a spokesman for whom the non sequitur was devised, will once more begin strangling himself with his own verbiage. Ten and twelve are his appointed hours. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. Closed Christmas. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The ambience a Londoner expects to find at the Connaught, the music (George Feyer's eclectic piano) the Central European expects to find at home. Mr. F. is present from eight-thirty until one-thirty, but never on Sundays. No music Christmas. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the heavily travelled roads to Rome. Among the strollers is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until midnight every evening but Sunday. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Port of call on a little-known island. People waiting for the weekly mail steamer can hear Wayne Sanders, who just got off the last boat, reminiscing at his piano about gone but not forgotten days. He sits up fairly late. On Saturdays and Sundays, a bass player lends him two hands. Closed Mondays and Christmas Eve. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; every night but Sunday, there is loose-limbed piano on the top deck. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, who always looks extremely good, looks his best at the piano in this chancellery, where he presides from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except Saturdays, Sundays, and Christmas. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the blithe words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this manse. Ten-thirty and midnight, and in between reliable Marty Napoleon takes a threesome through its paces. No Mondays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas. Some are likely to close early on Thursday, Dec. 24. . . . ¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of works in various mediums.)

GALLERIES

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Antoine Bourdelle (1861-1929)—Bronzes, many of them portrait busts, by a French sculptor; through Saturday, Dec. 26. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Burlin (1886-1969)—Paintings done during half a century by this New York artist whose last works are being shown at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Button—Scenes of America and abroad in gouache; through Dec. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Larry Calcagno—Sectional abstractions based on nature; through Dec. 31. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by this turn-of-the-century artist whose reputation has been growing; through Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alan Cote—Patterned bands of iridescent color; through Jan. 5. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cronbach—Abstract sculptures in bronze, plus a series in painted wood; through Jan. 2. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Collages done in the twenties by this pioneer American Abstractionist; starting Tuesday, Dec. 22. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Max Ernst—Paintings, drawings, collages, sculptures, and graphics done between 1917 and 1963 by this Surrealist; through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Eversley—His first one-man show in New York of Lucite sculptures in simple forms; through Saturday, Dec. 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Drawings in color; through Jan. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Goodman—Figurative oils, watercolors, and drawings suggesting emotional situations; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Riders" group; through Jan. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wifredo Lam—Twenty recent paintings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; through Jan. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.)

David Levine—Caricatures by an artist known for his magazine illustrations; through Dec. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Loren MacIver—Landscapes by a veteran New York painter; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Paintings based on studies

CHANEL
Bath Powder 6.00
New Eau de Chanel No. 5, 10.00
N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME
Perfume from 8.50
Spray Cologne, Spray Perfume, each 6.00
EAU
DE
COLOGNE
N°5
CHANEL
Eau de Cologne from 4.00

Every woman alive wants Chanel N°5

CHANEL

© 1970 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York

Our mobile contemporaries—a gentle jacket over a sleeveless dress that's elasticized at the waist. In the easiest-going nylon jersey, either bone-and-aqua or grey-and-pink, for 8 to 16 sizes, $95. Sportdress Collections. Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

made in the Far West; starting Tuesday, Dec. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jack Nelson—Sculptural constructions made of canvas, wood, and plastic; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Fairfield Porter—Portraits of New York poets by this painter of domestic themes; through Jan. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Man Ray—A retrospective of photographs and "Rayographs" commemorating the artist's eightieth birthday; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Larry Rivers—Oil paintings, constructions, multiples, and graphics done since 1965; through Jan. 9. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Jay Rosenblum—Color paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Georges Schreiber—Recent watercolors; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Dec. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the twenties and thirties; through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Turku Trajan (1887-1959)—Painted sculptures of the figure, also paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Dianne Nelson Tullis—Collages representing still-lifes and Western highway landscapes by an Arizona artist having her first one-man show in New York; through Jan. 9. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Roger Van Damme—Oil paintings of arrangements of enamelled cups; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Realistic figure paintings, also landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961) **and Robert Crowl**—Monotypes painted over in oils by the former and figure studies in pencil by the latter; through Jan. 9. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Mac Wells—Abstract paintings; starting Saturday, Dec. 19. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

William Zorach (1887-1966)—Figures in bronze and marble by one of America's leading twentieth-century sculptors; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Etchings and lithographs, plus two sculptures; starting Saturday, Dec. 19. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures done over the past forty-five hundred years on the theme of the female; through Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **dwan**, 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists—they include Andre, Arakawa, De Maria, Flavin, Heizer, LeWitt, Smithson, and Snelson; through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper—acrylics, drawings, watercolors—by, among others, Avedesian, Agnes Martin, Norris Embry, and Robyn Denny; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian Mexican and Peruvian objects in gold, silver, wood, ceramic, and textiles; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Morris Louis, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Dec. 31. . . . **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Graphics and small sculptures by Israeli artists, including some of the leaders; through Feb. 15. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Selected works by gallery artists; through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists; through Dec. 31. . . . **myers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Walter Darby Bannard, Robert Goodnough, and Red Grooms; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by fourteen contemporary Japanese in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.) . . . **zabriskie**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Sculptures in wood by leading practitioners in this medium, among them Hague, Mary Frank, Sugarman, Nevelson, Kohn, Hokanson, and Cunningham; starting Tuesday, Dec. 22. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

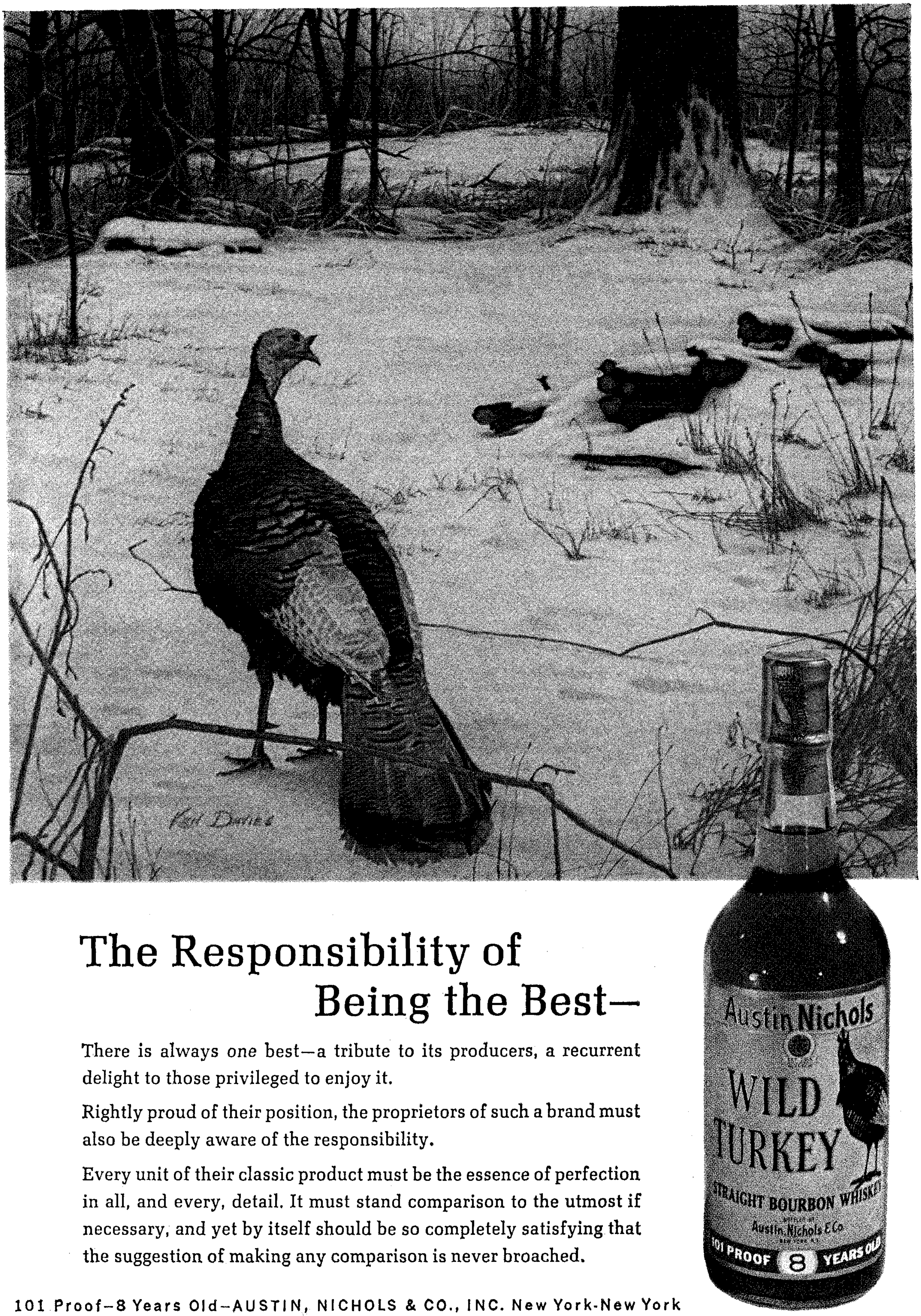
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration, entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries"—it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, who has been celebrated for his boxes; through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family"—more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife Sarah, gathered from many sources; starting Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Feb. 8. A good complement to this exhibit is the Burlin show (ending Saturday) at the Borgenicht Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; starting Tuesday, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York landscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Dec. 17, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Closes Thursday, Dec. 24, at 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first North American retrospective, consisting of eighty-four paintings, sculptures, and drawings, plus toys (which played an important part in his development) of Joaquin Torres-García (1874-1949), well-known South American Abstractionist; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Thirty-six works by Wojciech Fangor, a Polish color painter who lives in the United States; starting Friday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Fifty-five works by thirty-three Japanese artists, chosen to represent the most avant-garde developments in Japan today; through Jan. 31. A good complement to this exhibit is the show of contemporary Japanese artists at the Staempfli Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biennial survey of American sculpture; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Eleven panel paintings based on patterns of sound waves by Lee Lozano, a young New York artist; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ About forty-five works by women artists, taken from the Museum's permanent collection; starting Thursday, Dec. 17. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-


Karl Davies
Austin Nichols
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin Nichols & Co
101 PROOF 8 YEARS OLD

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

Every Man wants Success...
by Day...and by Night

SUCCÉS
by night
AFTER SHAVE
SUCCÉS
by day
AFTER SHAVE

So we've created a scent for each.

Available in After Shave, Cologne, Gift Sets and other fine products. At leading department stores.

© COTY, N.Y. 1970

five Japanese prints from the Edo period (seventeenth century through the nineteenth) by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Saturdays, from 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Closes Thursday, Dec. 24, at 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The first exhibit in New York of sculptures in stone, wood, and cement by Gonzalo Fonseca, a Uruguayan who works here; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Works by Julia Pearl—paintings, constructions, and drawings based on Hebrew letters and prayers; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Photographs, accompanied by sound, of Hassidic communities; through Jan. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, and printed music that tickles the eye—here Beethoven's frenetic hand, there Chopin's delicate, precise pen; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, except Christmas and Saturday, Dec. 26, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy wooden figures that adorned ships, shops, and theatres, and heralded circuses in New York during the nineteenth century; through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—This year's special Christmas exhibit, "Visions of Sugar Plums," presents toys and decorations from private collections, including costumed dolls and a doll's Christmas tree with ornaments dating back to 1870; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Serigraphs in modernist modes by seven Muscovite artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through March 31. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 16: A new production of Beethoven's "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 17: "Tosca," with Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Tito Gobbi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 19: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 19: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Ruza Baldani, Lilian Sukis, Roberta Peters, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 21: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 22: "Aida," with Elinor Ross, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Edmond Karlsrud. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 23: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 24: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Ruza Baldani, Lilian Sukis, Colette Boky, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 25: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 26: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, Ezio Flagello, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 26: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amahl and the Night Visitors and **Help! Help! the Globolinks!**—Opening performances of a three-week engagement of a double bill by Gian Carlo Menotti that will run through Saturday, Jan. 9. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 1:15; Christmas at 7:15; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Wednesday, Dec. 30.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with John Browning, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—James DePreist conducting, with Louise Parker, contralto. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight: With Maureen Forrester, contralto, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30: With Itzhak Perlman, Jaime Laredo, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; and Nobuko Imai, viola. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3: With Miss Forrester and others.

Bach Aria Group—David Effron directing, with Lili Chookasian, alto. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

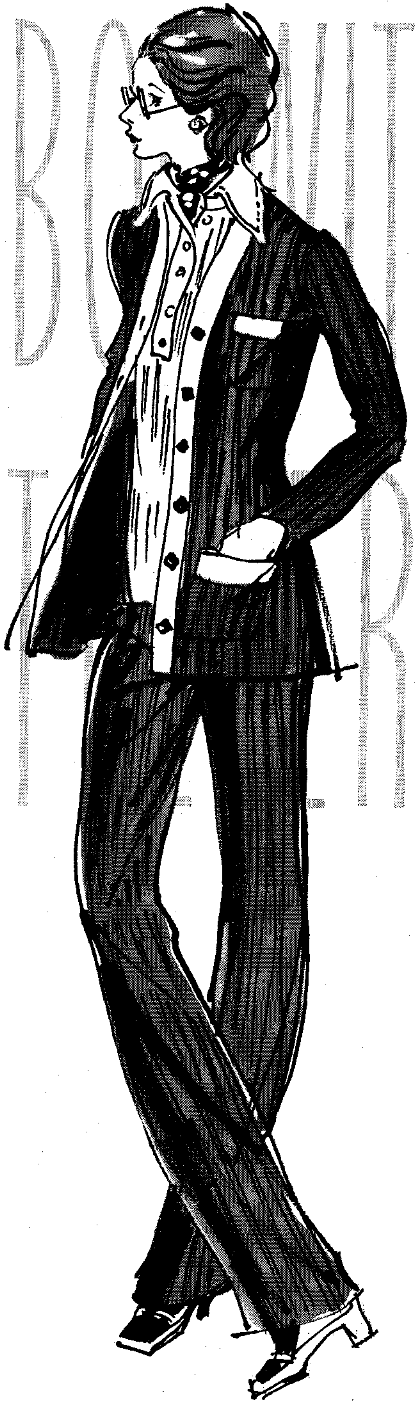
Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks directing a performance of Benjamin Britten's "St. Nicholas Cantata." (Holy Trinity Church, 316 E. 88th St. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Columbus Boychoir—Donald Hanson and Thomas Conlin directing a program including a performance of Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors," with soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier

North or South, Bonwit's easy-care Pantsuit goes First Class! Navy and white never looked bolder than in this highly port-able ribbed Trevira® polyester pantsuit that makes easy-sailing of your cruise wardrobe. Great gift for the friend heading South this holiday, too! Wide-ribbed pants and a white ribby placket-style shirt topped with a jacket, this James Kenrob by Dalton design for 8 to 16 sizes, 90.00 Add .75 delivery charge outside regular delivery area. Sportswear. Fifth Avenue at 56th St., New York and all stores



HOW TO GIVE YOURSELF A FIGHTING CHANCE IN A TV SHOWROOM.

There you are surrounded by row after row of screen after screen, control after control, claim after claim.

The color tv industry has you totally confused by too much of a good thing.

And since our company, Sylvania, is part of the industry, the least we can do is try to give you a clearer picture.

To do that, we'll explain just what to look for in the four most important tv areas. The picture tube. The tuner. The chassis. And the price tag.

ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND NAMES.

The color tv industry uses a lot of complicated names for its picture tubes.

But basically, in big-screen color sets there are only two kinds.

One gives you a nice, bright picture made up of color dots. (Sylvania has this in most of its lower-priced sets.)

The other gives you an even nicer, brighter picture made up of color dots that are each surrounded by a black field. (Sylvania has this in 28 of its big-screen sets.)

Naturally, you'll want the brightest picture your eyes and your budget can agree on. And the only way to find it is to go looking from set to set.

But brightness alone is not enough. It'll put more light in light colors. But it'll also put more light in dark colors. So there's less color separation. This can make your tv picture look faded.

The trick is that with brightness, you need contrast. So light colors stay light. And dark colors stay dark.

It's the right combination of brightness and contrast that gives you a sharp picture.

And guess who gives you the sharpest big-screen picture you can buy?

But don't take our word for it.

Test every color tv you look at by seeing how easy it is to count the hairs on people's heads.

TWIST, TURN, PUSH.

You wouldn't buy a car without test-driving it. Don't buy a color tv without test-tuning it.

You'll find manual fine-tuning on the lower-priced color sets.

But A.F.C. (Automatic Frequency Control) is more in keeping with the Push-Button Age. (Sylvania and most other companies have it on their better sets.) You twist a dial to the right channel. Then you push the A.F.C. button and your picture is fine-tuned for you automatically. Probably better than you could fine-tune it yourself.

Even more in keeping with the Push-Button Age is Sylvania's Instant Push-Button tuning (which you'll find on their best models). You just push a button to select a channel. And at the same time you get a perfectly fine-tuned picture, electronically. There's absolutely no wear and tear. On you or your tuner.

To find out which tuner to get, check each one. First with your eyes. Then with your budget.

THE FRINGE ELEMENT.

But no matter how good it is, a tuner alone won't help you in a fringe area. (And a fringe area doesn't just mean miles from civilization. It can mean right next to a tall building.)

What will help is something called an I.F. (Intermediate Frequency) stage. It amplifies a weak or obstructed signal so it can appear as a picture on your set.

To bring in a good picture in a fringe area you need a minimum of 3 I.F. stages.

Every Sylvania color set will give you at least that many. Some even have 4. Ask the salesman to come up with the I.F. figures for every set he shows you. He'll look at you in a whole new light.

SOLID STATE VS. TUBES.

Solid state means using transistors, diodes and integrated circuits instead of tubes.

The more solid state a set is, the less heat it will build up. Chances are the fewer repairs it will need. And the longer it will last.

But not all companies make solid state color sets. (Sylvania is one that certainly does. They have 10 models that are 100% solid state. And all their other big-screen color sets are at least 75% solid state.) So make sure you ask the salesman just how solid state each set is.

And while you're at it, ask whether the transistors are the plug-in type (like Sylvania's) that are as easy to service as a tube. At this point the salesman may even offer you a job.

NOW YOU STAND A FIGHTING CHANCE.

Hopefully, all those screens, controls and claims are a little clearer to you now.

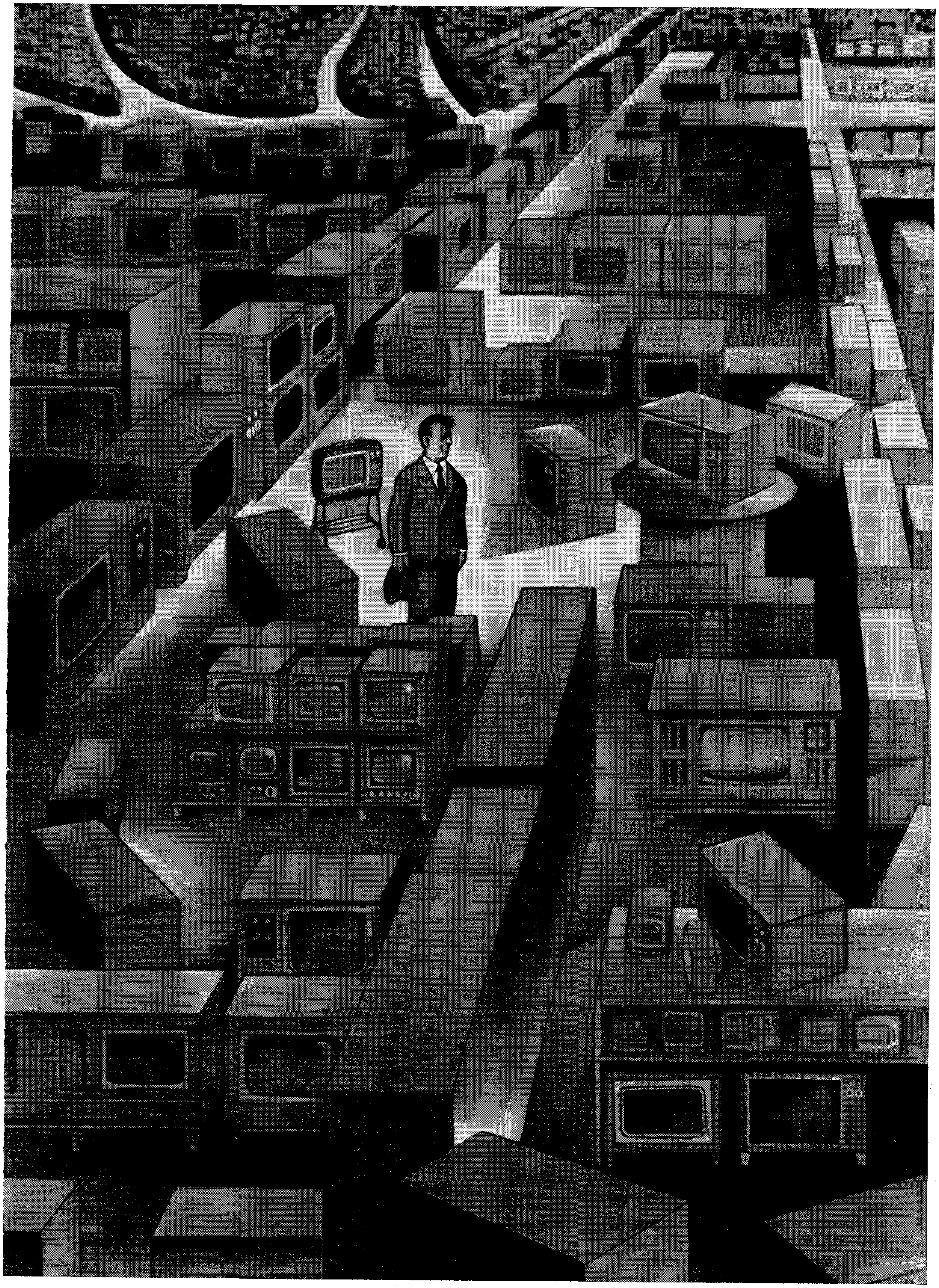
But you should get even more of the facts.

Look at rating magazines to see what the experts say.

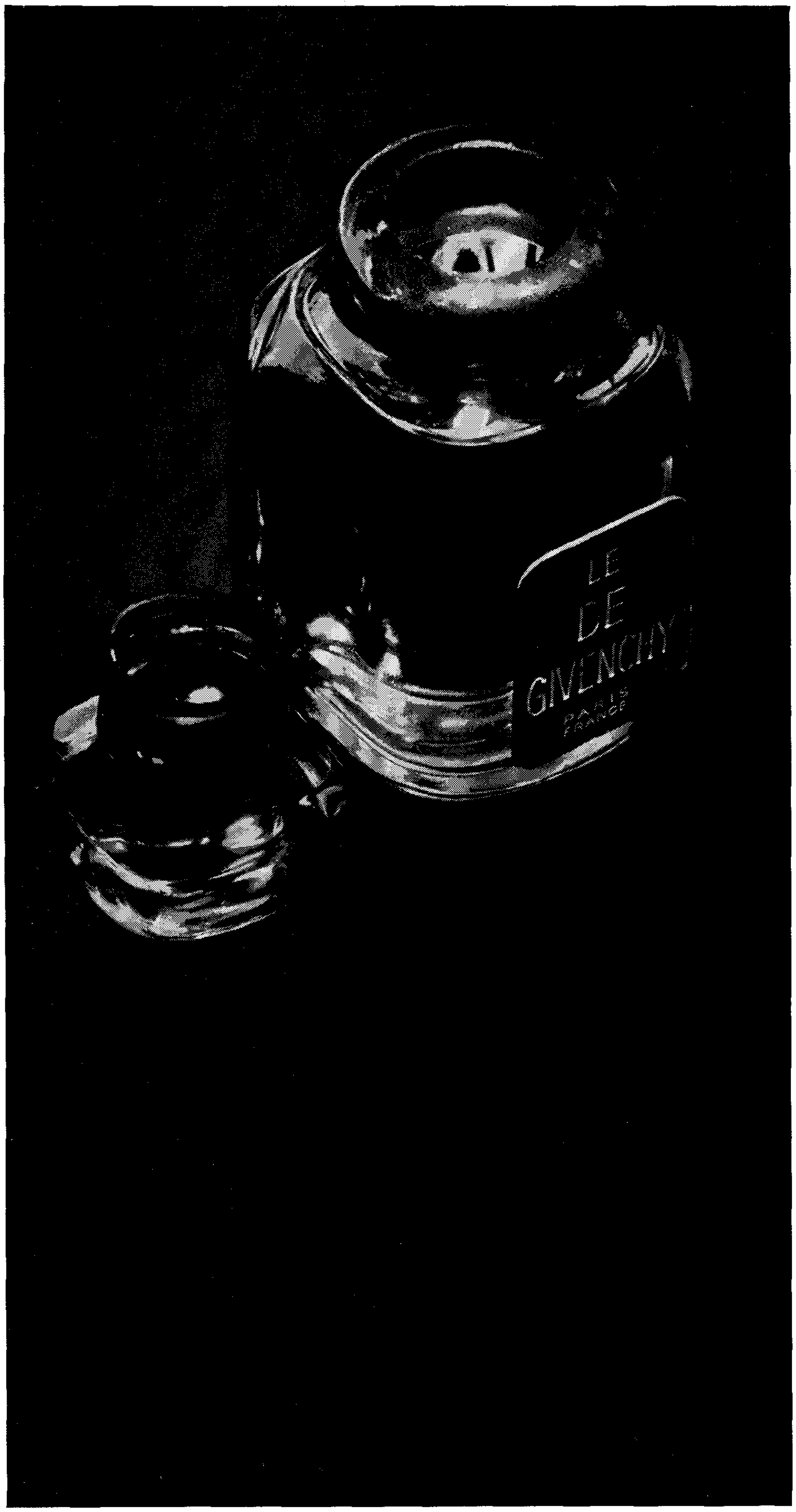
Ask friends with color tvs. Your scientific brother-in-law. The tv repairman.

The best way to give yourself a fighting chance in a tv showroom is to enter it fully armed.

General Telephone & Electronics
730 3rd Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017



The most unmistakable perfume in the world.
Le De Givenchy.
Created to identify his following.



directing, with Joan Summers, soprano, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the last two in a series of performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Karen Altman, soprano; Carole Walters, contralto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; William Metcalf, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Handel-Vaughan Williams program, with John Atkins, piano, and vocal soloists. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

United Nations Singers—Donald Read directing three concerts of Christmas carols. (General Assembly Building Lobby, First Ave. at 45th St. Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 21-23, at 12:30.)

Sing-In at Philharmonic Hall—Handel's "Messiah," directed (seriatim, fortunately) by nineteen directors, including Leopold Stokowski, George Mead, and Hugh Ross. Joan Summers, soprano, and Joseph Porrello, tenor, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in the last in a series of concerts of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Festival Winds—With Albert Fuller, harpsichord, in a program of baroque music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:40.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Jean-Jacques Kantorow—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Henry Hadley and Elie Siegmeister, performed by the New York Chamber Ensemble (conducted by Robert Johnson); Judith Di Rosa, soprano; Nancy and Alan Mandel, violin and piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 21, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Soloists—A performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" performed by Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Jean Hakes, soprano; and Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The second in a series of six programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg, and Jan DeGaetani, soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:40.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Grand Funk Railroad and Humble Pie—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8.

Savoy Brown, Poco, Gypsy, and Jo Mama—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 8 and 11:30. Jo Mama will appear at the late shows only.

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:40.

John Sebastian—Carnegie Hall. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30.

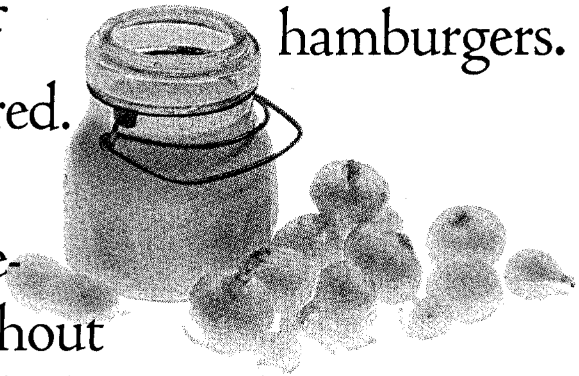
Laura Nyro and Jackson Browne—Fillmore East. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 22-24, at 8.

Voices of East Harlem—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.

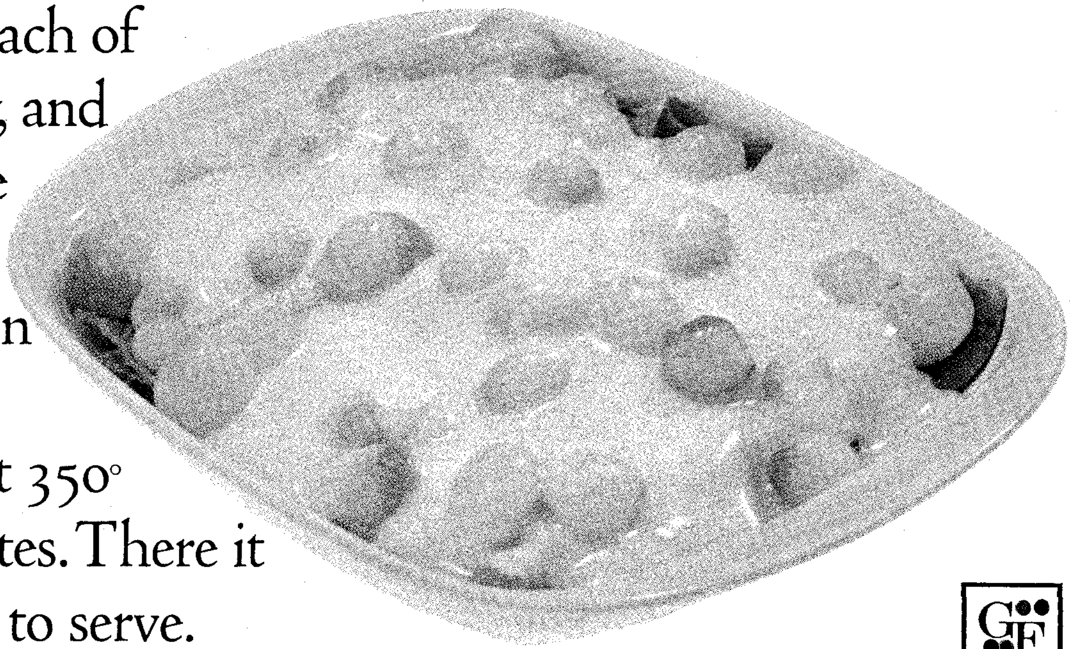
Mountain, Mylon, and David Rea—Fillmore

How to cook for a man

BIRDS EYE
Small Onions with Cream Sauce



One thing's sure. 365 days a year, your man is hungry. Yet he's tired of hamburgers. And you're just plain tired. That's where Birds Eye® comes in. With recipe ideas for one-dish meals that taste just great without much doing. Like this one, **Ham It Up.** Cook 1 package of Birds Eye Small Onions with Cream Sauce. (It's one of 18 Birds Eye Prepared Vegetables. Beautiful small onions in an elegant cream sauce. Not a lump in sight.) Now layer 4 large slices each of ham, turkey, and Swiss cheese in a baking dish. Pour on the onions. And bake at 350° for 20 minutes. There it is—all ready to serve.



A man's dish. But nice and easy. Serves 4.

GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

JUSTERINI Founded 1749 & BROOKS
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Jingle Bells
J&B Rare pours more pleasure.

East. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8 and 11:30.

Roberta Flack—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 25, at 7:30: Knicks vs Buffalo.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 19.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Vancouver. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.

Racing—At LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Buses to the track leave from the Port Authority Bus Terminal between 9:15 and 9:45.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 20. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operetta—"Amahl and the Night Visitors" and "Help! Help! the Globolinks!," two one-act operas by Gian Carlo Menotti. Opening performances of a three-week engagement. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 1:15; Christmas at 7:15; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1:15 and 7:15.) . . . ¶ "Babes in Toyland," presented by the New York Children's Theatre Center. The first performances in a one-week engagement. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 3.)

Stage Shows—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 7; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 3:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 1 and 3:30; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 23-25, at 2:30; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Dec. 20, and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Hot Feet," Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 19-23, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Dandelion," Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 3. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.) . . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "Androcles and the Lion," Thursday, Dec. 17, at 10:30. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Friday, Dec. 18, at 10:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.) . . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "The Thief of Bagdad." (Stairway Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Saturdays at 11 and 1, and Sundays at 1.) . . . ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE: "Creative Puppetry: 1970." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 1:30. Children under four not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 16-18, at 2 and 3:30; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 21-23, at 2 and 3:30; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and Thursday, Dec. 24, and Christmas from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions Thursday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except Thursday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 2: Modern paintings by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Chagall, and others; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8: Modern drawings by such artists as Cassatt, Picasso, and Matisse; from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 2: Snuff bottles, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Trastan Paul Knight. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Dec. 16, from 10 to 5.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Juarez" (1939), with Bette Davis and Paul Muni. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: "Strawberry Blonde" (1941), with Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "They Drive By Night" (1940), with Ann Sheridan and George Raft. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 11:30: "L'Avventura" (1960), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 3 and 5:30: "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" (1940), with Edward G. Robinson and Ruth Gordon. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Now, Voyager" (1942), with Bette Davis and Paul Henried. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 1:30: "They Drive By Night" (1940). . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6 and Dec. 22 at 2: "On the Avenue" (1937), with Dick Powell and Madeleine Carroll. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5:30: "Soliel O" (1970), in French, directed by Med Hondo; no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Sergeant York" (1941), with Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "Becket" (1964), with Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Dec. 20: "Michelangelo: The Last Giant" (1965), with Peter Ustinov, narrated by José Ferrer. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 23: "Holiday Inn" (1942), with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. All very serious. . . . ¶ More serious stuff at the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), where a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24.

What to Do While Waiting—A festival of Christmas carols will be held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16, from 8 to 9, with fifteen different singing groups, each on a different corner of Park Avenue, from 70th Street to 86th Street. . . . ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue between 51st and 79th Streets is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall. Most shops and art galleries remain open during this period. . . . ¶ Sundays, from 2 to 5:30, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 59th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is also open as a pedestrian mall.

Liberty of London
dynasty prints,
reminiscent of designs
on Oriental porcelain
vases, enrich our silk ties
by Berkley. Each,
10.00. Men's Store,
Street Floor, New York
and all stores.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

3rd Avenue at 59th, N.Y. 10022 EL 5-5900

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fantasia."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Battle of Algiers" and "Medium Cool."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 22: "Borsalino" and "The Molly Maguires."
From Dec. 23: "The Passion of Anna" and "King of Hearts."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 22: "Lovers and Other Strangers."
From Dec. 23: "Diary of a Mad Housewife."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Detective Belli."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Act of the Heart."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 24: "The Pizza Triangle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cromwell."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 19: "The Great White Hope."
From Dec. 20: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 22: "Where's Poppa?"
From Dec. 23: "Brewster McCloud."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 21: "Adam at 6 A.M."
From Dec. 22: "Alex in Wonderland."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Confession."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"This Man Must Die."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Dec. 16: "The Twelve Chairs."
From Dec. 17: "Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 24: "The Mind of Mr. Soames" and "Take a Girl Like You."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"There's a Girl in My Soup."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 17: "Hornets' Nest."
Dec. 18-22: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."
From Dec. 23: "Where's Poppa?"

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Dec. 16: "Chappaqua" and "Scorpio Rising."
Dec. 17-23: "Performance" and "Barbarella."
From Dec. 24: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 24: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Women in Love."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 17: "The Passion of Anna" and "Mississippi Mermaid."
Dec. 18-22: "Ice."
From Dec. 23: "Tristana."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 22: "The Mind of Mr. Soames" and "Take a Girl Like You."
From Dec. 23: "Catch-22."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 17: "The Ritual" and "All These Women."
Dec. 18-24 (showings at 8:30 only): A series of programs by the Filmmakers' Cinematèque.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 22: "Lovers and Other Strangers."
From Dec. 23: "Diary of a Mad Housewife."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 24: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Scrooge."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 24: "I Never Sang for My Father."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 20: "Bombay Talkie," "Shakespeare Wallah," and "The Householder."
From Dec. 21: "The Man with Connections."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 22: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 23: "The Twelve Chairs."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Dec. 20: "Homer."
From Dec. 21: "I Love My Wife."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 24: "Elvis: That's the Way It Is."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 17: "Zabriskie Point" and "The Strawberry Statement."
From Dec. 18: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 20: "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!" and "The Thomas Crown Affair."
Dec. 21-24: "Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came" and "Too Late the Hero."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 16: "The End of Summer" and "Floating Weeds."
Dec. 17-23: "Of Stars and Men," plus five shorts by John Hubley.
From Dec. 24: "The Big Sleep" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 22: "Women in Love" and "John and Mary."
From Dec. 23: "The McKenzie Break" and "The Angel Levine."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 17: "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Gaslight."
From Dec. 18: "The Band Wagon" and "An American in Paris."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 24: "The Seducers."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Act of the Heart—Flaming hearts, priestly vows, and self-immolation. Geneviève Bujold doing her Peter Pan-Joan of Arc specialty in a masochistic feminine fantasy written and directed by her husband, Paul Almond. He goes for obsessions and fatalities and an elliptical style, and he's very high on portents. (Murray Hill.)

Adam at 6 A.M.—Shaggy-haired, bemused Michael Douglas as a California professor of semantics who goes to visit distant relatives in Missouri and tries to find himself by working as a manual laborer. Phooey. Robert Sheerer directed. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; through Dec. 21.)

Alex in Wonderland—With Donald Sutherland, directed by Paul Mazursky. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; starting Dec. 22.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Dec. 17.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away on the piano. (Thalia; starting Dec. 18.)

The Angel Levine—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor who is too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel (Harry Belafonte). Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Symphony; starting Dec. 23.)

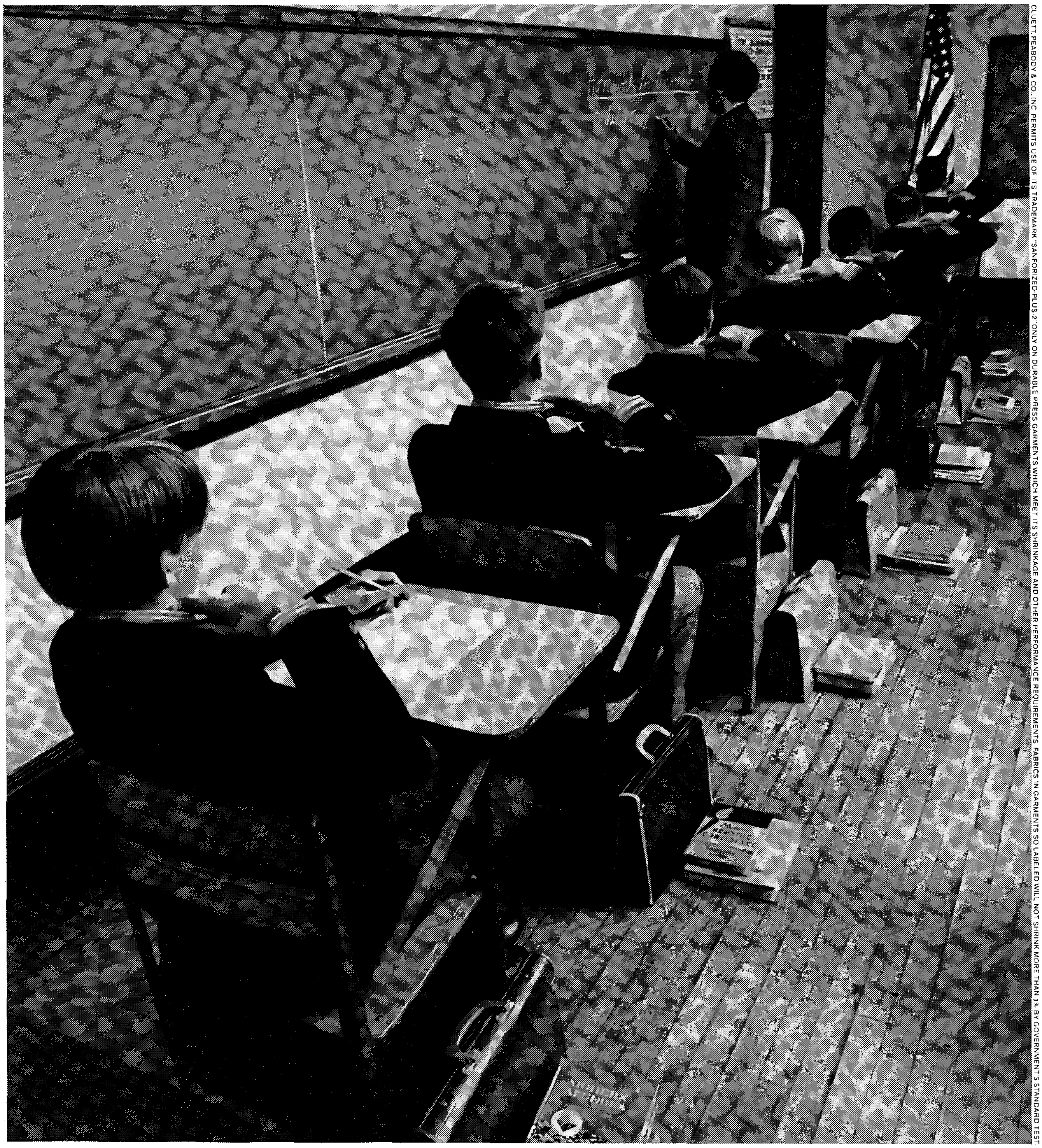
The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men—Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Thalia; starting Dec. 18.)

Barbarella (1968)—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this messed-up erotic comic-strip view of the future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17-23.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Cinema Village.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't

Permanent pressure can make a test seem like the third degree.



CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC. PERMITS USE OF ITS TRADEMARK "SANFORIZED-PLUS-2" ONLY ON DURABLE PRESS GARMENTS WHICH MEET ITS SHRINKAGE AND OTHER PERFORMANCE REQUIREMENTS. FABRICS IN GARMENTS SO LABELED WILL NOT SHRINK MORE THAN 1% BY GOVERNMENT'S STANDARD TEST.

They crammed for this test. Math into their heads. Necks into their collars.

But while their minds were expanding, alas, their permanent press print shirts were shrinking.

Result: permanent pressure.

Scholars define this as that unhappy state of fabric contraction that results when permanent press clothing shrinks after washing.

Deplorable, but preventable. The "Sanforized-Plus-2" trademark is all it takes.

"Sanforized-Plus-2" on permanent press clothes — shirts, pants, blouses, pajamas, or whatever — is your assurance that they will not shrink out of fit.

Give yourself this protection in the latest styles of permanent press clothing.

It'll pass any test.

TRADEMARK

·SANFORIZED plus 2·

fights permanent pressure

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 24.)

Bombay Talkie—James Ivory's new film is about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory's attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodramas for an ironic effect doesn't work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. (Little Carnegie; through Dec. 20.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. The spoof falters. In French. (Charles; through Dec. 22.)

Brewster McCloud—With Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman, directed by Robert Altman. (Coronet; starting Dec. 23.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin as Captain Yossarian. (Greenwich; starting Dec. 23.)

Chappaqua (1967)—Drug addiction and cure. Conrad Rooks wrote, produced, and directed it, and Robert Frank photographed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 16.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's exact, step-by-step demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a remarkably non-egotistic performance, and Simone Signoret, too, gives a performance instead of the star turn she's been doing recently. In French. (Beekman.)

Cromwell—A dry spectacle with a glum performance by Richard Harris, who delivers his lines in a cracked, rasping voice. The movie is like one of those high-school history texts that load you down with facts but omit the crucial data, so you come out understanding nothing. Ken Hughes wrote and directed. (Fine Arts.)

Detective Belli—Corrupt cop, drugs, murders, plus fashions and the rock scene. With Franco Nero and Florinda Bolkan. An Italian film, directed by Romolo Guerrieri, spoken in English. (Kips Bay.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Gramercy and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 23.)

Elvis: That's the Way It Is—Elvis in Las Vegas. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 24.)

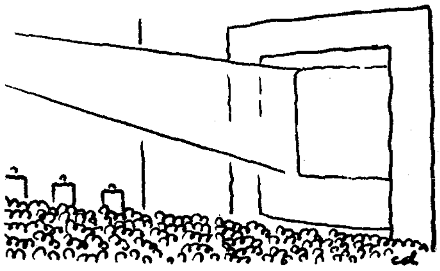
The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Dec. 16.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Art.)

Fellini Satyricon—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Waverly; through Dec. 24.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Floating Weeds (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Dec. 16.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

Gaslight (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won the Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride who is terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-aged Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Thalia; through Dec. 17.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Goin' Down the Road—Two unhip boys from Nova Scotia come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, and so well directed (by Don Shebib) that at times one has to remind oneself that it's an acted film and not a documentary. But the story isn't fresh enough, so the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Great White Hope—The movie, directed by Martin Ritt, clunks along like a disjointed play, and James Earl Jones is not able to hypnotize the audience into accepting Howard Sackler's hit-them-with-everything dramaturgy. (Baronet; through Dec. 19.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Homer—A farm boy turns pacifist when his best friend is killed in Vietnam. Infantile. With Don Scardino and Tisa Farrow. Directed by John Trent. (Paris; through Dec. 20.)

Hornets' Nest—Rock Hudson as an American soldier who organizes a group of Italian children to blow up a Nazi-held dam. With Sylva Koscina. Phil Karlson directed. (86th St. East; through Dec. 17.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (Little Carnegie; through Dec. 20.)

Husbands—With Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and John Cassavetes. Directed and written by Cassavetes. (Cinema I.)

Ice—Robert Kramer's comprehensive view of the life style of New York's revolutionary terrorists. Gray and grainy and painfully stagnant, but a revealing account of the anomalies in the urban guerrilla movement. (8th St. Playhouse; Dec. 18-22.)

I Love My Wife—With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Paris; starting Dec. 21.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. Banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son. Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Gates directed. (Festival; through Dec. 24.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—Gian Maria Volonte, in a film directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Baronet; starting Dec. 20.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Ciné Malibu.)

John and Mary (1969)—It's meant to be magical modern romance. There's no magic, but it *is* clever—in a skimpy sort of way. Dustin Hoffman picks up Mia Farrow at a singles bar; everybody expected them to make box-office music, but the calculation showed, and the picture failed commercially. Peter Yates directed. (Symphony; through Dec. 22.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Charles; starting Dec. 23.)

Little Big Man—The Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman and Faye Dunaway. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—The title of Cy Howard's comedy with Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Bob Dishy is a fresh-minted way of putting the untrue cliché that we never know a thing about our intimates. The picture looks as if it were assembled from the installments of some sophisticated soap opera. (Gramercy and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Guild; through Dec. 24.)

Love Story—With Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal. Directed by Arthur Hiller, from that book. (Tower East; starting Dec. 17.)

The Man with Connections—A semi-autobiographical film by Claude Berri, including his adventures as a conscript in the French Army. In French. (Little Carnegie; starting Dec. 21.)

The McKenzie Break—Brian Keith in an entertaining adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (Symphony; starting Dec. 23.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero, about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Cinema Village.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Terence Stamp comes out of a coma after thirty years and acts like a baby. With Robert Vaughn and Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Greenwich; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 24.)

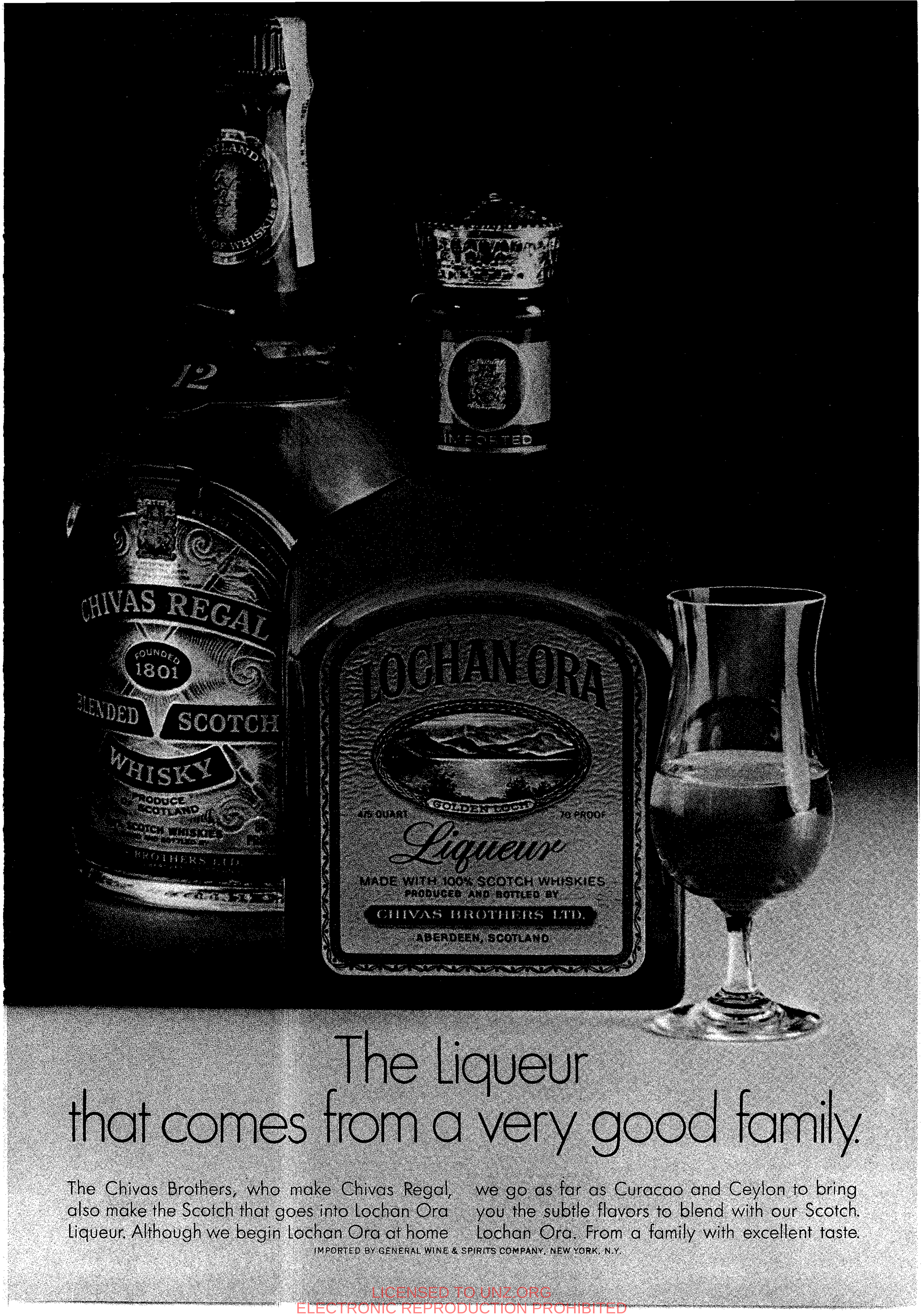
Mississippi Mermaid—A gently absurd thriller that really works only as a story about a certain kind of sacrosanct romantic love. Written and directed by Truffaut, with Belmondo as a rich colonialist and Catherine Deneuve as a mail-order bride. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 17.)

The Molly Maguires—A handsome production, with an unconvincing script about violence in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the eighteen-seventies. Fine performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar. Directed by Martin Ritt. (Charles; through Dec. 22.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic but a great sailor; Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simple-minded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Thalia; through Dec. 17.)

Of Stars and Men (1964)—An animated feature by John Hubley, adapted from an essay on astronomy by Harlow Shapley, with sections on space, time, matter, energy, and life. Also five shorts by Hubley. (New Yorker; Dec. 17-23.)

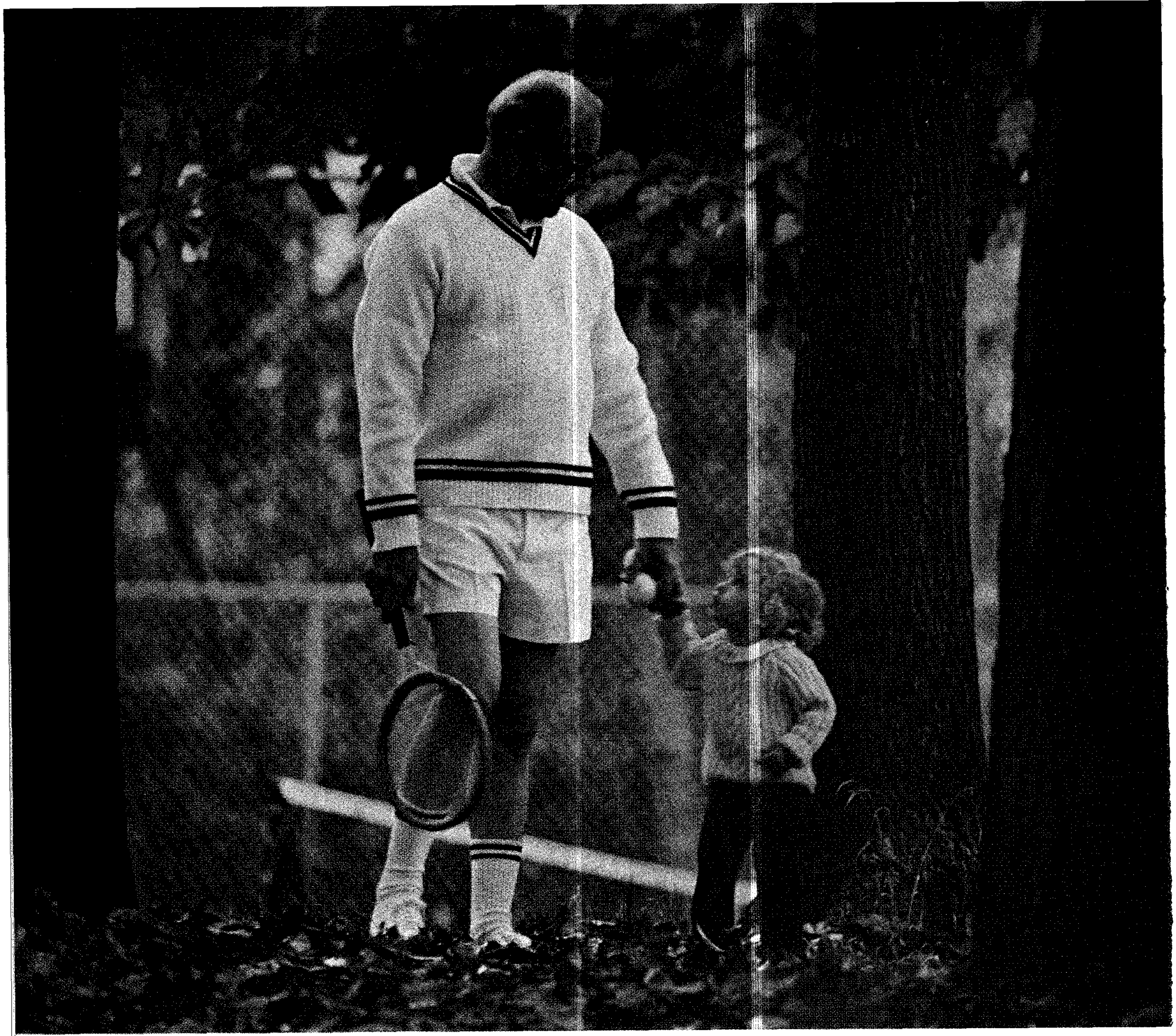
The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody


CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
12
LOCHAN ORA
GOLDEN LOCH
4/5 QUART
70 PROOF
Liqueur
MADE WITH 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND
IMPORTED

The Liqueur that comes from a very good family.

The Chivas Brothers, who make Chivas Regal, also make the Scotch that goes into Lochan Ora Liqueur. Although we begin Lochan Ora at home we go as far as Curacao and Ceylon to bring you the subtle flavors to blend with our Scotch. Lochan Ora. From a family with excellent taste.

IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



"I died three years before she was born."

"Before I passed out, I remember thinking, 'This is what it's like to die.' "

Five years ago, before his granddaughter was born, Bernie Wallach was close to death.

He had a heart attack. But he was lucky enough to be near a hospital with General Electric coronary-care monitoring equipment. Holy Cross Hospital, Silver Spring, Maryland.

The monitoring equipment gave doctors an instant electronic reading of Bernie's condition. And treatment began immediately.

During his entire stay in the coronary-care facility, the GE equipment continuously monitored his life functions.

The split second anything went wrong, the monitor was ready to sound an alarm. And a medical team could go into action.

Coronary monitoring equipment improves a heart patient's chance of survival by about 30%. And people like Bernie Wallach are alive today because of it. Alive and active.

This is only one way General Electric is helping medical science fight heart disease.

Thousands of people depend on GE heart pacemakers. GE silicones are used in heart valves. A revolutionary artificial lung will soon increase the time a doctor has for open-heart surgery.

It may take years of work to add years to a life. But General Electric thinks that kind of progress is well worth it.

Men
helping
Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Charles; starting Dec. 23.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Performance—James Fox as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol, who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17-23.)

The Pizza Triangle—A genial mutt of a movie—a romantic satire with sight gags, jokes about the pollution in Rome, and comic-strip devices. Monica Vitti plays a soulfully silly waif, Marcello Mastroianni a crank Communist. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't force things, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East; through Dec. 24.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Genevieve Page as the lady who outwits him. (86th St. East; Dec. 18-22.)

The Ritual—Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand in a film Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish television. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Dec. 17.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—Kenneth Anger's account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, with a witty musical track. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 16.)

Scrooge—Tastefully dull; the score is so disposable it might have been composed on Kleenex. (Music Hall.)

The Seducers—A mother invites guests aboard her yacht to seduce her son. The locale is different but the simulated sex is as usual. With Ewa Aulin. Directed by Ottavio Alessi. Made in Italy, dubbed into English. (Midtown; through Dec. 24.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with a cast of English and Indian actors. (Little Carnegie; through Dec. 20.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Strawberry Statement—An aimless student with a good heart is somehow driven to the barricades; it is not exactly clear how, but music, scenery, and dashing camerawork are used to make it seem like a fine thing to happen. (Regency; through Dec. 17.)

Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came—Lightweight, peacetime service comedy, with Brian Keith, Tony Curtis, Bradford Dillman, and Don Ameche. Hy Averback directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; Dec. 21-24.)

Take a Girl Like You—With Hayley Mills and Oliver Reed, directed by Jonathan Miller. (Greenwich; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 24.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—With Peter Sellers and Goldie Hawn, directed by Roy Boulting. (Orpheum.)

They Call Me Mister Tibbs!—Sidney Poitier playing the same police detective as in Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," except that the man has inexplicably changed from a Philadelphian to a San Franciscan. A routine melodrama, without much suspense. Directed by Gordon Douglas. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 20.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 20.)

Too Late the Hero—Robert Aldrich directed this Second World War action film set in the New Hebrides on an island partly held by the Japanese, partly by the British. Michael Caine and Cliff Robertson are the leads. (Embassy 72nd St.; Dec. 21-24.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Proof that planes and ships can be pedestrian. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Cinema II.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 24.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 23.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Tower East; Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art; starting Dec. 23.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Coronet; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; starting Dec. 23.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Symphony; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Dec. 24.)

Zabriskie Point—Michelangelo Antonioni doesn't have the temperament to deal with the current American scene, and his attempt results in an awkward and obtuse movie—a disaster. (Regency; through Dec. 17.)

THERE
IS ONLY
ONE
JOY . . .

JOY
de
JEAN PATOU
PARIS

THE
COSTLIEST
PERFUME
IN THE
WORLD

$\frac{1}{8}$ lace $\frac{7}{8}$ leg

Even if you were never very good at fractions, you can figure this out.

The proposition: lace so low slung it just circles the top of your hipbones, plus sheer Caress® nylon climbing from your toes to the bottom of those same hipbones.

And, like all Burlington pantyhose, everything is proportioned exactly to your height, your weight, and your hips, so there's never a wrinkle to upset the ratio between lace and legs.

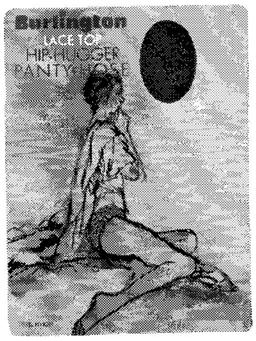
The colors: the skin-tones, off-white, the gray shades, and black.

So there it is.

Now you know why a lot of people find math absolutely fascinating.

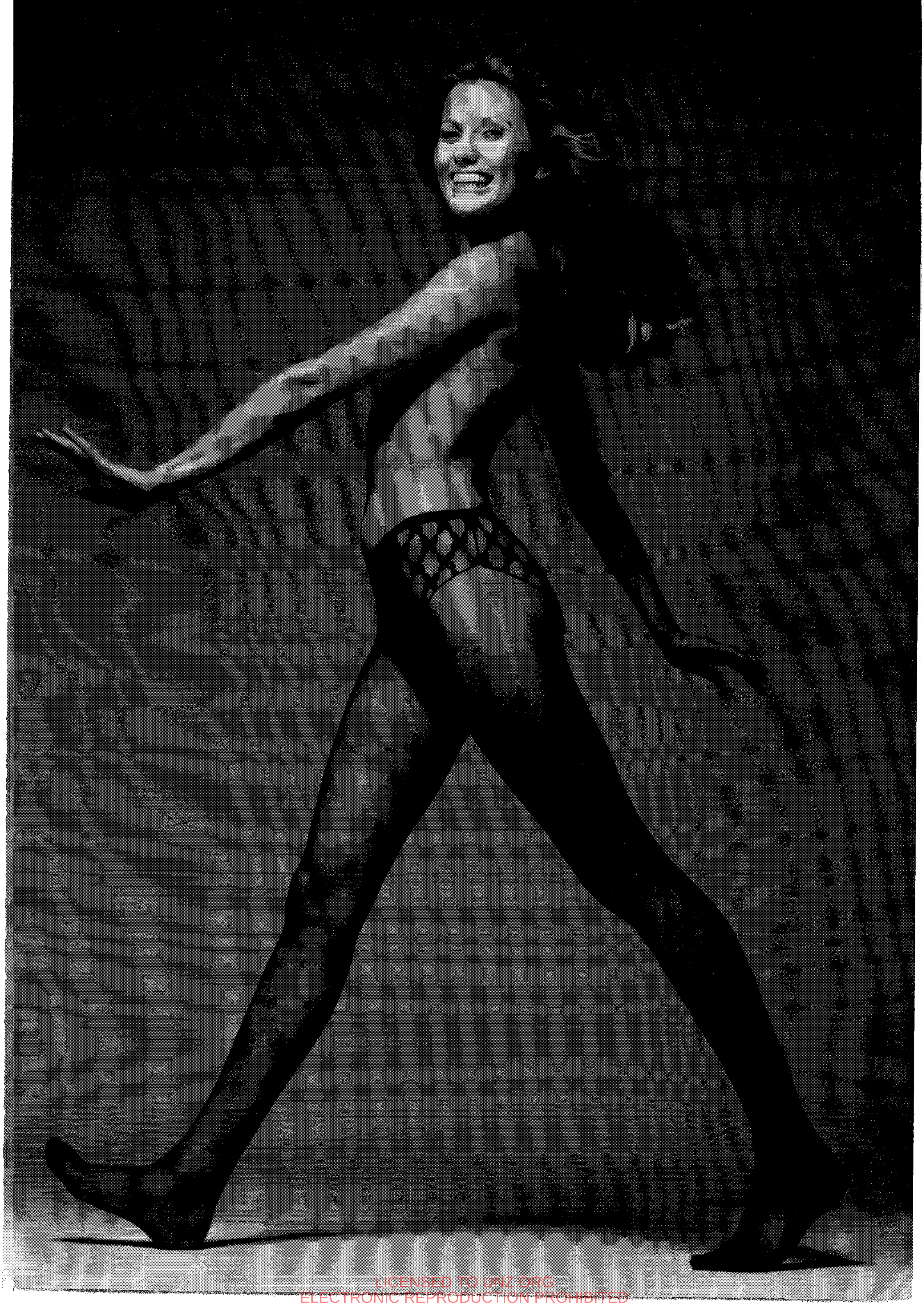
Please note: We've dropped the Cameo from Burlington Cameo. Our name now is just Burlington—which is what we find most people have been calling us anyway.

When you're in New York, go through The Mill at Burlington House, Avenue of the Americas at 54th Street. It's free.



For nearest store, call free 800-243-6000. In Conn., call 800-942-0655 collect. ®1970 Burlington Ind., Inc.

Burlington
Pantyhose



THERE ARE SOME JOBS WE WON'T TOUCH.

The tiniest speck of dust, the slightest trace of moisture can keep a tiny circuit from working.

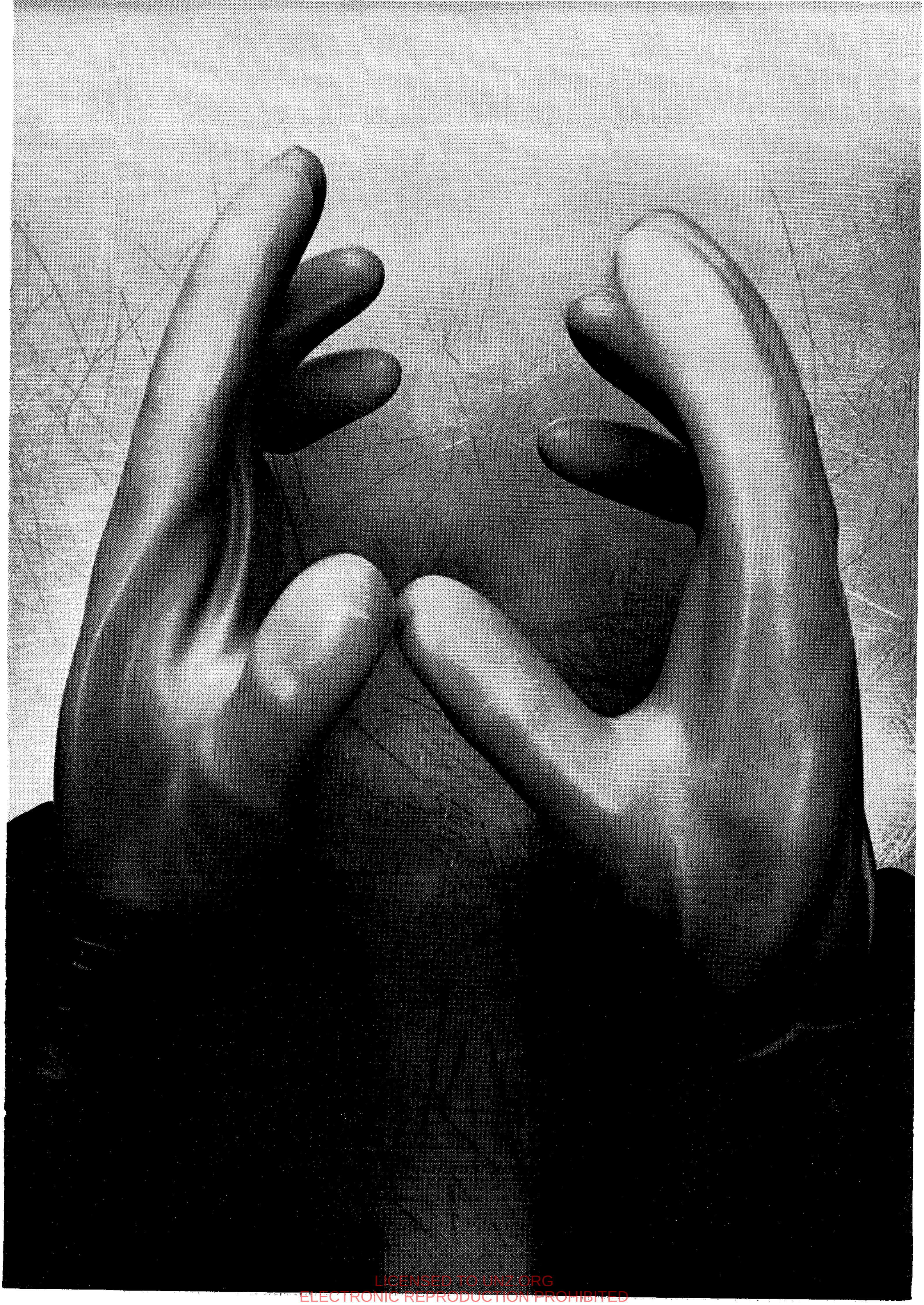
So when we make them we have to maintain operating-room cleanliness; and we have to keep out all moisture.

One way to do this is by working on such parts inside sealed cabinets. Rubber gloves are sealed to circular openings on one side of the cabinets. When our people use these gloves, their hands, remain outside the cabinet, even though they're working inside.

At Western Electric we're making more and more electronic parts that need this sort of treatment, because the equipment we're making is becoming more and more sophisticated. It has to be, because it's handling millions more phone calls than it ever has before.

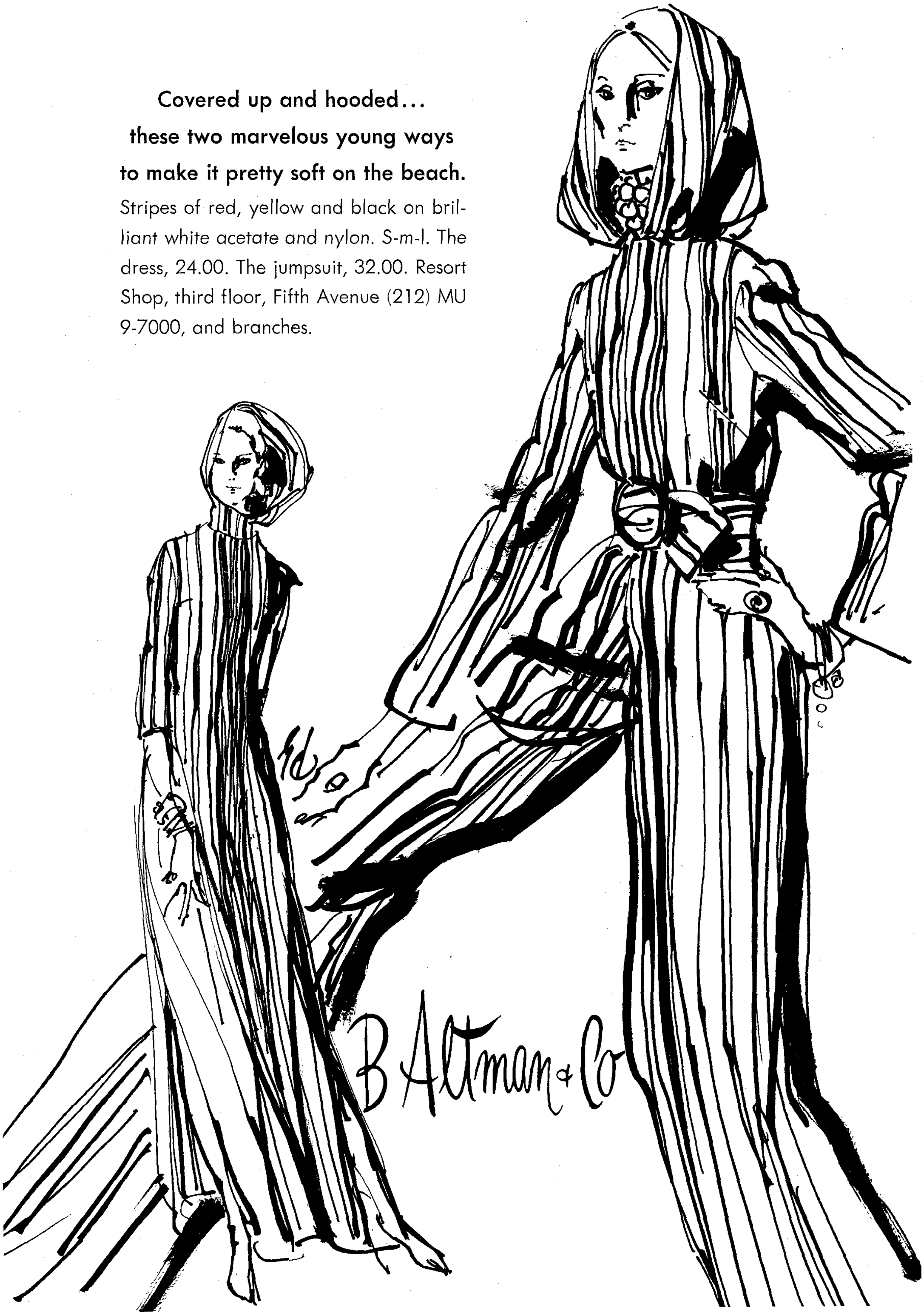
Western Electric. The people who make Bell telephones and the communications equipment of the future.

Western Electric



Covered up and hooded...
these two marvelous young ways
to make it pretty soft on the beach.

Stripes of red, yellow and black on brilliant white acetate and nylon. S-m-l. The dress, 24.00. The jumpsuit, 32.00. Resort Shop, third floor, Fifth Avenue (212) MU 9-7000, and branches.



B Altman & Co

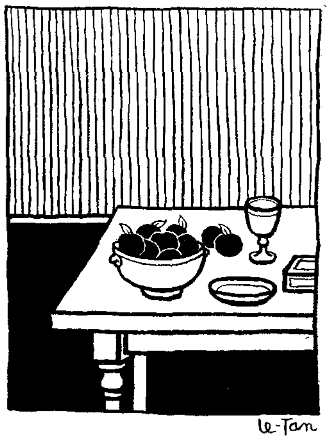
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

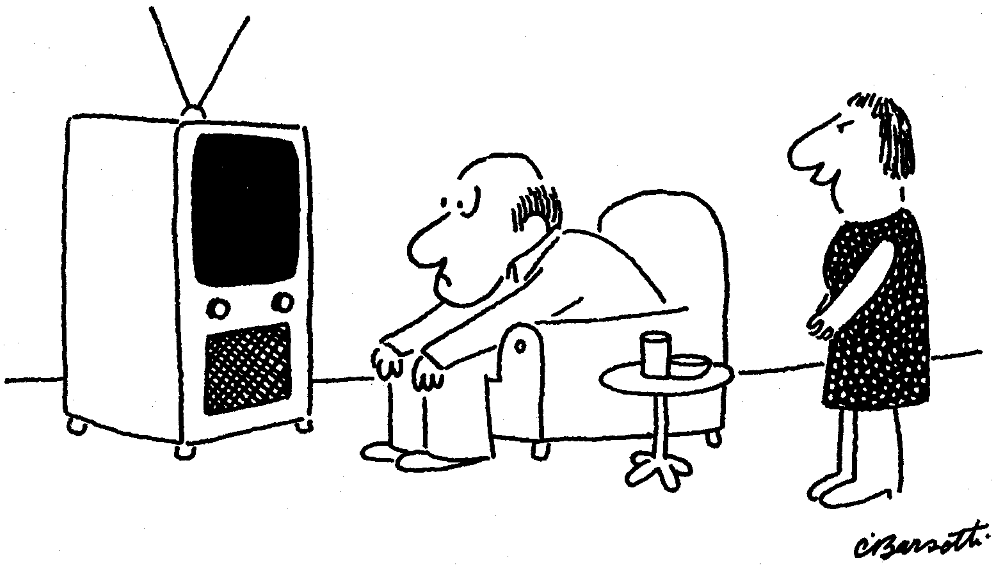
WHEN the President announced his "second inflation alert," in a speech to the National Association of Manufacturers, he concluded with a lengthy encomium on "the power and genius" of "the American economic system." Among other things, he said, "Here is a system that makes possible massive aid to education, vital new programs to improve the health of our people, and a wide range of efforts to protect and restore our environment. A strong economy makes us strong enough to better our lives." Passing over the fact that many nations with economies feebler than this country's have much better records in health and education, we were particularly curious about just how the American system had proved better able to protect the natural environment than other systems. It seemed to us that, however great the benefits of a strong economy might be, environmental pollution was clearly one of its disadvantages, and that, as things were set up, the relation of the strength of the economy to the health of the environment was precisely the opposite of what the President suggested. Likewise, the freedom from strong government regulations that industry now enjoys in the matter of pollution had seemed to us to be a primary cause of the continuing pollution. A few days later, a story on pollution appeared in the *Times*. Headed "Polluters Sit on Antipollution Boards," it revealed that "the membership of air and water pollution boards in thirty-five states is dotted with industrial, agricultural, municipal, and county representatives whose own organizations or spheres of activity are in many cases in the forefront of pollution," and that "the roster of big corporations with employes on such boards reads like an abbreviated blue book of American industry." The story went on to say that the conflicts of interest inherent in this state of affairs naturally impeded the control of pollution. That being so, we began to wonder again how America's economic system helped contribute to pollution control. It appeared that this powerful economy "makes possible" a "wide range of efforts" to control pollution only in the sense that if it weren't for this economy we wouldn't have the problem of pollution to cope with in the first place, and it looked as though the President were offering his congratulations to the very people who were at the root of the problem, much as if he were to congratulate a criminal for having given a policeman an opportunity to make a heroic arrest.

A couple of weeks ago, we suggested that Secretary Laird's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the recent raid upon a prisoner-of-war camp in North Vietnam contained some new definitions of "success" and "failure," and we gave our version of what a defense of the entire Indo-China war based on these definitions might sound like. It now seems to us that the President's remarks on pollution and the American economic system contain new definitions of "problem" and "solution." A number of slogans about problems and solutions have been going around recently. Many radicals have been saying that "either you're part of the solution or you're part of the problem." Environmentalists have answered that often, when it comes to pollution, "the solution *is* part of the problem." The President's answer to these slogans might be "The problem is the solution." This slogan has the advantage of obliterating the distinction between problems and solutions once and for all, and would save everyone the trouble of discussing the subject any further. If a speech were to be given in which the problems of the nation were set forth in accordance with the new definitions, it might, we imagine, sound something like this:



"The American people want peace in Vietnam, an end to the arms race, and a just and open society here at home. No one wants these things more than I do. But we have to consider our problems with balance and perspective, and we must reject the arguments of the self-styled nay-sayers and the professional pessimists who have eyes only for what's wrong with America. Now, I know that many sincere and dedicated young people are disturbed by our continuing presence in Vietnam, and that they would like us to withdraw. That's what I want, too, but this doesn't mean that our presence in Vietnam has been all bad. Indeed, it is the presence of a huge American military force in Vietnam that makes possible our wide range of efforts to effect a withdrawal. We can say with confidence that if we didn't have our troops there, the goal we are all hoping and striving to reach—withdrawal—could never be attained. Our forces are fighting for peace, and it is only through their efforts that we will eventually be able to leave. But we have a duty to protect our troops. We *are* going to withdraw, I assure you, but if we withdraw immediately, then who is going to protect our troops as the withdrawal continues? Once again, it is only the continued presence of our troops that will make withdrawal possible.

"I also share the fears of the many loyal Americans who are worried about the spiralling arms race. No responsible person can seriously oppose disarmament in this nuclear age. But I'd like to



"Tell me about it. Did an eighty-three-year-old pro come and kick a ninety-six-yard field goal in the last three seconds of play?"

• •

point out that if we hadn't developed the powerful, highly effective weapons system that we've now got deployed around the world, 'disarmament' would be nothing but an empty slogan. Our missiles and our conventional forces are what put the teeth in our program of disarmament. And when the time comes, we're going to have the know-how and the resources we need to put through our disarmament program. But we've got to protect our disarmament program with great care, and this is why we're going ahead with the M.I.R.V., the A.B.M., and the new hardened missile silos. These are bargaining chips, and this means that when we get to the bargaining table, we're going to have a lot to bargain with.

"And now I'd like to say a word about race. Our nation has a tremendous challenge to face here. The movement to bring about a just and open society has called forth some of the most idealistic impulses of our finest young people, and it has brought forth a new awareness and a desire for equality among some of our most capable and responsible black citizens as well as white citizens. And America deserves to be proud of this. But I'd like to say that if it hadn't been for our one-hundred-and-ninety-year history of racism, none of this would have been possible. It is fashionable now to look at only the negative side of our system of slavery before the Civil War. To be In now, you have to join the noisy minority that can see only the bad side, but I want to point out that without slavery we would never have had a Martin Luther King or an Abraham Lincoln—two of the finest men we've ever had in our public life. I'm the first to admit that America faces many problems that challenge our ingenuity and our will power, but we can't just look at what's wrong. Every great nation has great problems. As the greatest nation, we naturally have the greatest problems any nation on earth has ever had. We've got some really tremendous problems—race hatred, the threat of nuclear war, a declining economy, civil unrest, the threat of repression from extremists of the left and of the right—but without problems what would we do for solutions?"

Tree

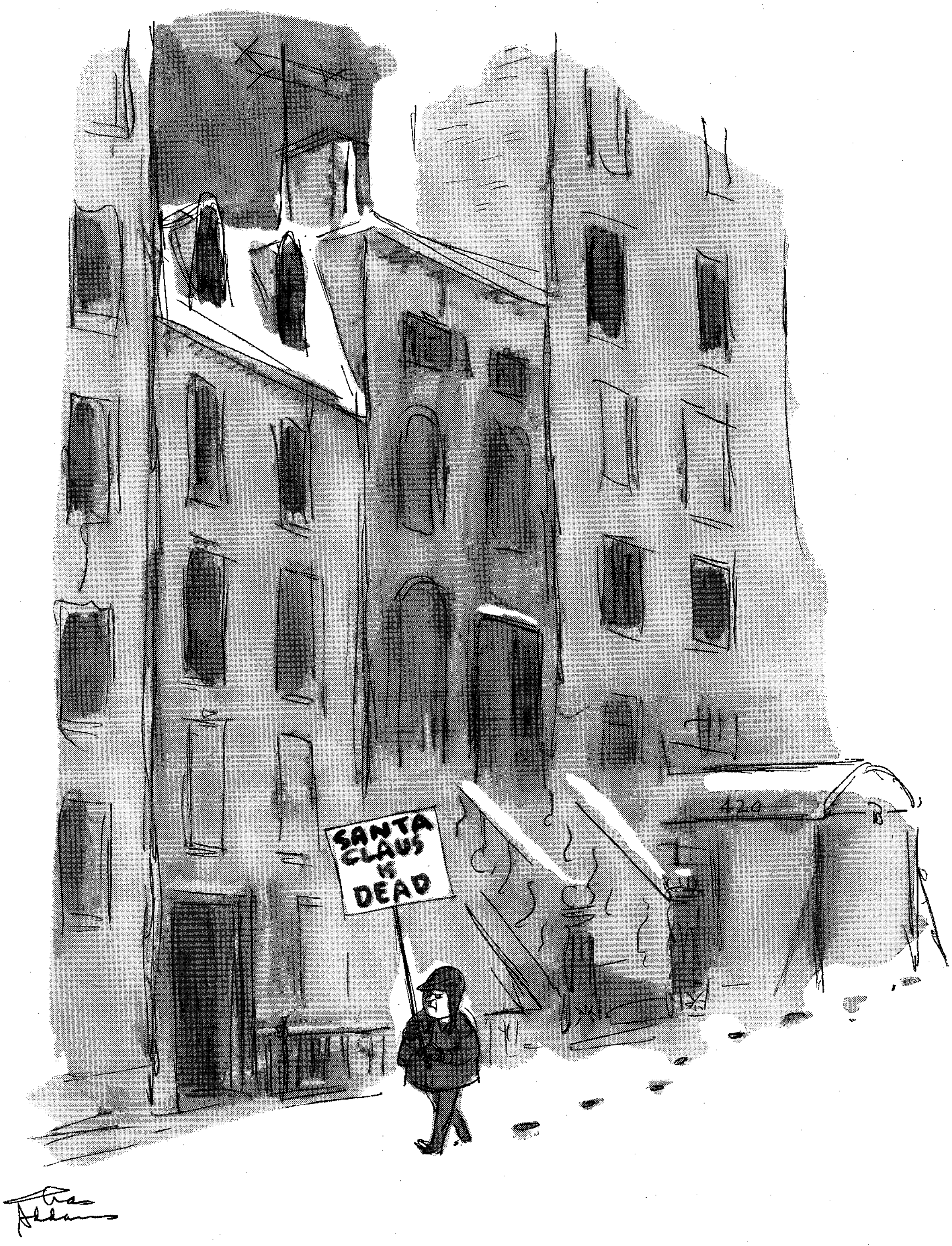
AT 3:45 A.M. on Monday, November 30th, we drove out of Manhattan—up the East River Drive, over the Willis Avenue Bridge, and up the Major Deegan Expressway to the New York State Thruway (a ghost highway at that hour, empty and silent)—as far as Tarrytown, where, by prearrangement, we met up with a sixty-foot-long white-spruce tree that was reclining on an oversize, low-bed logging trailer in a parking lot beside the Thruway. The tree was Rockefeller Center's thirty-eighth annual Christmas tree. Its branches had been bound to its trunk (a three-day job, occupying the previous Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday) to prevent them from being damaged when the tree was cut down and to reduce its branch spread, of some thirty feet, to a bundle compact enough to clear the thirteen-and-a-half-foot underpasses on the trip between the tree's point of origin—a meadow outside Coventry, Vermont—and its destination. On Thanksgiving Day, the corseted tree had stood idly in the meadow, which was covered with a couple of inches of snow. At 7 A.M. on Friday, November 27th, a crane had been moved into place near the tree. After its hoist was attached to the tree's center of balance, a power saw cut through the trunk and the crane lowered the tree gently onto the logging trailer, whereupon it was chained to the trailer, trunk butt forward. A jaunty red flag was affixed to its top end, and at eleven o'clock in the morning George Dwight, who has driven the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree in to New York City for fourteen years in a row, set off for Tarrytown with his cargo, which weighed three and a half tons. (Mr. Dwight, a co-owner of a logging company in New Jersey, is regularly engaged to haul the tree by Arthur Gregory, the vice-president of a landscaping company in New Jersey that is regularly engaged to cut down the tree by Rockefeller Center, Inc.) Mr. Dwight and the tree had been accompanied to Tarrytown by Mr. Gregory, in a station wagon, and by a police escort, consisting first of Vermont state troopers and then of New York State Thruway police. The drive itself would take three hours, but the tree had lain in Tarrytown since 11 P.M. on Friday, because the Thruway people don't like oversized loads to travel on busy Saturdays and Sundays.

Well! At five o'clock in the morning, we climbed up into the logging trailer and sat down next to Mr. Dwight, who drove from the parking lot onto the Thruway, preceded by Mr. Gregory in his station wagon and followed by a New York State Thruway police car. The Thruway was still quiet; for one ten-mile stretch, we were passed only by a milk truck and an oil truck. There was one toll barrier on the Thruway between Tarrytown and the Bronx, and we went around it. At the city limits, the Thruway police car left us, and two New York City police cars joined us, one travelling in front of us, one in back. "I remember a year when there were no cops at the city line to meet us," Mr. Dwight, a large man with rugged features, who was wearing sensible work clothes, told us. "Being lost was a lousy feeling. We were bringing in a tree from Long Island, and we decided to go into the city on our own. We went across the Fifty-ninth Street bridge, taking a few of the bridge's overhead traffic lights with us."

This year, we crossed the Triboro Bridge uneventfully in the rightmost lane, for a one-dollar toll, and then went down Second Avenue from 125th Street to Forty-ninth Street. On the seventy-six winter-dark blocks, there were only twenty people abroad. "Feel the wind resistance?" Mr. Dwight asked as we rode along. "When I let up on the gas, she drops right down. The tree's like a boat." We told him we felt the wind less than we felt Second Avenue's potholes, which gave us something of a bouncing. At Forty-ninth Street, Mr. Dwight turned west, and at 6:10 A.M. he pulled up to the curb near Prometheus, right across from 30 Rockefeller Plaza.

We had two hours to spare between our arrival (planned to avoid the rush-hour traffic) and the tree's official arrival time, 8 A.M., so we left the tree—its evergreen fragrance was already harder to smell than it had been in Tarrytown—and went into a nearby coffee shop with Miss Caroline Hood, a vice-president of Rockefeller Center, Inc., who gave us the history of the Center's trees over a cup of coffee. The trees that have stood in Rockefeller Center at Christmastime have ranged in size from a fifty-foot Norway spruce (1942) to a ninety-foot Norway spruce (1948); the ninety-footer was unwieldy, and nowadays trees no taller than seventy feet are preferred. Balsams have been used but haven't endured the rigors of the city (wind, rain, snow, and soot) as well as the hardier spruces. R.C., Inc.'s, employees and a number of tree scouts—amateurs, like a group of young hockey players in Saranac Lake, New York, who found the '69 tree, and professionals, like Louis Chabot, a tree shipper in Newport, Vermont, who found this year's tree—participate in the annual search for a tree that is symmetrical as well as of the proper height. Forest trees tend to be uneven, so freestanding trees are chosen. Trees have come to Rockefeller Center from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and all the New England states except Rhode Island, and from Canada.

A little before eight o'clock, we returned to Rockefeller Plaza. During our absence, the sun had risen, the city had started to come to life, and a few television crews and radio and wire-service reporters had arrived. At eight-twenty, Mr. Dwight backed the trailer up for the benefit of the TV men and reparked it against the curb next to Prometheus. At eight-thirty, a group of R.C., Inc., workmen bored eight holes in the Rockefeller Plaza sidewalk. Iron pegs, attached to the bases of four steel uprights, were then set into the holes, and a large wooden platform was erected on top of the uprights. Meanwhile, other workmen hammered a steel rod into the center of the tree's base, still others attached four three-hundred-foot-long flexible steel cables to the tree, about ten feet from the top, and Mr. Dwight began to unlash the tree's upper branches. At 9:05 A.M., a crane lifted the tree off the trailer and laid it on the ground, where R.C., Inc., electricians secured a white plastic star to its top and put a few lights on its topmost branches. Then the crane lifted the tree again, moved it from a horizontal to a vertical position, swung it over the platform, and lowered it. The steel rod in the bottom of the tree was fitted into a hole in the platform, and, just before



10 A.M., the tree was in place. The stretch of Rockefeller Plaza between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets had been closed off, and a small crowd had gathered behind the sawhorse barriers to watch the proceedings, taking them in wordlessly, for the most part, the way New York crowds take in most things.

"Where's this year's tree from?" a lady in a tweed coat asked one of the R.C., Inc., employees.

"Vermont," the employee replied.

"That's nice," the lady said, and we suspected that she would have made the same comment if his answer had been "Maine" or "Colorado."

During the day, the ends of the cables were anchored to the north and south corners of 30 Rockefeller Plaza's second-floor setbacks and, having been stretched over the skating pond, to the base of the British Building and of La Maison Française, and the Alpha Scaffolding Company began to put up a six-story scaffolding around the tree. (The electricians had decorated the tree without benefit of scaffolding until 1951, when one man fell and broke a leg.) On Tuesday, Alpha put in place the last of some seven hundred ten- and thirteen-foot-long planks and some five hundred steel frames, cross braces, side brackets, stair units, pipes, clamps, and screw jacks, and on Wednesday the electricians climbed the scaffolding and began trimming the tree with ten thousand red, green, blue, amber, and clear seven-watt lights, which they had begun to string on long streamers shortly after Labor Day. Over the years, the tree has been festooned in a variety of ways. Sometimes only lights have been used (the first tree, in 1933, was decorated with seven hundred blue and white lights, and this year's tree also has nothing but lights), sometimes only plastic globes, and sometimes a mixture of globes and lights. The tree has occasionally been monochromatic (it was all gold in 1962, for instance), but a multicolored tree is more popular. The tree's decorations are never reused—after three and a half weeks of exposure to the elements the plastic ornaments are dented and a number of the bulbs are burned out—but from time to time the tree is decorated in the same style for two successive years; the 1969 tree was also trimmed with ten thousand red, green, blue, amber, and clear seven-watt lights.

Early on Friday afternoon, we put on a hard hat and climbed the scaffolding. On the lower levels, workmen were replacing a few damaged branches with some extra spruce boughs, so that the tree would have no bare spots. The electricians, who start at the top of the tree and work their way down, were on the fourth tier of the scaffolding, busily affixing the lights to the tree's branches, splicing wires, and taping the splicings to the trunk of the tree. (The common splice is brought down to the base of the tree, where it joins a wire brought up from the sub-basement truck area of 30 Rockefeller Plaza.) "It takes time to get the lights on the branches neatly, so that no wires show," one of the electricians told us. "We're using ninety thousand feet of wire and a hundred and thirty rolls of tape. We try not to have the wires jump from one branch to another." We couldn't resist climbing to the very top of the scaffolding. Looking down did not seem to be a good idea, but, amidst the green branches, as we peered up and across at the midtown skyscrapers, we were particularly conscious of the city's stony look.

The electricians worked all weekend and completed their labors on the morning of Tuesday, December 8th. On Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, the scaffolding was taken down. On Thursday, December 10th, at dusk, a large crowd gathered around the skating pond to watch the annual tree-lighting ceremony. The crowd was subdued during the trumpet-playing, choral-singing, ice-skating, and remark-making parts of the festivities, but at 5:48 P.M., when the tree was lighted, there was a collective cheer of delight. In these troubled times, the tree, its shimmering branches fluttering prettily in the night wind, seemed a reminder of happier Christmases past.

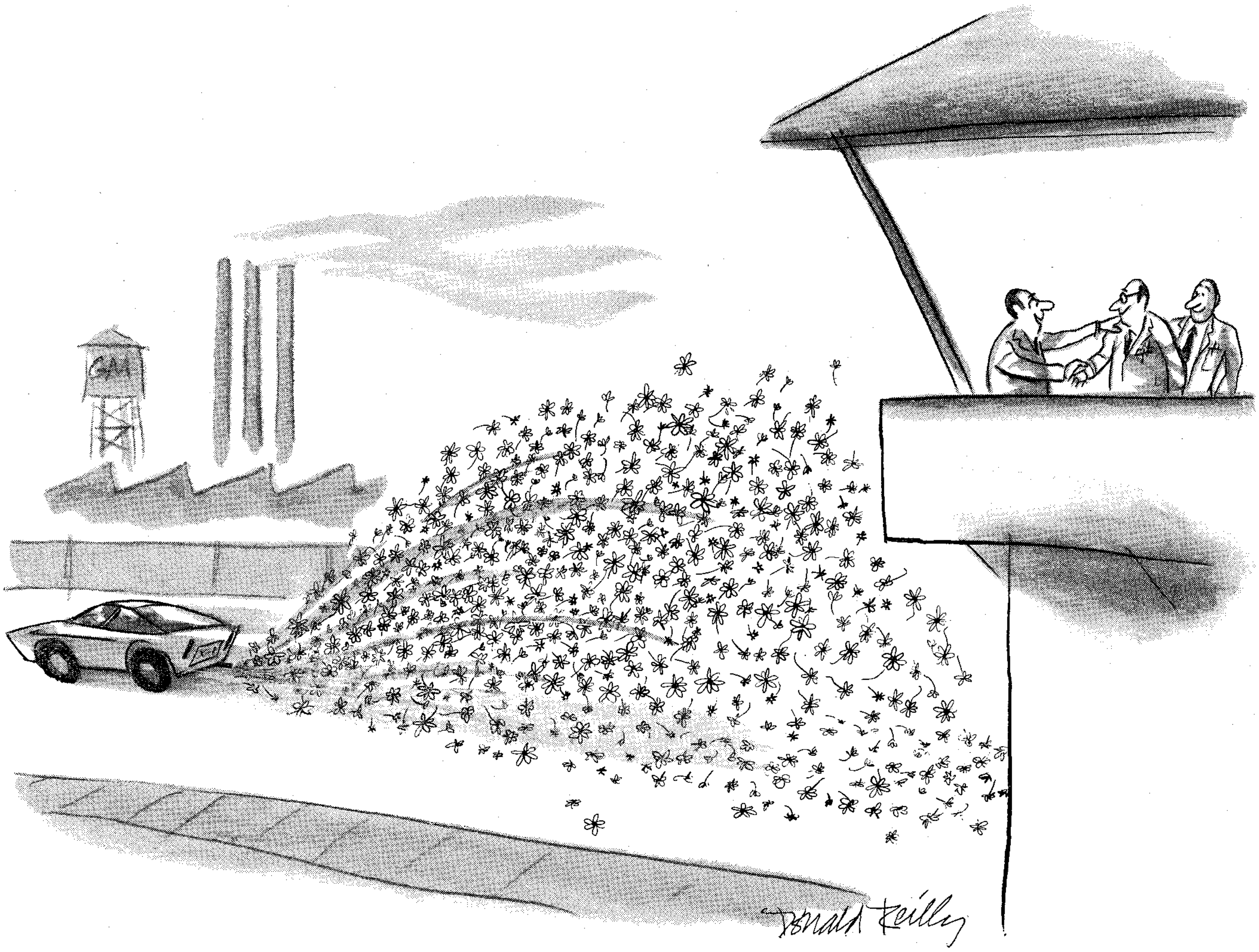
A.C.L.U. Dinner

THE American Civil Liberties Union last week celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a black-tie, hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner at the Hotel Pierre, at which former Chief Justice Earl Warren was the guest of honor. We arranged to attend, and at about seven we entered the hotel's Sapphire Room, where a small crowd was awaiting Mr. Warren's arrival at a preprandial cocktail party. We overheard several guests asking each other rather nervously how they ought to address a former Chief Justice (they settled on "Mr. Chief Justice"), and then we spoke briefly with Aryeh Neier, who was recently installed as executive director of the A.C.L.U. He told us he felt that a dichotomy between what was most expansive and best in America and what was narrowest and worst had always existed, and that the country's current troubles were related to the fact that this dichotomy was wider now than it had been at some times in the past. We asked him what a citizen could do, and he said, "The best thing is not to give up hope."

A few minutes after seven, Mr. Warren strolled in, looking very fit and smiling broadly. He had arrived alone, and though he is seventy-nine, he looked almost exactly the way he looks in pictures published ten or fifteen years ago. He was immediately greeted by Roger Baldwin, who was one of the founders of the A.C.L.U. and its first executive director, and who is eighty-six. Mr. Warren said, "Roger, it's good to see you," and the two men launched into a conversation that had to do largely with the fact that Mr. Warren's work load is as heavy now as it was before he retired from the Supreme Court. Luminaries of the civil-liberties movement continued to arrive, among them Dr. Sheldon Ackley, the chairman of the board of the New York Civil Liberties Union; Eleanor Holmes Norton, the chairman of the New York City Commission on Human Rights; Francis T. P. Plimpton, a former delegate to the United Nations and the chairman of the dinner; Edward J. Ennis, the chairman of the board of the A.C.L.U.; and former Governor Averell Harriman.

Mr. Warren greeted Mr. Harriman warmly, and the two men went on to discuss the Washington Redskins. Then someone discovered that the former Chief Justice—who was surrounded by people holding cocktail glasses—had not been offered a drink. The oversight was hurriedly rectified. After a few minutes, we fell into conversation with Mr. Warren, whom we found to be more genial than magisterial. "I'm still living in Washington," he told us. "But I often think about going back to California. The changes there in recent years are amazing. The population has grown so, and, of course, not all the changes are encouraging, but I'm still very much attached to that state."

We asked him what he is working on now, and he said, "I'm writing a book. The *Times* Book Division asked me to do a book on citizenship, and I accepted. Do you know what seems strange? I discovered that practically no one has ever written a book on citizenship. You can look through library catalogues and find almost noth-



"Gentlemen, I believe we've done it!"

• •

ing on the subject—although, of course, many people have touched on it in writing about other matters. But citizenship is such a broad concept. Just what is it? Does anyone know? That's what I'm trying to put into words now."

At eight, everybody moved into the Grand Ballroom, adjoining the Sapphire Room, and about five hundred people sat down to a dinner of Borschok, Ballottine of Capon, Haricots Verts, Buttered Carrots, Mixed Green Salad, Mousse au Moka with Sauce Abricotine, and Petits Fours. The first after-dinner speeches had to do with the history of the A.C.L.U. (Mr. Ennis pointed out that the Union was second only to the Department of Justice in number of appearances before the Supreme Court) and with the Court's accomplishments in the field of civil liberties during Mr. Warren's sixteen years as Chief Justice.

Then Mr. Warren rose to speak. He said that he had had a long association with the A.C.L.U., though he had never been a member, and went on to discuss some dangers that he perceives in the country today. "When hysteria breaks out, there is no limit to which it might extend or who might eventually become the victims of it," he said. "Since World War II, when the Four Freedoms were proclaimed to the world, there has been a great upsurge of demand for liberty everywhere. But the very demand of those who have suffered oppression through the ages has also triggered activities of repression. It seems strange that these two phenomena should surface at the same time, but this is not uncommon in history. Where the weak or the oppressed assert the rights that have been so long denied them, those in power inevitably resist on the basis of the necessity for tranquillity. . . . We have just concluded a national campaign wherein the principal issue was denominated as 'law and order.' Now, every decent American wants order and knows that it can be achieved only through law. But in the entire campaign the people learned nothing about the real causes of crime or anything about solutions for it. It was merely an exercise in the rhetoric of accusation and recrimination, which increased divisiveness throughout the nation. People and institutions became more polarized in relation to each other, until many usually thoughtful people are wondering today whether we can afford any longer to maintain some of the most important protections of the Bill of Rights. . . . The atmosphere is again becoming repression-laden, and we may be in for another wave of hysteria in the name of safety. . . . The divisiveness that prevents segments of our people and governmental establishments from engaging in meaningful communication with each other is an injury that can be defined only as a self-inflicted wound. . . . If the freedoms that undergird [our] society are permitted to erode, our beloved nation is in jeopardy of the fate that befell other free governments throughout history when the people became weary of protecting their freedom. I have confidence that the courts of this nation will support these freedoms as long as Americans are willing to thresh out their problems in the courtrooms rather than in the streets."

THE CAROL SING

SURELY one of the natural wonders of Tarbox was Mr. Burley at the Town Hall carol sing. How he would jubilate, how he would God-rest those merry gentlemen, how he would boom out when the male voices became Good King Wenceslas:

> "Mark my footsteps, good my page;
>   Tread thou in them boldly:
> Thou shalt find the winter's rage
>   Freeze thy blood less co-*oh*-ldly."

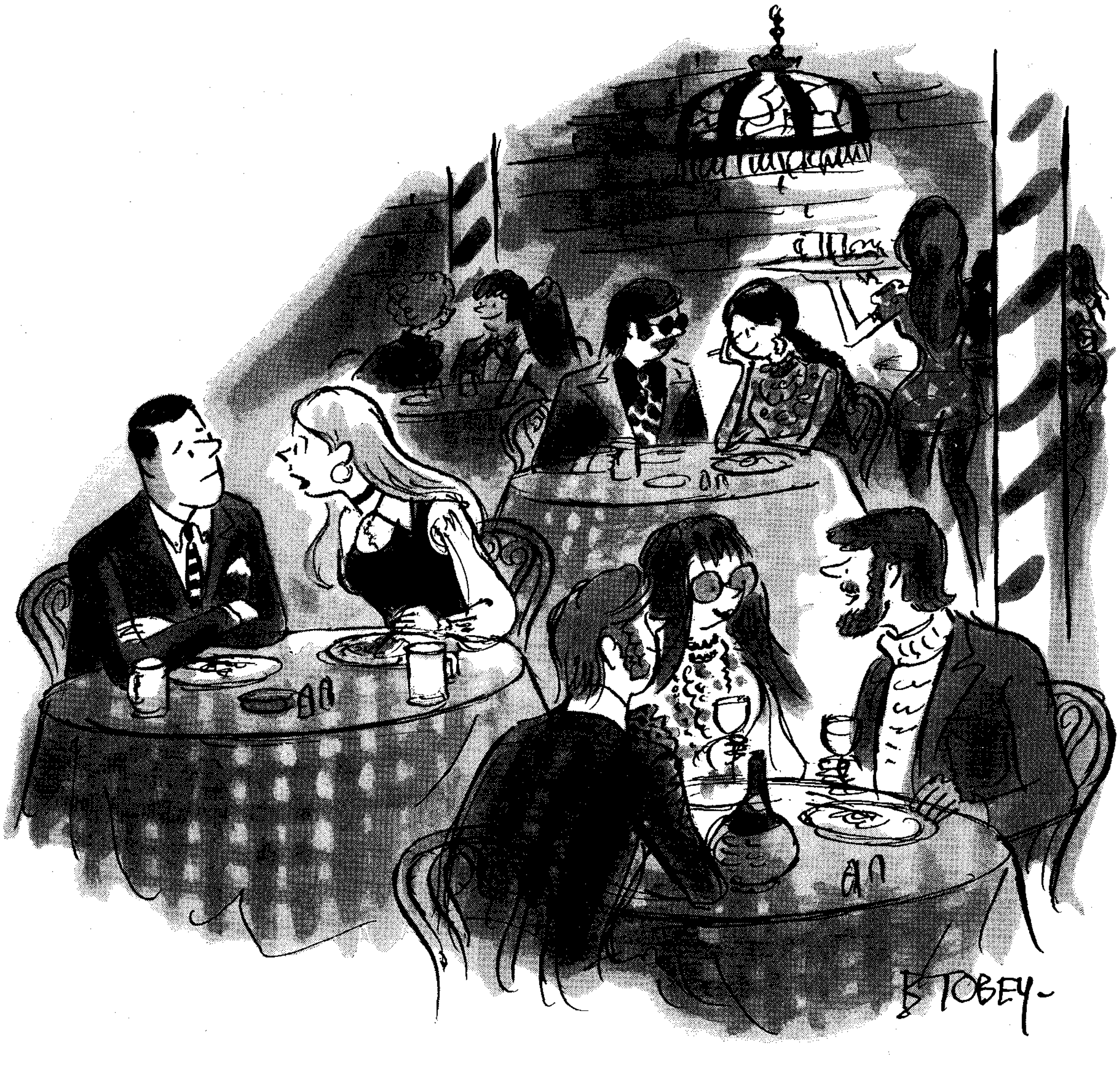
When he hit a good "oh," standing beside him was like being inside a great transparent Christmas ball. He had what you'd have to call a God-given bass. This year, we other male voices just peck at the tunes: Wendell Huddlestone, whose hardware store has become the pizza place where the dropouts collect after dark; Squire Wentworth, who is still getting up petitions to protect the marsh birds from the atomic power plant; Lionel Merson, lighter this year by about three pounds of gallstones; and that selectman whose freckled bald head looks like the belly of a trout; and that fireman whose face is bright brown all the year round from clamming; and the widow Covode's bearded son, who went into divinity school to avoid the draft; and the Bisbee boy, who no sooner was back from Vietnam than he grew a beard and painted his car every color of the rainbow; and the husband of the new couple that moved this September into the Whitman place on the beach road. He wears thick glasses above a little mumble of a mouth tight as a keyhole, but his wife appears perky enough.

> The-ey lookèd up and saw a star,
> Shining in the east, beyond them far;
> And to the earth it ga-ave great light,
> And so it continued both da-ay and night.

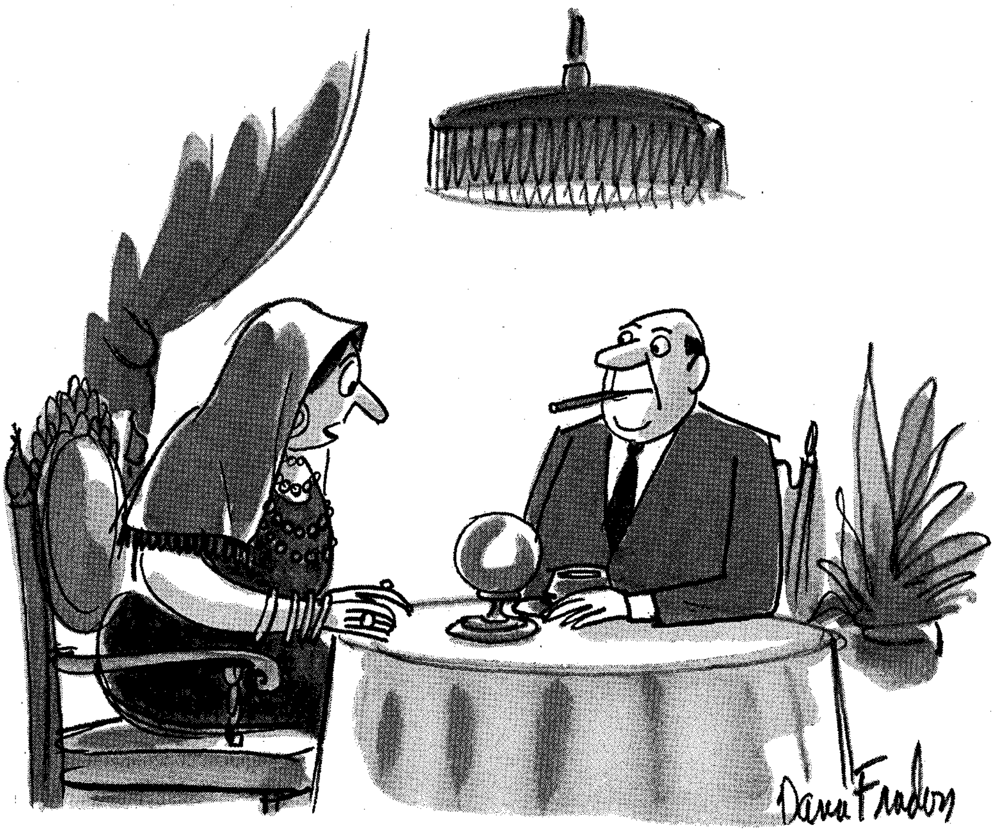
She is wearing a flouncy little Christmassy number, red with white polka dots, one of those dresses so short that when she sits down on the old plush deacon's bench she has to help it with her hand to tuck under her bottom, otherwise it wouldn't. A bright bit of a girl with long thighs glossy as pond ice. She smiles nervously up over her cup of cinnamon-stick punch, wondering why she is here, in this dusty drafty public place. We must look monstrous to her, we Tarbox old-timers. And she has never heard Mr. Burley sing, but she knows something is missing this year; there is something failed, something hollow. Hester Hartner sweeps wrong notes into every chord: arthritis—arthritis and indifference.

> The first good joy that Mary had,
>   It was the joy of one;
> To see the blessèd Jesus Christ
>   When he was first her son.

The old upright, a Pickering, for most of the year has its keyboard turned to the wall, beneath the town zoning map, its top piled high with rolled-up plot plans filing for variances. The Town Hall was built, strange to say, as a Unitarian church, around 1830, but it didn't take around here, Unitarianism; the sea air killed it. You need big trees for a shady mystic mood, or at least a lake to see yourself in like they have in Concord. So the town took over the shell and ran a second floor through the air of the sanctuary, between the balconies: offices and the courtroom below, more offices and this hall above. You can still see the Doric pilasters along the walls, the top halves. They used to use it more; there were the Tarbox Theatricals twice a year, and political rallies with placards and straw hats and tambourines, and get-togethers under this or that local auspice, and town meetings until we went representative. But now not even the holly the ladies of the Grange have hung around can cheer it up, can chase away the smell of dust and must, of cobwebs too high to reach and rats' nests in



"Please, Donald, promise you won't try to use your credit card tonight."



"It's a little hazy. I can't quite tell whether he's joining the Democratic Party or starting a third party."

the hot-air ducts and, if you stand close to the piano, that faint sour tang of blueprints. And Hester lately has taken to chewing eucalyptus drops.

And him to serve God give us
grace,
O lux beata Trinitas.

The little wife in polka dots is laughing now: maybe the punch is getting to her, maybe she's getting used to the look of us. Strange people look ugly only for a while, until you begin to fill in those tufty monkey features with a little history and stop seeing their faces and start seeing their lives. Regardless, it does us good, to see her here, to see young people at the carol sing. We need new blood.

This time of the year is spent in
good cheer,
And neighbors together do meet,
To sit by the fire, with friendly
desire,
Each other in love to greet.
Old grudges forgot are put in the
pot,
All sorrows aside they lay;
The old and the young doth carol
this song,
To drive the cold winter away.

At bottom it's a woman's affair, a chance in the darkest of months to put on some gaudy clothes and get out of the house. Those old holidays weren't scattered around the calendar by chance. Harvest and seedtime, seedtime and harvest, the elbows of the year. The women do enjoy it; they enjoy jostle of most any kind, in my limited experience. The widow Covode as full of rouge and purple as an old-time Scollay Square tart, when her best hope is burial on a sunny day, with no frost in the ground. Mrs. Hortense broad as a barn door, yet her hands putting on a duchess's airs. Mamie Nevins sporting a sprig of mistletoe in her neck brace. They miss Mr. Burley. He never married and was everybody's gallant for this occasion. He was the one to spike the punch and this year they let young Covode do it, maybe that's why Little Polka Dots can't keep a straight face and giggles across the music like a pruning saw.

Adeste, fideles,
Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite
In Bethlehem.

Still that old tussle, "v" versus "wenite," the "th" as hard or soft. Education is what divides us. People used to actually resent it, the way Burley, with his education, didn't go to some city, didn't get out. Exeter, Dartmouth, a year at the Sorbonne, then thirty years of Tarbox. By the time he hit fifty he was fat and fussy. Arrogant, too. Last sing, he two or three times told Hester to pick up her tempo. "Presto, Hester, not andante!" Never married, and never really worked. Burley Hosiery, that his grandfather had founded, was shut down and the machines sold South before Burley got his manhood. He built himself a laboratory instead and was always about to come up with something perfect: the perfect synthetic substitute for leather, the harmless insecticide, the beer can that turned itself into mulch. Some said at the end he was looking for a way to turn lead into gold. That was just malice. Anything high attracts lightning, anybody with a name attracts malice. When it happened, the papers in Boston gave him six inches and a photograph ten years old. "After a long illness." It wasn't a long illness, it was cyanide, the Friday after Thanksgiving.

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn.

They said the cyanide ate out his throat worse than a blowtorch. Such a detail is satisfying but doesn't clear up the mystery. Why? Health, money, hobbies, that voice. Not having that voice makes a big hole here. Without his lead, no man dares take the lower parts; we just wheeze away at the melody with the women. It's as if the floor they put in has been taken away and we're standing in air, halfway up that old sanctuary. We peek around guiltily, missing Burley's voice. The absent seem to outnumber the present. We feel insulted, slighted. The dead flee us. The older you get, the more of them snub you. He was rude enough last year, Burley, correcting Hester's tempo. At one point, he even reached over, his face black with impatience, and slapped her hands that were still trying to make sense of the keys.

Rise, and bake your Christmas
bread:
Christians, rise! The world is
bare,
And blank, and dark with want
and care,
Yet Christmas comes in the
morning.

Well, why anything? Why do *we*? Come every year sure as the solstice to carol these antiquities that if you listened to the words would break your heart. Silence, darkness, Jesus, angels. Better, I suppose, to sing than to listen.

—JOHN UPDIKE

AN EVENING WITH RAMÓN BONAVENA

ALL statistics, all work that is merely descriptive or informative, imply the ambitious and perhaps groundless hope that in the incalculable future men like us, but with clearer minds, will infer from the data that we leave them some useful conclusion or some hidden truth. Those familiar with the six volumes of "North-Northeast," by Ramón Bonavena, may, for all we know, suppose that further elaboration is needed in order to crown and to complement the body of work bequeathed by this master. Let us, at the outset, give warning that the foregoing remarks are the fruit of a personal reaction by no means authorized by Bonavena. The only time I spoke with him, Bonavena flatly disclaimed the idea of any aesthetic or scientific significance in the work to which he had dedicated a lifetime. That evening, after all the intervening years, still stands out in my memory.

Along about 1936, I worked on the Sunday literary section of the *Evening News*. The editor, a man whose far-ranging curiosity included, now and then, the world of books, assigned me one typical Tuesday to interview the well-known but not yet famous novelist at his suburban retreat in Ezpeleta.

The house, which is still standing, was of one floor, though its flat roof boasted two rather small balconies in a pathetic hope of an upper story. Bonavena himself opened the door to me. The dark glasses, which make so brave a show in his better-known photos and which were part and parcel, it seems, of a passing ailment, did not that day adorn that face of vast and flabby jowls in which his features seemed to melt. After so many years, I believe I still remember his knee-length linen dust-coat and Turkish bedroom slippers.

His unforced politeness did not hide a core of reticence; at the outset, I attributed this to modesty, but soon it was evident to me that the man felt very sure of himself and awaited, without undue impatience, the hour of worldwide fame. Engaged in his pressing and almost endless task, he was grudging of his time, and the publicity I offered meant little or nothing to him.

In his study—that had about it something of the waiting room of a small-town dentist, with its pastel seascapes and its china figurines of shepherds and dogs—there were few books, and most of these were dictionaries of various disciplines and trades. The powerful magnifying glass and the carpenter's rule that I noticed on the green baize of his writing table did not surprise me in the least. Coffee and tobacco stimulated our conversation.

"Of course, I have read and reread your work," I said. "I believe, nonetheless, that in order to guide the common reader, the mass man, along a plane of relative comprehension, it would be helpful, perhaps, if you would sketch, in broad strokes and without going into great detail, the development of 'North-Northeast' from the first seminal urge to the final vast production. I admonish—*ab ovo, ab ovo!*"

His face, until then gray and almost expressionless, brightened up. After a moment, his well-chosen words poured out in a torrent:

"My plan, at the beginning, did not exceed the bounds of literature, or, even worse, of realism. I wanted—there was nothing out of the ordinary about this, really—to produce a novel of the land, straightforward, with deeply human characters and the usual protest against absentee landowners. I thought of Ezpeleta, my own town. Indifferent to ivory-tower aesthetics, I meant to give open-minded testimony about a limited sector of local society. The first problems to come up were, perhaps, just trifles. The characters' names, for example. To call them by their real names might have exposed me to charges of libel. My lawyer, Attorney Ignacio B. Garmendia, whose office is just around the corner, assured me, as a bit of preventive medicine, that the average man of Ezpeleta is prone to litigation. I could always, of course, have invented names, but that might have opened the door to imagination. I opted for the use of initials, with asterisks—a solution that hardly satisfied me. Working my way into my subject, I came to realize that the major difficulty lay not in the characters' names but rather was of a psychological order. How was I to put myself into my neighbor's head? How was I to guess what others were thinking without abjuring realism? The answer was clear, but at first I could not see it. Then I considered the prospect of a novel in which the characters were domestic animals. But once again, how was I to intuit the cerebral processes of a dog, how was I to enter into a world perhaps less visual than olfactory? At a loss, I fell back on myself and thought that the one remaining possibility rested in autobiography. But even here lay the labyrinth. Who was I? Today's self, bewildered; yesterday's, forgotten; tomorrow's, unpredictable? What could be more unattainable than the mind? If I am self-conscious as I write, self-consciousness creeps in, a new factor; if I surrender to free association, I surrender to chance. I don't know whether you recall the story told, I believe by Cicero, of a woman who went to a temple to consult with an oracle and unaware of it spoke the very words of the answer she sought. Something similar happened to me

"*You do have a green thumb, my dear.*"

• •

here in Ezpeleta. Not so much in search of a solution but one day looking for something to do, I read over my notes. And there lay the key I was after. There, in the words *limited sector*. When I wrote them, I was simply using a commonplace; when I reread them, a sudden revelation dazzled me. *A limited sector* . . . What sector could be more limited than a corner of the deal table at which I worked? I decided then to restrict myself to one corner, to what that corner might offer. I measured with this carpenter's rule—which you may examine at your pleasure—the leg of the aforementioned table and verified that it stood at thirty-one inches above floor level, a height I deemed adequate. To have gone on indefinitely upward would have meant to knock my head against the ceiling, then the roof, and quite soon astronomy; to have delved down would have sunk me into the basement, out onto the subtropical plain, if not into the very bowels of the globe. The chosen corner, at least, offered no lack of interesting possibilities. The copper ashtray, the blue-and-red pointed pencil, and so on, et cetera."

At this point, I was unable to stifle my emotion, and I broke in:

"I know, I know. You're talking about the second and third chapters, where we learn all about the ashtray—the various shades of the copper, its specific gravity, its diameter, the exact distances and angles between the ashtray, the pencil, and the edge of the table, and then the workmanship of the twin china sheepdogs, and what they cost wholesale and retail, and so many other facts no less scrupulous than to the point. And as for the pencil—an Eagle, an Eagle Chemi-Sealed No. 2B!—what can I say? You got it down so perfectly and, thanks to your genius for compression, into only twenty-nine pages—pages that leave nothing to be desired by even the most insatiable appetite."

Bonavena did not blush. Without haste, without pause, he again picked up the flow of dialogue. "Ah, the seed has not fallen outside the furrow! You are steeped in my work. As a bonus, I'll make you this free gift of an oral appendix. One refers not to the work itself but to the scruples of its creator. Once having exhausted the herculean labors of recording the objects in their fixed places at the north-northeast corner of my writing table (an achievement that cost me two hundred and eleven pages), I asked myself whether it was legitimate to replenish the stock—*id est*, to introduce arbitrarily new articles, to deploy them within the magnetic field, and go on, without ado, to *describe them*. These objects, deliberately chosen for my descriptive tasks and brought from the far reaches of the room and even from the house, would never attain the casualness, the spontaneity, of the first series. Nevertheless, once located within the proper angles, they would become a part of reality and would demand the appropriate treatment. The marvellous grapple of the ethic and the aesthetic! This Gordian knot was cut by the sudden appearance of the baker's delivery boy, a most reliable young man, though a half-wit. Zanichelli, the half-wit in question, came to be, to use the common expression, my *deus ex machina*. His very density fitted him for the purpose. With trembling hope, almost as

AMONG SCHOOLCHILDREN

. . . For Dockery a son, for me nothing,
Nothing with all a son's harsh patronage.
—*Philip Larkin.*

I have no daughter. I desire none.
—*Weldon Kees.*

I. ALTON B. PARKER SCHOOL: THE SENIOR MULTI-SERVICE CENTER

If forty is a perilous age, if it
Is knife and tightrope, watershed between
The steeps of early and late ages, it
Is still a coign of vantage, still a prime
Viewpoint to fall from. In the green-limed room
Under the Parker School, old people come
To get their lunch for fifty cents, the same
Hot sandwich, canned peas, milk, stale gingerbread
The children have just eaten. Suited in
Their bare respectability, they weave
With laden trays toward a greener room
Where chairs and tables are; are overhauled
By a long, giggling pigtail of small girls
En route to gym, who do not look at them
Or get looked back at. The old ones pursue
Their way to table, shed coats, sit and eat,
Secreting extra bread and milk in bags
For future reference. With honor and
The inner man both satisfied, they break
Sharply and jarringly with discipline,
And, to a piano deftly out of tune
And passably well-played by one of them,
Sing shamelessly old songs: "Smiles," "Over There,"
"Give My Regards to Broadway," "Tea for Two,"
And send one hour of a blue afternoon
To where all hours are, even those when tunes
Like those were new, and they were schoolchildren.

II. WITH MASTERS AT THE RITZ

Punched in, puffed out, snowed on, embodied heads
From a class yearbook—shy of boyish lips
And shorn of down—bob shockingly up in
Rod Masters' narrow room and hand around
Their damp hands to be shaken, raise their damp,
Perspiring glasses high in tentative
Salutes to tenuous remembrances.
On a loud ground of voices, classmates change
Subjects and partners in a crabwise dance
In search of old acceptances, now void.
The women come in three kinds: stumpy, square
Careerist mothers lost in middle age
And not to be recalled as wives, beside
Their shining husbands most like firstborn sons;
The brittle girls of forty who fight rear-
Guard actions to retain each tooth and nail
Intact, and, though succeeding in detail,
Immediately stake and lose it all
On one harsh giggle, a hysterical
Reaction to their striking torturer,
The steeple clock in Arlington Street Church;
The second wives, bland, smashing showpieces,
All under twenty-five, on whom it dawns
Now, if not earlier, that they will be
Conspicuously consumed by the proud, sad,
Bald men who ransomed them and their half-mad,
Half-envious coevals. Masters takes
My elbow like my schoolfellow; his feat
Thumb-finger pressure thrills my funnybone.
His old child face, ascending like the moon
On these our revels, sunders in a grin
Of head-coach desperation at the load
Of youth we shoulder up the hill of old
Appearances—a smile of failing rage.

III. A SEMINAR AT HILL

Tatnuck is set on seven hills, like Rome,
But differs otherwise. Its Capitoline,
For instance, is presided over by
A city hall in grafted Romanesque
Above the bare-bone granite skeletons
Of handsome, dead mill buildings whose last stand-
Still fell some forty years ago, above
Mechanic Street, where three-deckers surround
The small Hill campus, where old Tupper leads
Me out to meet inquisitors in beads,
Boots, beards, jeans, granny glasses. They sit in
Defensive order in four far-off rows;
I stand behind a holy podium
Above the groundlings and am introduced
And opened up to questions. None arrive.
No ex-cathedra judgments inspissate
The air from me to them. Impasse. I shunt
My stool out to the pit and sit in front
Of my non-interlocutors. Poor Tupper primes
The pump with his thin questions. Then one kid
Requires my views on Rod McKuen, which melt
Right in my mouth. I see Bob Dylan and
Paul Simon trembling on the tips of tongues
Like spring guns set to send me up. My own
Tongue's thick in transports of translation: strange
Terms—"like" as a conjunction, "bag," and "thing,"
In their nonce senses—seek to close the range
Between us, while a sobering sea change
Informs my questioners, appending "sir"
To phrases that increasingly grow square
As time wears on. Through no interpreter,
We speak each other's language to avoid
A confrontation, a concession, an
Exchange of terms across the bargaining
Table inside the truce tent. Met halfway,
And reassured our meeting is without
Result (that's how we said it would come out),
We go our several, vindicated ways.

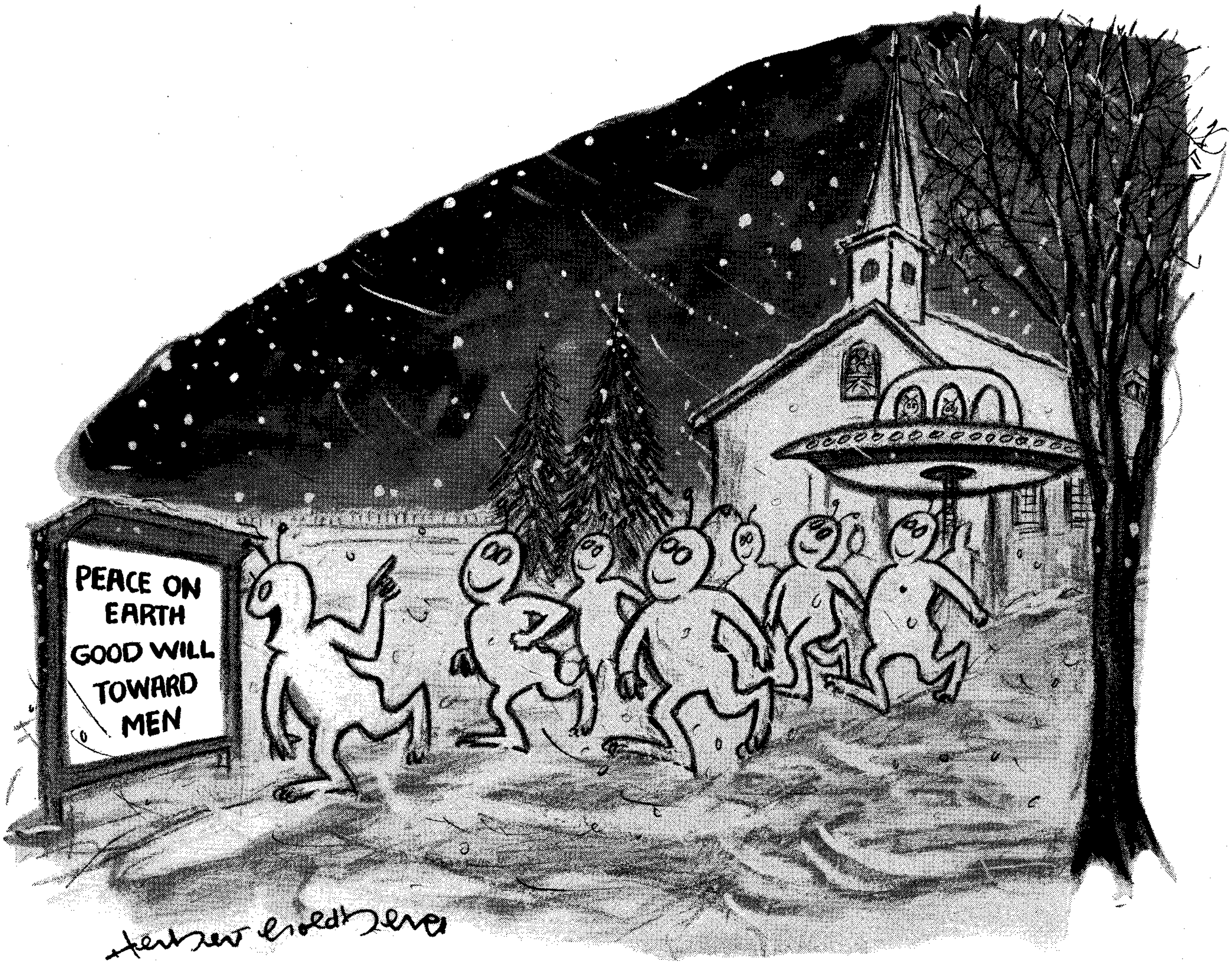
—L. E. Sissman

• •

if committing an act of desecration, I ordered him to place something, anything, within the now vacant corner. He laid there a rubber eraser, a penholder, and, once again, the ashtray."

"The famous beta series!" I broke in. "Now I understand the enigmatic recurrence of the ashtray, which is repeated almost word for word, except for a few references to the penholder and eraser. More than one hasty critic thought he spotted a confusion—"

Bonavena stood up, towering. "In my work there are no confusions," he declared with justifiable gravity. "The references to the penholder and eraser should be a sufficient clue. With a reader like yourself, there's no point in detailing the later arrangements. Let it be enough to tell you that I shut my eyes, the half-wit placed one object or another, and then—hands to the task! In theory my book is infinite, in practice I claim my right to the rest I've earned—



"This is it, men! The planet we've been looking for!"

• •

call it a halt by the wayside—after having evacuated page 941 of Volume V.[1] At any rate, descriptionism is on the march. In Belgium there was recently celebrated the appearance of the first installment of 'Goldfish Bowl,' a work wherein I have detected not a few heterodoxies. In Burma, in Brazil, in Boston, in Bayonne, active new centers are emerging."

Somehow, I felt that the interview was drawing to an end. I said, forestalling our goodbye, "Maestro, before I go I want to ask you one last favor. May I see some of the objects recorded in the book?"

"No," said Bonavena. "You will never see them. Each arrangement, before its substitution by the succeeding, was carefully photographed. In this way, I obtained a brilliant series of slides. Their destruction, on October 26, 1934, was most painful to me. More painful still was the destruction of the objects themselves."

I registered consternation. "What's that?" I managed to get out. "You brought yourself to destroy the black pawn of upsilon and the hammer handle of gamma?"

Bonavena looked at me sadly. "The sacrifice was necessary," he explained. "The work, like the child who comes of age, must stand on its own feet. To have preserved the source material might have exposed it to irrelevant confrontations. Criticism might have fallen into the snare of judging it in terms of its more or less fidelity. In that way we would have lapsed into mere scientism. You are aware, of course, that I deny my work any scientific value."

Trying to console him, I said, "Of course, of course. 'North-Northeast' is a work of art—"

"That's another mistake," pronounced Bonavena. "I deny my work any artistic value. It occupies, so to speak, a plane of its own. The emotions awakened by it, the tears, the acclaim, the grimaces, leave me quite indifferent. It has not been my intention to instruct, to uplift, to entertain, to gladden, or to move. My work is beyond that. It aspires to the humblest and highest of all aims—a place in the universe."

Firmly set on his shoulders, the solid head did not move. The eyes no longer saw me. I understood that the visit was over and left as best I could. *The rest is silence.*

—JORGE LUIS BORGES and
ADOLFO BIOY CASARES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the authors.*)

•

Let's say the coded number on a packaged bakery product reads 0028. That's a simple one. The 09 means the ninth month, September. The 26 means the 26th. To the store's bakery department manager, this indicates that the product should not be sold after that date.

Now that you've mastered the simplest of codes . . . —*Washington Post article reprinted in the Congressional Record.*

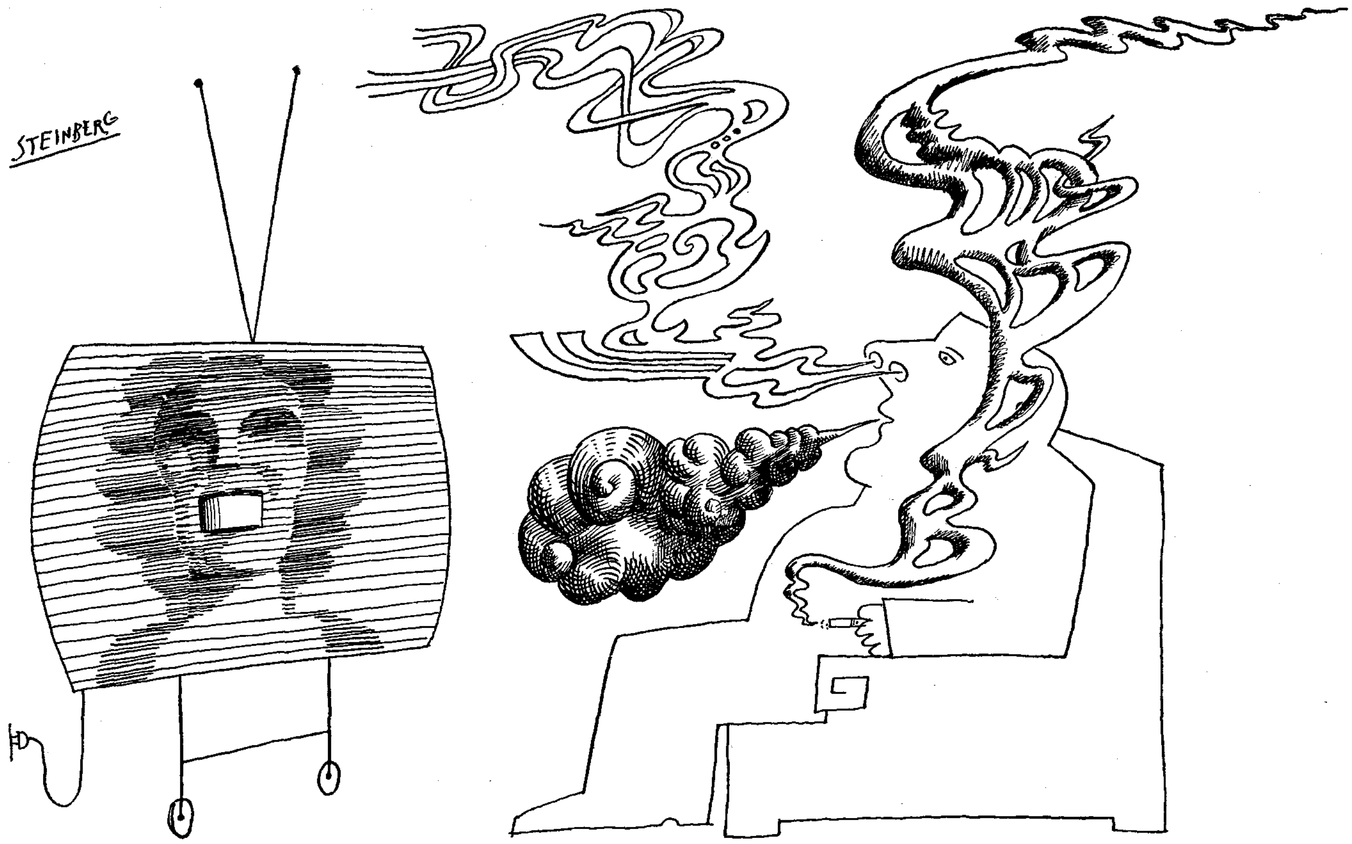
Who said?

---

[1] The whole world knows that a sixth volume appeared posthumously in 1939.

ANNALS OF ADVERTISING

CUTTING DOWN



AT midnight next January 1st, all television and radio commercials for cigarettes will go off the air for good. Their removal by that time is mandatory under federal law. This ban is the principal result of the Public Health Cigarette Smoking Act, which was passed by both houses of Congress last spring for the purpose of protecting smokers from being exposed, over public airwaves, to advertisements for a product that the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service has declared to be hazardous to health. The act is an extraordinary piece of legislation. It was passed in spite of massive pressure that had been brought to bear against it, and against the regulation of cigarette advertising generally, by the tobacco industry, the broadcasting industry, and their lobbyists and political allies. This was a combination that for years had proved itself invincible against a counterforce of scientists and public-health and public-interest advocates who, armed with formidable statistics on the damage to health and life caused by cigarette smoking, had sought to protect consumers by requiring all cigarette advertising to provide adequate warnings of these dangers.

The emphasis on controlling the content of cigarette advertising rather than the sale of cigarettes themselves is an indication of the power that advertising has attained in American society, particularly advertising for products that, like cigarettes, have no useful external function but that come under the merchandisers' category of "pleasure products," the need for which is essentially subjective. Such subjective needs are capable of being aroused and maintained on a socially acceptable scale with the help of advertising. Fifty years ago in this country, advertising was a mere adjunct to the selling of consumer goods; nowadays it lies at the core of the whole merchandising and consuming process.

The merchandising of cigarettes on a large scale became practical with the development, around the time of the First World War, of a slightly acid cigarette tobacco, which allowed smokers to inhale without an immediate unpleasant effect. (Tobacco smoke that is alkaline produces an automatic cough reflex when inhaled.) Mass production of cigarettes really got under way in the mid-twenties, with the help of big advertising campaigns that, in further expanding the market, employed such slogans as "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet" and "Blow Some My Way," by way of encouraging women as well as men to take up the habit. Pushed by such campaigns in the press, the per-capita consumption of cigarettes in the adult population of the United States doubled between 1920 and 1930. Between the latter half of the thirties and the latter half of the forties, cigarette consumption, urged on now by hard-driving advertising campaigns on network radio as well as in the press, approximately doubled again. The increase continued in the formative period of commercial television; between 1950 and 1952, for example, the per-capita consumption of cigarettes in the adult population increased from thirty-five hundred and twenty-two cigarettes a year to thirty-eight hundred and eighty-six.

Apart from all the smoke that was being blown everybody's way, these increases in the cigarette habit had certain consequences for the adult population. The nature of these consequences showed up in a series of medical studies on the apparent effects of smoking that were conducted or completed during the fifties and the sixties. In 1950, three medical studies concluded that an ominous association existed between cigarette smoking and ill health. In 1954, a study made for the American Cancer Society by Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, an epidemiologist, and Dr. Daniel Horn, a statistician, dwelt in great detail on the relationship between the incidence of smoking and excessive death rates. The results of the study made the front pages of the press in this country but were virtually ignored on network-television news shows—which, as it happened, were nearly all sponsored by cigarette companies.

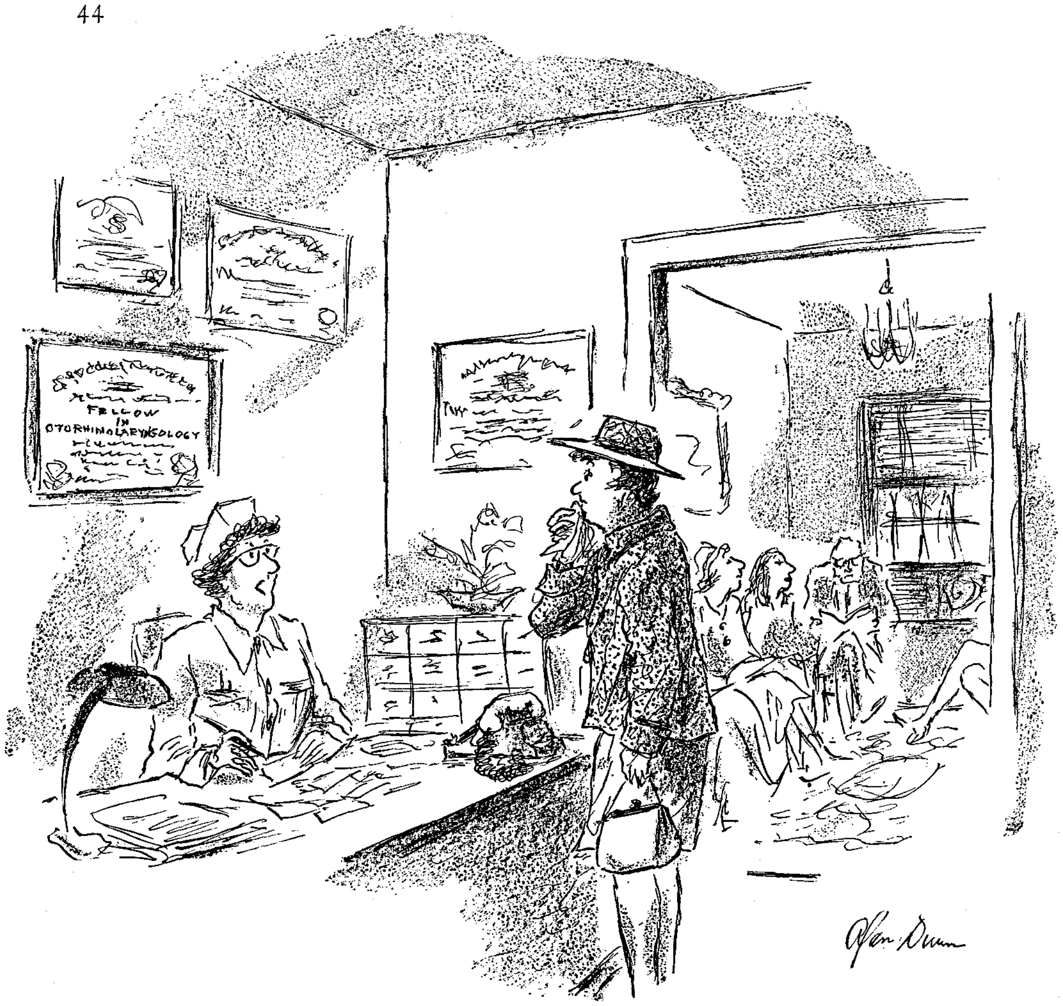
In 1957, a further study by Drs. Hammond and Horn elaborated upon these conclusions. In 1962, a report of a committee of the Royal College of Physicians in Great Britain declared, "Cigarette smoking is a cause of lung cancer and bronchitis, and probably contributes to the development of coronary heart disease and various other less common diseases." In January, 1964, a report issued by a select advisory committee to the Surgeon General concluded that cigarette smoking is causally related to lung cancer in males. It found an association between the incidence of cigarette smoking and that of heart disease, and it found the habit to be the most important of the causes of chronic bronchitis and to increase the risk of dying from emphysema. In summary, the Surgeon General's report found that "cigarette smoking is a health hazard of sufficient importance in the United States to warrant appropriate remedial action."

This call for remedial action aroused officials of the normally passive Federal Trade Commission. In June, 1964, Paul Rand Dixon, the chairman of the Commission, declared in testimony before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce that the F.T.C. had decided on a ruling that a strong health warning be put on all cigarette packages and appear in all cigarette advertising, including advertising on television. The committee gave Mr. Dixon a hostile reception. The F.T.C.'s proposed ruling led those sympathetic to the tobacco industry to accuse it of discriminating against a legally sold product and of usurping the legislative functions of Congress. The F.T.C. got no support from President Johnson, either; in fact, the White House is said to have intervened to get the agency to delay putting its ruling into effect. All told, no matter what the Surgeon General said about the malign effects of cigarette smoking, the opposition to the regulation of cigarette advertising was of formidable proportions. Tobacco is a one-billion-dollar-a-year agricultural product, a crop that the Department of Agriculture regularly subsidizes with millions of dollars in price supports. It is a ten-billion-dollar-a-year consumer product, from which federal and state governments derive almost four billion dollars a year in tax revenues, and tobacco advertising has accounted for about eight per cent of the entire advertising revenues of the television networks. At the time of the Surgeon General's report, the tobacco companies were spending two hundred and fifty million dollars a year on advertising, three-fifths of which went for TV commercials. The weight of the combined forces of the tobacco industry and its allies was soon felt in the form of proposed legislation called the Cigarette Labelling and Advertising Bill of 1965, which purported to protect smokers by making a warning on cigarette packages ("Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health") mandatory but would actually constitute a legislative triumph for the tobacco lobby, in that it prohibited the F.T.C. or any other federal agency from requiring tobacco companies to include a health warning in their cigarette advertising for the next four years. The tobacco industry then went on merchandising cigarettes with renewed vigor.

OVER the years, television had given the tobacco companies a remarkable tool for persuading people to smoke particular brands of cigarettes, because television advertising showed what print and radio advertising couldn't—smoking in action. It showed young people puffing away, inhaling deeply and blowing smoke around with obvious pleasure, and always in settings that made the habit seem attractive. The habituating nature of cigarettes made appeals of this kind increasingly effective as television became the overwhelmingly predominant form of mass communication in this country. For a month or two after the 1964 Surgeon General's report, the sales of cigarettes in the United States showed a significant drop, but sales gradually recovered and rose above their previous level. While the tobacco industry was vehemently denying that there was any causal connection between smoking and disease, individual cigarette companies reacted to the unwelcome suggestion by introducing and advertising new brands of filter cigarettes, which, the television advertising for them implied without actually talking about health, were somehow a lot more beneficial, or somehow less harmful, to smokers than unfiltered cigarettes.

In a short time, with relentless advertising and promotion, the consumption of filter cigarettes soared. In 1950, when commercial television was just beginning, eighty-three per cent of the cigarette market was given over to five brands—Camel, Lucky Strike, Chesterfield, Philip Morris, and Pall Mall. But in the fifties, with the introduction of Kent and its "Micronite Filter," of Winston, which was alleged to taste good "like a cigarette should," and of the new Marlboro, featuring the clean outdoors and the Marl-

"Hi-ho, Honeybun! Your favorite male-chauvinist pig is home!"



"I'm sorry, but Doctor is very busy today, and I'm afraid we can't work you in for 'just sniffles.'"

• •

boro Man in the cowboy hat, the filter brands quickly began taking over. One of the striking features of the mass marketing of a great number of consumer products in the past twenty years is the increasing blandness of the taste that has been built into these products. This change has applied to everything from beer to bread, and it is not surprising, given the disquieting news about the relationship between smoking and health, that this principle should be made to apply to cigarettes, too. Today, the difference in taste between one brand of filter cigarettes and another in a particular class—regular or menthol, for example—may be hardly detectable to a smoker wearing a blindfold. But the packaging, the appearance, and other aspects of the "brand imaging" are something else. As these merchandisers are fond of saying, no other object that people carry around is more often handled except money. And the close contact a smoker maintains with his cigarettes—a pack-a-day smoker reaches for the pack twenty times a day, picks up a cigarette when he's tense, habitually handles and puffs at it while he's making the decisions that his working day calls for, and continues puffing away hour upon hour in his free time—makes the cigarette he uses enough a part of his living style so that distinctive packaging and appearance provide a marked identity to the particular brands a merchandiser is promoting aside from its actual taste. A brand manager at one of the big tobacco companies told me recently, not without pride, "What we're selling is illusion." In the age of commercial television, the number of major brands of cigarettes on the market has grown from half a dozen to almost thirty, in all shapes and sizes; by 1968, filter cigarettes, which at the beginning of commercial television had accounted for one and a half per cent of the cigarette market, accounted for perhaps seventy-five per cent. The wild proliferation of filter brands continually elevated the advertising revenues of the television networks, because the cost of introducing a new brand went into millions of dollars. And the tobacco companies kept increasing their promotional efforts on TV, because the capture of even a tiny part of the market meant high profits. The battle of the filters was fought on the television screens across the country with roundups, people running around in green fields or sailing on green seas, and with fusillades of jingles. If the problems of lung cancer and emphysema among smokers could be solved by song, the television commercials the tobacco industry put out would have eliminated those illnesses in a week.

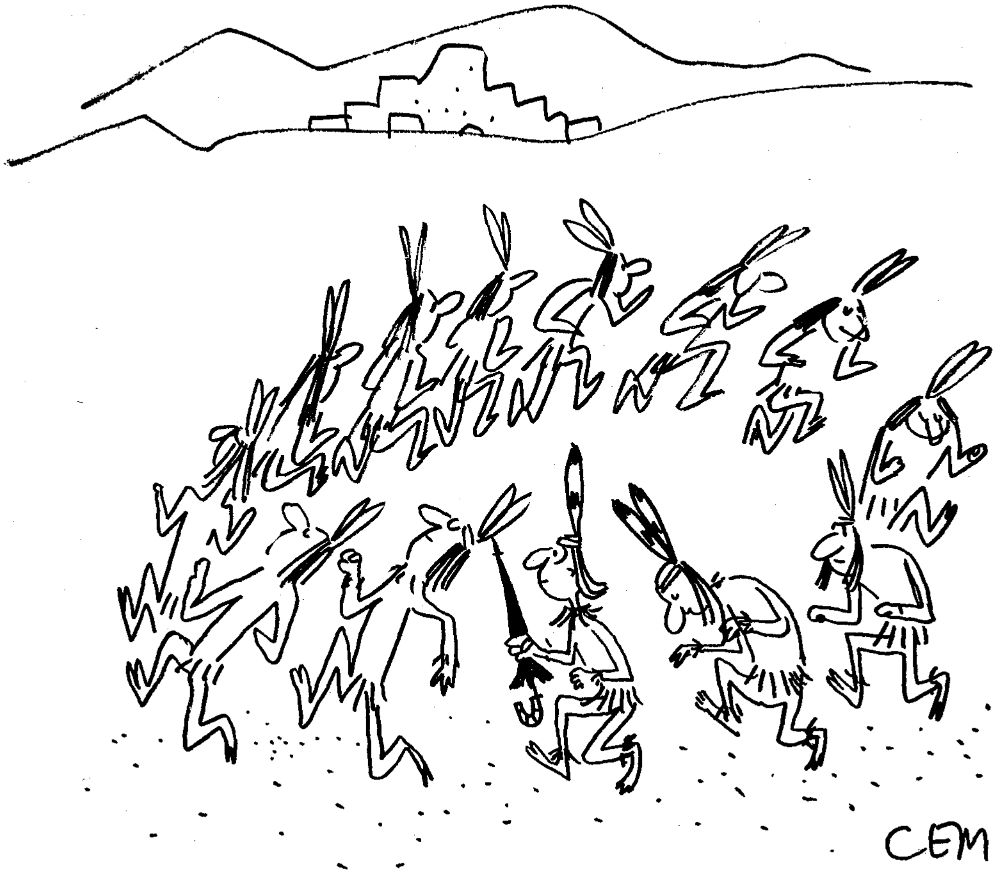
In the latter part of the sixties, the big new development in cigarette advertising was the hundred-millimetre cigarette, the promotion of which was led by the campaign for Benson & Hedges 100's, which Philip Morris had been putting out as a minor brand in regular size. The advertising agency chosen for this campaign was the relatively new firm of Wells, Rich, Greene, headed by Mary Wells Lawrence, who is one of the most skillful advertisers around. Through a series of gag-filled commercials in which smokers of the new brand suffered mishaps because of the unusual length of the cigarette—getting the cigarette caught in a closing elevator door or burning a hole in the smoker's newspaper—the Wells, Rich, Greene campaign made an instant impression on the cigarette market. What Mrs. Lawrence believed, she told me when the campaign was under way, was that in the new longer cigarette "we had an elegant, classy product, tied in with affluence, appealing to mass buyers between twenty and forty who are slightly higher in education than most, and more sophisticated—people who've seen their supermarkets turn into the Folies-Bergères, people who are used to being entertained, people who are winner-oriented." One of the things that lay behind the Wells, Rich, Greene campaign was an approach in which the advertiser attempted to come to a kind of implicit understanding with the viewer that most advertising was, yes, rather a nuisance, and that in return for deciding to buy Benson & Hedges 100's the viewer would be spared a hard sell for the brand over the tube. It was an appeal to a certain kind of "knowing" viewer. It was also an appeal that made smoking seem a laughing matter—another plus for the industry. The result of the campaign was that sales of Benson & Hedges 100's rose from one billion six hundred million cigarettes in 1966 to fourteen billion four hundred million cigarettes in 1970, for a total sale of well over fifty billion cigarettes in the four-year period.

Then, there were the commercials for Silva Thins, a hundred-millimetre cigarette that was introduced by the American Tobacco Company. The Silva Thins commercials seemed to have been designed for the sado-masochistic crowd as well as the hundred-millimetre crowd. They featured a male model with dark wraparound glasses and a surly expression who, in successive commercials, wordlessly showed by boorish or brutal treatment of beautiful girls that he preferred Silva Thins to their company. Driving along a deserted highway, he would reject the attempts that a pretty girl riding with him made to talk with him. He would knock her arm aside as she offered him a light. And when the girl picked up his pack of Silva Thins, he would jam the brakes on, fling open the door on the girl's side, brusquely order the girl out, then drive off, change his mind, back up, and, instead of picking the girl up again, grab from her hand the pack of Silva Thins and screech off, leaving her stranded by the roadside. The Silva Thins man would also leave girls stranded in elevators, in motorbike sidecars in Paris, in gondolas in Venice, and even in cable cars in the Alps. "Cigarettes are like girls. The best ones are thin and rich," a Silva Thins announcer intoned in a later series of commercials. The slogan with which the American Tobacco people accompanied the stranded-girl commercials was "Silva Thins, the Impossible Cigarette"—impossible, presumably, because the cigarette was "lowest in tar and nicotine of all 100's . . . yet Silva Thins taste better." Such television campaigns sold more than four and a half billion Silva Thins in 1970.

And there was the TV advertising campaign for Virginia Slims, a hundred-millimetre cigarette introduced by Philip Morris shortly after Silva Thins came on the market. The Virginia Slims commercials began with a scene showing, in archly slapstick fashion, the lowly role of women in an earlier era: "In 1915, Mrs. Cynthia Robinson was caught smoking in the cellar behind the preserves. Although she was thirty-four, her husband sent her straight to her room." They ended with a shot of a swinging, almost aggressively self-confident girl—the kind of girl likely to give a hard time to any character in wraparound glasses who might try to throw her out of his car—who was smoking a Virginia Slim and was obviously enjoying the experience. The message of the Virginia Slims commercials, sung to a strong brassy-contemporary beat, was "You've come a long way, baby, to get where you've got to today. You've got your own cigarette now, baby. You've come a long, long way." Within a year of the opening of this campaign of liberation, the sale of Virginia Slims rose to four and a half billion cigarettes, or two hundred and twenty-five million packs. And by the time cigarette commercials go off the air for good, Virginia Slims will be selling at the annual rate of nearly five and a half billion cigarettes; that is, more than one hundred million packs. One of the considerations underlying the highly successful campaign for Virginia Slims, and the very large sales of other brands in the same period, was that over the years the number of women smokers had been increasing steadily and had come to constitute a large share—about forty per cent—of the total cigarette market. Women had also come a long, long way in other respects connected with smoking. Between 1930 and 1967, the proportion of women in the adult population who were smokers rose from ten per cent to an estimated thirty-five per cent. And in that same period the rate of lung cancer among women increased approximately fourfold. According to officials of the American Cancer Society, forty-five per cent of the women who died of lung cancer in the nineteen-fifties and sixties were regular cigarette smokers.

The television campaigns persuading people to smoke cigarettes went on relentlessly through the fifties and sixties, too. In the mid-sixties, while interviewing people in the tobacco business and the cigarette-advertising business on their attitudes toward smoking and health, I did not come across a single executive who gave any credence to the Surgeon General's report. Thus: Did the moving force behind the Benson & Hedges campaign that began in 1966—Mary Wells Lawrence herself—believe there was any causal relationship between smoking and lung cancer or other diseases? "My business is the advertising business," Mrs. Lawrence told me. "I am not a scientist. The information provided to me on this subject—and that includes the Surgeon General's report—leaves me in a state of total indecisiveness. When the government shows me beyond doubt that no matter who you are and what your makeup is cigarettes can cause you to contract these diseases, I'll search my soul about the moral problem." She added, "I sell liquors, automobiles, airline travel, and cosmetics—life has all sorts of opportunities. It is impossible for me to be running an advertising agency and to make up my mind to advertise one legally sold product and not another."

As the promotional gimmicks, the sprightly gags, the jingles, and the laughter in the cigarette commercials increased, so did the mass of evi-



dence on the association between cigarette smoking and health. In 1967, a review by the Public Health Service of current scientific studies on the subject since the Surgeon General's report pointed further toward the causal nature of the relationship between smoking, certain diseases, and premature death. The report found, "Cigarette smokers have substantially higher rates of death and disability than their nonsmoking counterparts in the population," and said, "Cigarette smokers tend to die at earlier ages and experience more days of disability than comparable nonsmokers." It noted, further, that a substantial portion of these early deaths and disabilities would not have occurred if those affected had not smoked, and that "if it were not for cigarette smoking, practically none of the earlier deaths from lung cancer would have occurred." The response of the cigarette industry to these findings was to put into that year's cigarette commercials and sponsored programs on television about two hundred and seventeen million dollars, or approximately twenty-three million dollars more than it had put into them the previous year.

BEFORE long, however, the tobacco industry and the broadcasting industry were in for a bit of a shock. In June, 1967, the Federal Communications Commission ruled that its "fairness doctrine"—which provided that when allegations concerning controversial subjects of public importance are made on the air broadcasters must provide air time, on request, for citizens who dispute these allegations and wish to make their own views known—applied to the advertising of cigarettes on the air. The ruling was the result of representations made to the F.C.C. by a young New York lawyer named John F. Banzhaf III, and it threw the tobacco and broadcasting industries into considerable turmoil and confusion, for it led to an obligatory granting of millions of dollars' worth of air time each year for the televising of anti-smoking commercials.

A while ago, Banzhaf described for me the genesis and some of the consequences of this unprecedented ruling by the F.C.C. "I went into this strictly as a personal project," he told me at his office at George Washington University, in Washington, D.C., where he is now an associate professor of law. "I don't want to paint a picture of myself as some kind of anti-smoking fanatic, although it so happens that I've never smoked. I began to think of the project out of a concern not so much about the dangers of smoking as about the tactics being used in advertising cigarettes. I was concerned about the use of the public airwaves to seduce young people into taking up smoking without any attempt to tell the other side of the story on television and radio. I felt that I might be able to redress the balance, even with my own very limited resources, through taking advantage of the fairness doctrine of the F.C.C. It looked as though the fairness doctrine offered a legal loophole that might allow me a large output for a small amount of input." Banzhaf has done legal work on computer-technology cases, and he sometimes uses the vocabulary of computer technicians. "I couldn't take on the networks directly," Banzhaf went on. "The F.C.C. doesn't license networks—only individual stations—and the Commission requires that when you are requesting time on the air you have to take up the request with individual stations before approaching the F.C.C. So instead of tackling one of the networks, I wrote to the management of WCBS-TV, in New York, and asked that free time be made available to present the other side of the story from that being given in cigarette commercials. This request was denied, as I expected. My next step was to file a petition with the F.C.C. in which, having presented the facts of the request I'd made to WCBS-TV and the refusal I had met with, I asked the F.C.C. to rule that, given the Surgeon General's report and other scientific reports on the relationship between smoking and health, cigarette smoking was a controversial issue of public importance, and that it was therefore proper for the Commission to order radio and TV stations to provide reply time for the presentation of views on the dangers of smoking."

Banzhaf presented his petition to the F.C.C. early in January, 1967, and after mulling it over for some time the Commission, on Friday, June 2, 1967, ruled that its fairness doctrine did indeed apply to cigarette advertising on radio and television, and that broadcasters carrying cigarette commercials were under an obligation to provide "a significant amount of time" to citizens who wished to point out that smoking "may be hazardous to the smoker's health." Banzhaf had requested that the rebuttal time provided for anti-smoking information on the air be "roughly proportionate" to the entire amount of time being devoted to cigarette advertising on the air. In its decision, the F.C.C. appears to have interpreted this request as one for equal time, and this it specifically ruled out. However, Henry Geller, then chief counsel for the Commission, gave his informal opinion, in a subsequent press interview, that a ratio of one anti-smoking message to three cigarette commercials seemed to him to correspond reasonably to the "significant" amount of time the Commission had in mind.

The Monday morning after Ban-

CROW'S FALL

When Crow was white he decided the sun was too white,
He decided it glared much too whitely.
He decided to attack it and defeat it.

He got his strength flush and in full glitter.
He clawed and fluffed his rage up.
He aimed his beak direct at the sun's center.

He laughed himself to the center of himself

And attacked.

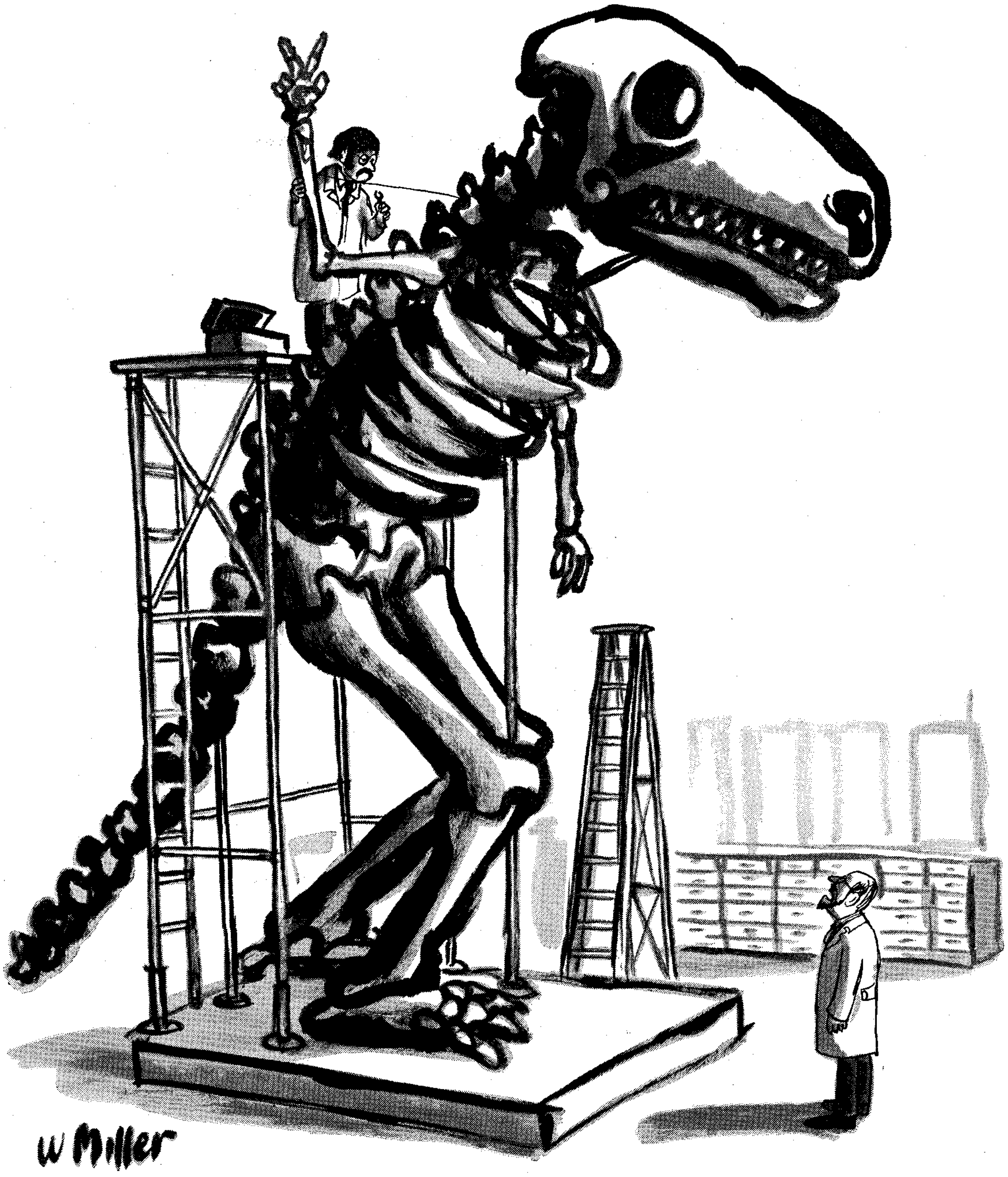
At his battle cry, trees grew suddenly old;
Shadows flattened.

But the sun brightened—
It brightened, and Crow returned charred black.

He opened his mouth but what came out was charred black.

"Up there," he managed,
"Where white is black and black is white, I won."
—Ted Hughes

• •



"If you *don't mind*, Dr. Hervley, I do believe we could dispense with political opinion."

• •

zhaf learned of the F.C.C. decision, he was called in, he says, to the office of the head of the law firm where he worked. "I found out that one of our firm's clients was one of the Big Six tobacco manufacturers," he says. "Obviously, it was an awkward situation from a professional point of view. I went off to think things over, and my tentative conclusion was that, having accomplished what I had in making cigarette commercials subject to the fairness doctrine, I might as well bow out and allow some of the major private health organizations to carry the ball from there on. I'd put a great deal of effort into preparing the petition to the F.C.C.; the job I had was the first I'd held with a law firm; my personal financial resources were very limited, to say the least; and I knew that the F.C.C. decision was just the beginning of a long fight, because it was certain to be attacked by the tobacco industry and the broadcasting industry in protracted legal proceedings, and undertaking the defense of the decision that was certainly going to be necessary seemed obviously beyond my capacity at the time."

Banzhaf further suspected—and his suspicion came to be fully realized—that a sizable obstacle that would have to be overcome if the application of the F.C.C. fairness doctrine to cigarette advertising should eventually be upheld in the courts was the problem of insuring that television stations would make serious efforts to comply with the F.C.C. decision. One of the basic requirements for enforcement of the decision would be to have monitorings made of the time given over to cigarette commercials and anti-smoking messages by stations throughout the country. Most citizens might assume that an agency with such far-flung responsibilities as the F.C.C.—the issuing and renewing of public and private broadcasting licenses and the complex regulation of virtually every civilian use of the public airwaves, from the smallest citizens'-band walkie-talkie to the largest television station—would necessarily have a large and efficient monitoring service to insure that its regulations were being complied with. The fact is, however, that the F.C.C. possesses a total permanent investigative staff of four people to check up on possible violations of its rules concerning broadcast content as it is officially considered to affect the public interest—and then only on the basis of complaints. As far as Banzhaf was concerned, that meant relying on four government men to keep track of violations of the F.C.C. fairness doctrine as it affected the nearly one thousand television stations and nearly seven thousand radio stations. It meant, in fact, that such F.C.C. program-monitoring operations hardly existed. Of course, the F.C.C. could easily have used its authority under the Communications Act of 1934 to require stations to make formal periodic reports on the number of cigarette commercials and anti-smoking commercials they were running. But the Commission did not request such reports.

Since the F.C.C. clearly didn't have the means of keeping track of the effect of its own decisions upon the industry it was supposed to be regulating, and since Banzhaf himself didn't, either, he thought that the most practical way to get some monitoring of the broadcasters' degree of compliance with the F.C.C. ruling would be to have it undertaken by private citizens who were active members of health organizations such as the American Cancer Society. Accordingly, he told me, he wrote letters to these organizations and to the National Interagency Council on Smoking and Health—an organization that carries out some coördinating functions between the public-information arms of the American Cancer Society, the National Tuberculosis Association, the American Heart Association, and other health societies—and outlined the steps needed to sustain the F.C.C. decision.

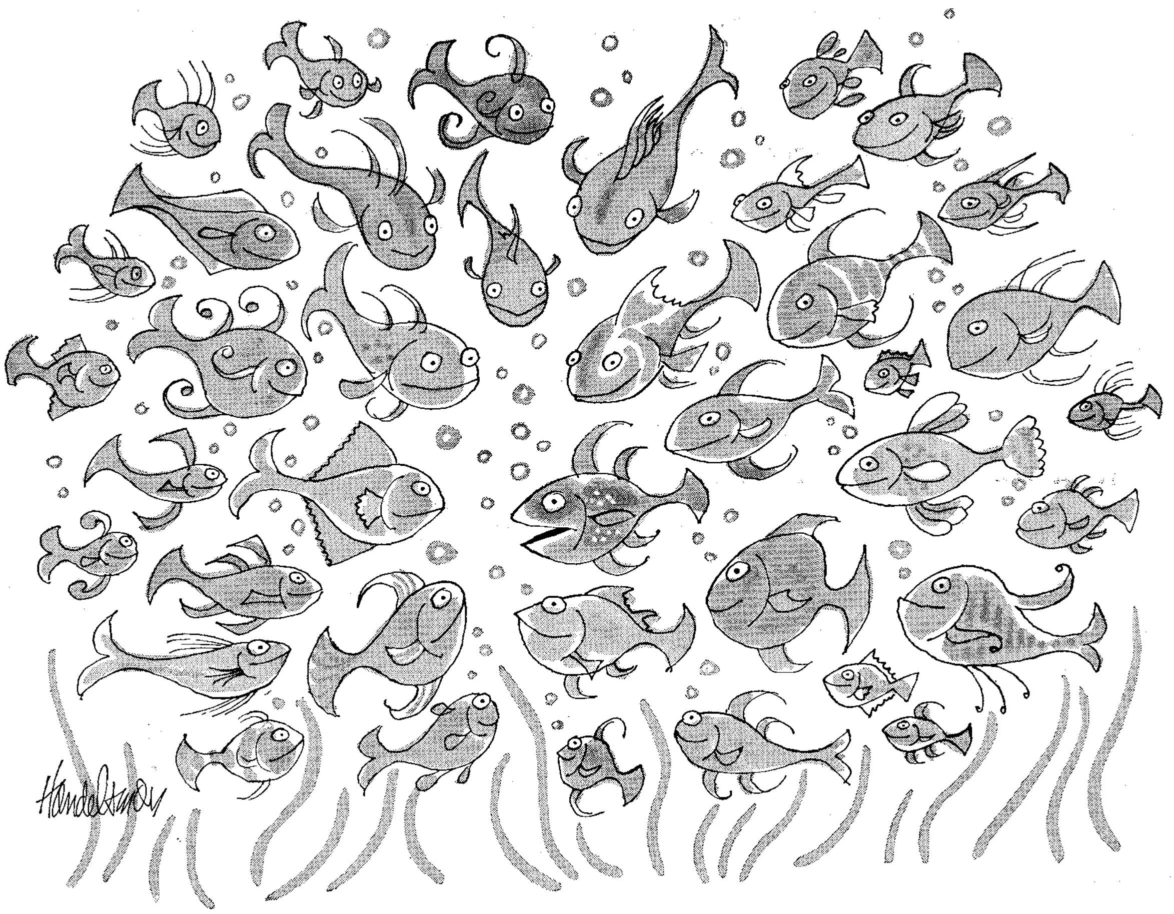
"After I'd sent off the letters, I was invited to a meeting of this Interagency Council, and when I turned up at it I pointed out to the representatives of these health organizations that the first petition opposing the F.C.C. decision had already been filed with the F.C.C.—I forget whom it was on behalf of—and that within sixty days someone had to answer that petition with sound legal arguments if the F.C.C. decision was to be upheld," Banzhaf said. "I felt very strongly that the decision could not be saved unless responsible health organizations banded together to support it with competent legal counsel. But the representatives of the health organizations I was trying to persuade turned me down, one after another. In words I'll never forget. One of them said to me, 'Let me tell you the economic facts of life. My organization depends on free broadcasting time for our fund-raising drives. We are not going to jeopardize that time by getting involved in this move.' Another told me, 'We're a health organization, not a legal organization. We can't get involved in legal action.'

"Others suggested that they felt they could get more from the broadcasters by coöperating with them in a friendly way than by becoming their legal antagonists. Even before the F.C.C. decision, the American Cancer Society had been preparing some cautionary commercials about smoking. Its representatives felt they could have these spots used on the air here and there, and didn't want to injure their chances of doing that. Also, the health organizations were used to thinking of the problem just in terms of disease. Their attitude was that you don't *sue* a disease. They were all very sympathetic, but they felt themselves dependent on the good will of the broadcasters, so they simply weren't prepared to get into a fight. In sum, they wouldn't do anything and wanted to leave it to me to act. I felt rather bitter about this.

"All that summer of 1967, petitions to the F.C.C. to rescind its decision were being filed. All together, there were about a dozen of them. The petitions filed included those on behalf of the three major networks, of the National Association of Broadcasters, of well over a hundred individual TV and radio stations, of the six major tobacco companies in this country, of the Tobacco Institute, and even of the Federal Communications Bar Association, a group of attorneys practicing in the communications industry. The petitions were filed by some of the top law firms in the country, including the Washington firms of Arnold & Porter—the firm Abe Fortas left to go on the Supreme Court—and Covington & Burling.

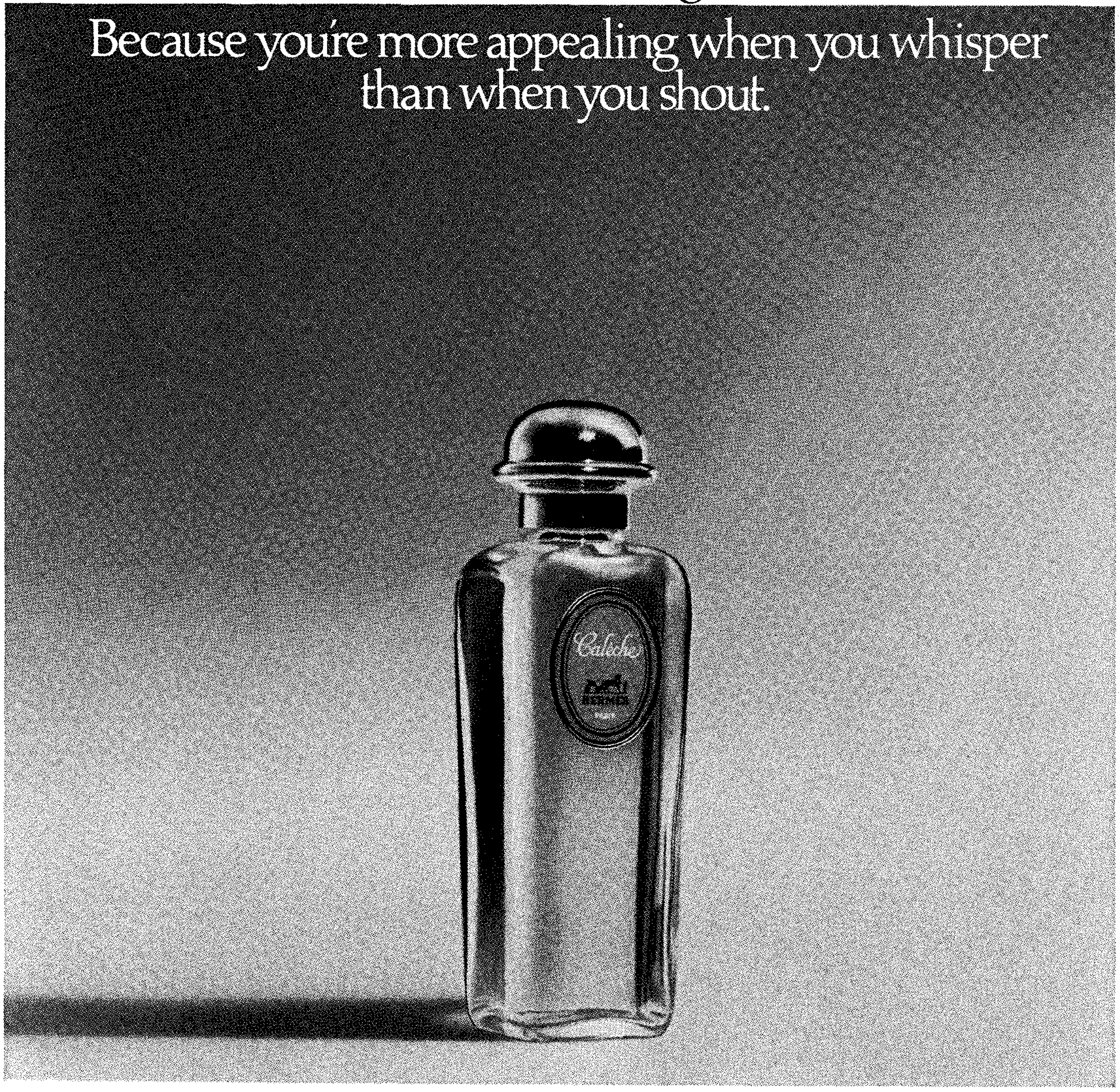
"With great difficulty, I decided to go ahead myself and to prepare arguments for presentation to the F.C.C. in support of my original petition and against the legal arguments opposing it and the F.C.C.'s decision. I was continuing with my job at the law firm, but felt uncertain about my position there, and the time I had available for this outside private project was very limited. But I got my reply brief supporting the original decision in, and I remember that on September 8th, a Friday, I left my office at eleven-thirty at night. I picked up an early edition of Saturday's New York *Times* and read that the F.C.C. had rejected the broadcasters' and tobacco industry's petitions and had unanimously reaffirmed its decision requiring a significant amount of free rebuttal time to be offered against cigarette commercials. When I read that, I went right back to my office and got to work again. The reason for that was my knowledge that the reaffirmation of the F.C.C.'s decision could now be reviewed in any of the federal courts of appeal in the country, and that petitions for review would certainly be presented to those courts. I knew I'd have to be prepared for real trouble."

The trouble that Banzhaf had in mind was the possibility that the tobacco and broadcasting forces, in petitioning the federal courts of appeal to review the F.C.C. decision, might take advantage of Banzhaf's limited resources by deliberately filing a petition in a court difficult for Banzhaf to get to from New York—a court in Los Angeles, for example. Also, he reasoned, they might



"The motion is carried. We agree never, never to eat each other, and anyone who does will be expelled from the sea."

Calèche, a subtle fragrance.


Because you're more appealing when you whisper than when you shout.
Calèche
HERMÈS
PARIS

Calèche by **Hermès**/Paris

file a petition for review in a court they thought would be friendly to their cause—a covert but widespread practice known in the legal profession as "forum shopping." Banzhaf quickly decided that the best way to forestall such moves was to do his own forum shopping. From his point of view, the most convenient forum for consideration of the issue was in Washington—the federal Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit. Three months earlier, that court had upheld the Constitutionality of the fairness doctrine in vigorous terms. However, he couldn't pick his court as easily as all that, because the choice of the particular court to review a petition is determined by where the petition for review is first filed. Furthermore, in the normal course of events a petitioner before a court has to have *lost* a cause—not won it, as Banzhaf had—in order to present a petition for review. Accordingly, Banzhaf worked very late that night preparing a court petition *against* the F.C.C.'s reaffirmation of its decision to require air time for anti-smoking messages. The ground he chose for his petition for review was that the Commission had denied what it had interpreted as his original demand for equal time for rebuttal of cigarette commercials and had granted only "a significant amount of time." Having prepared this petition, he flew to Washington the next morning, rushed downtown, and filed the petition with a clerk of the U.S. Court of Appeals, who, fortunately for Banzhaf, happened to be there although it was Saturday. Thus Banzhaf established—or so he hoped—a forum that would prevent lawyers representing the tobacco and broadcasting interests from facing him in court territory they might consider most favorable to their side.

Two days after Banzhaf filed his petition for review, an assembly known as the World Conference on Smoking and Health, which was sponsored by the National Interagency Council on Smoking and Health and was managed by the American Cancer Society, began a series of meetings at the Waldorf-Astoria. The purpose of the conference was to receive and discuss new medical and scientific findings on the connection between cigarette smoking and ill health, and to discuss public and private programs for educating and warning people about the hazards of smoking. One of the introductory speakers at the conference was Senator Robert F. Kennedy, and Banzhaf says that as a result of a talk he had with one of the Senator's assistants just before the health conference convened, Senator Kennedy incorporated into his speech a recommendation that the health organizations help provide legal assistance for the defense of the F.C.C.'s decision. On the third day of the conference, Banzhaf himself spoke before one of its committees and urged such assistance. The committee made a similar recommendation, but, according to Banzhaf, the major health organizations reconsidered their position and again declined to use their funds to engage in litigation on cigarettes. The same day that Banzhaf made his appeal to the conference, the National Association of Broadcasters, in association with one of its member stations, filed its own petition for review of the F.C.C. decision.

"They filed with the Court of Appeals in Richmond, Virginia—which, of course, is deep in the heart of Tobaccoland," Banzhaf told me. "The broadcasters, having filed their petition in Richmond, then came back to the Court of Appeals in Washington and filed a twenty-page motion citing twenty or thirty cases and claiming that my petition in Washington was defective and should be dismissed—the idea being to change the scene from Washington to Richmond. Under court rules, I had five days to reply to the broadcasters' motion. It wasn't much time for me, and normally it's common custom for one party in proceedings of this sort to permit an extension to the opposite side to give it reasonable time to prepare its arguments. I telephoned my opponents and asked if, in view of the fact that I had a full-time job, they'd grant me a reasonable extension of time. But the other side said no. It was the old technique of overwhelming your opponent, blitzing him with papers. I just had to work a little harder. In five days, I prepared a forty-page answer to their twenty-page motion, and the eventual result of these filings was that the court upheld my position to the extent that the case stayed in the Court of Appeals in Washington."

People in Washington who are familiar with the background of the F.C.C. decision and the appellate-court proceedings in which the decision was upheld find Banzhaf's act in originally demanding air time for cautionary messages about cigarette smoking a most resourceful way of publicizing its hazards at minimum cost, and for that, they believe, he deserves great credit. However, their admiration for his resourcefulness is tempered by reservations concerning what they think is his occasional propensity for personal publicity, in contrast to the manner of other and more self-effacing people whose contributions over the years to the cause of informing the public of the relationship between smoking and health were at least as fundamental. And, indeed, to talk with Banzhaf at any length about public awareness of the relationship between cigarette smoking and health, one would hardly think that such prime movers in the field as Drs. Hammond and Horn, whose study in 1954 first brought the issue to wide public attention, and Dr. Luther Terry, the Surgeon General of the United States between 1961 and 1965, had ever existed. Although Banzhaf's disappointment at being unable to get financial help from national health organizations is understandable, there are a few matters that his account of his relations with the health organizations ignores. These have been dwelt upon by Clifton R. Read, an official of the American Cancer Society, in an interview.

"At the Cancer Society, we had mixed feelings about entering the legal action in defense of the F.C.C. decision ordering free rebuttal time to cigarette commercials on the air," Read told me. "We were very much pleased at what Banzhaf had originally accomplished, and when he urged us to provide financial assistance for the defense of the decision we asked our own counsel to explore the situation. A member of his firm talked in Washington with counsel for the F.C.C., and he reported to us that the Commission felt that the principal burden of defending the F.C.C. decision would fall upon the Commission, and that the Commission did not feel that it needed any help from us in defending its decision. Our lawyer agreed. He told us that in his opinion the F.C.C. had a very strong case and had the help of excellent attorneys, and

There is a 20 m.p.h. world 700 miles at sea.

After you get off of a 600 m.p.h. jet, it's kind of nice to wander around our relaxed little island. Everything and everybody runs a little slower here than almost any place else on earth.

Golfers don't rush from hole to hole.

Sun lovers don't have to wade through a sea of people on our pink beaches. We have so many! Sightseers don't have to wade through waves of people on our tidy little squares.

On our island, you'll find just about every sport that you'll find any place else, plus one thing that you'll never find any other place on earth:

And that is our slow, enjoyable way of life. A life where nobody is ever too busy to smile. A place where everybody talks to everybody.

That's why so many people who come to Bermuda keep coming back.

Some who come never leave.

They've discovered there is only one Bermuda.

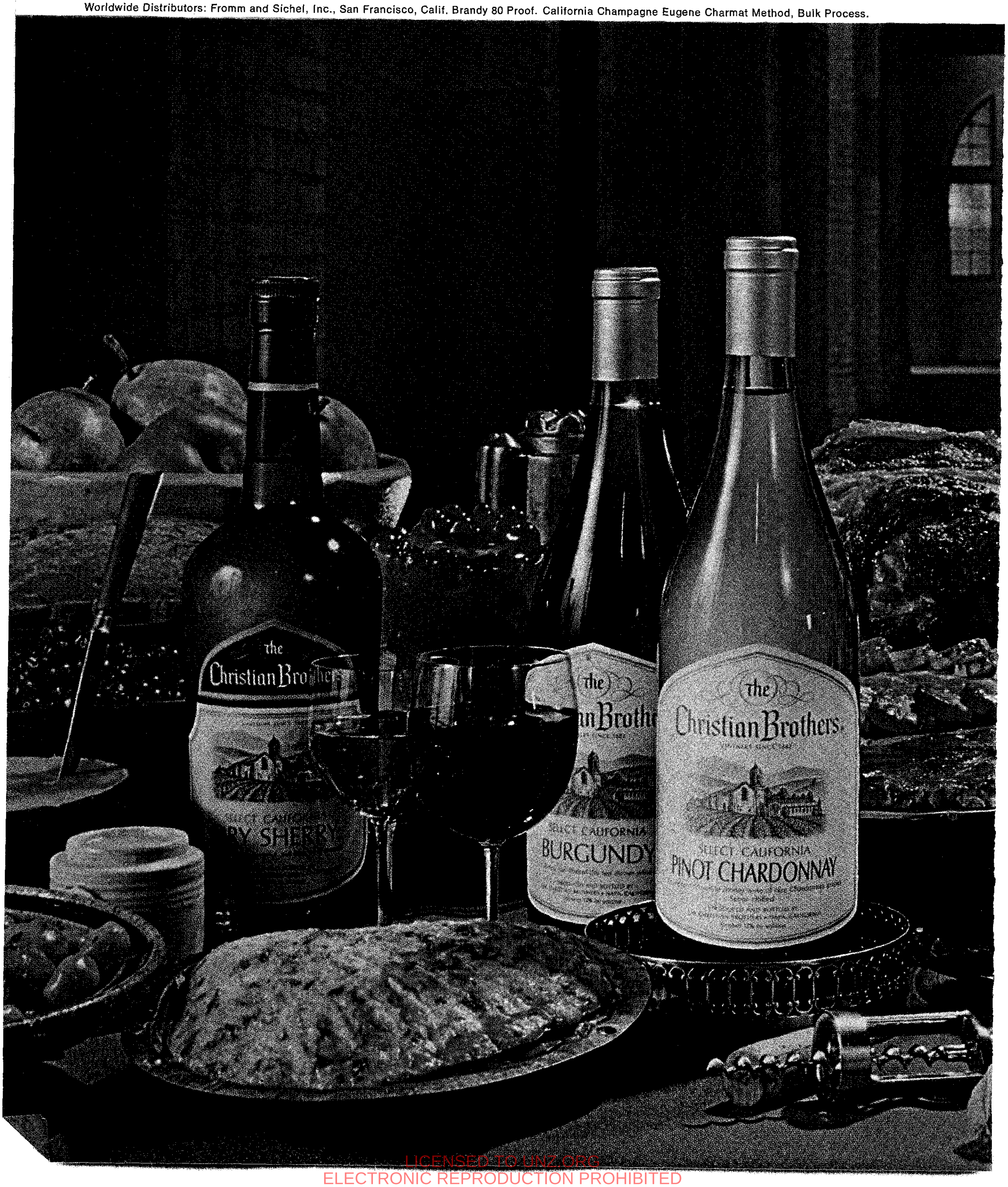
Tell a travel agent you want to join them. Or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 or 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

Bermuda

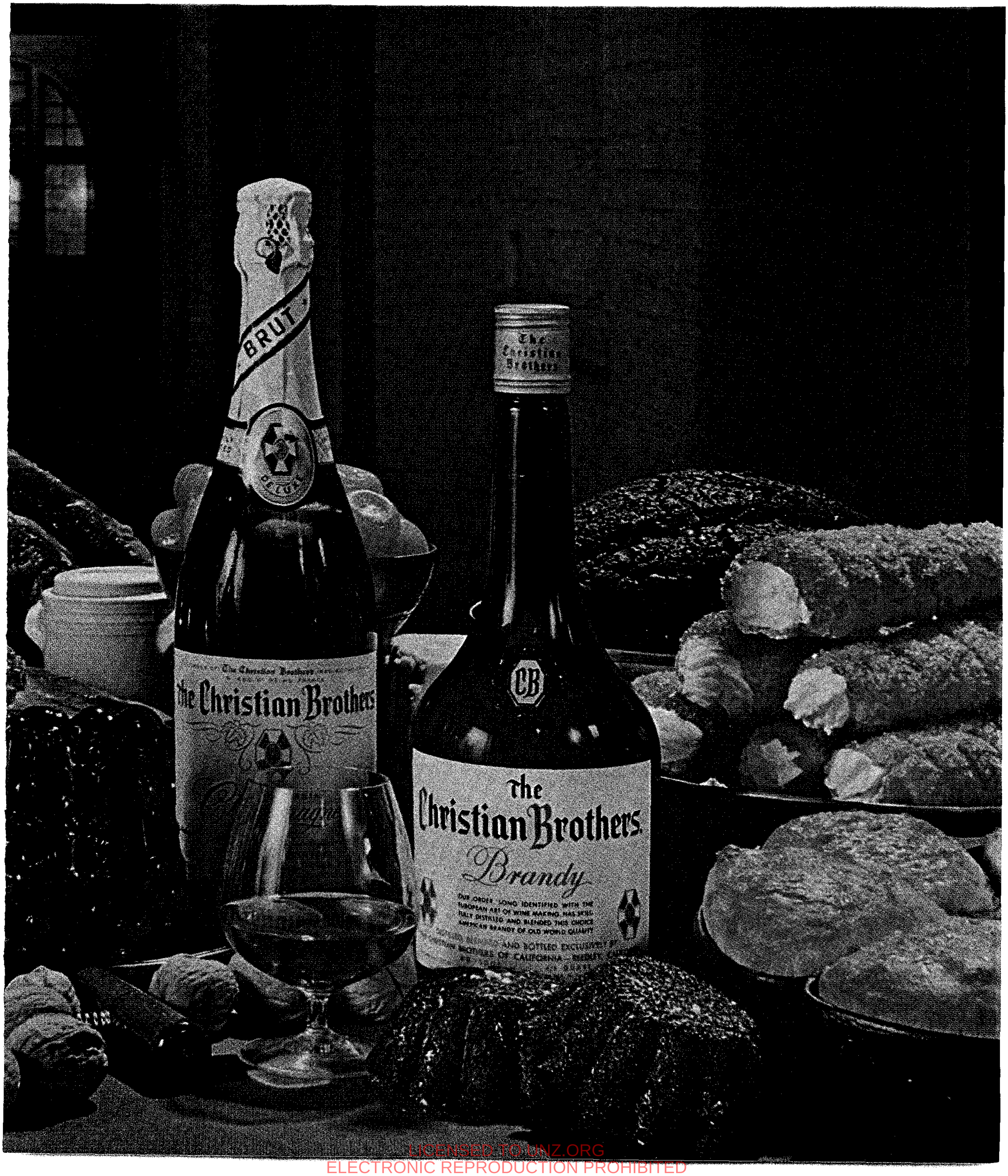
The courtyard of Mont La Salle Monastery and Winery.
The Christian Brothers, Napa Valley, California

"It is a time of year for good friends, good food, and warm hospitality. We take pride in sending the very best from our

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, Calif. Brandy 80 Proof. California Champagne Eugene Charmat Method, Bulk Process.


the Christian Bro
SELECT CALIFO
RY SHERRY
the
an Broth
SELECT CALIFORNIA
BURGUNDY
the
Christian Brothers
SELECT CALIFORNIA
PINOT CHARDONNAY

vineyards to join your holiday table: cask-aged Ports and Sherries, fine Wines, festive Champagnes and choice Brandy." Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster


BRUT
DELUXE
The Christian Brothers
The Christian Brothers
CB
The Christian Brothers
Brandy

Did your Dad ever say he expected great things from you?

This Polaroid Land camera is one of the most automatic cameras in history.

(It will let you focus and shoot, but there's not much else it will let you do.)

Our Countdown Model 350.

It not only gives you a color picture in a minute, its electronic development timer even tells you when your picture's ready. ("Beeeep.")

It also sets all exposures electronically. Automatically.

The electric eye and electronic shutter can take a picture at 1/1000th of a second in bright sunlight. (Fast enough to "freeze" a fast tennis serve.)

Or color time exposures up to 10 seconds long.

Automatically exposed flash shots for color and black-and-white.

And you can even take black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash.* (In any light good enough to read by.)

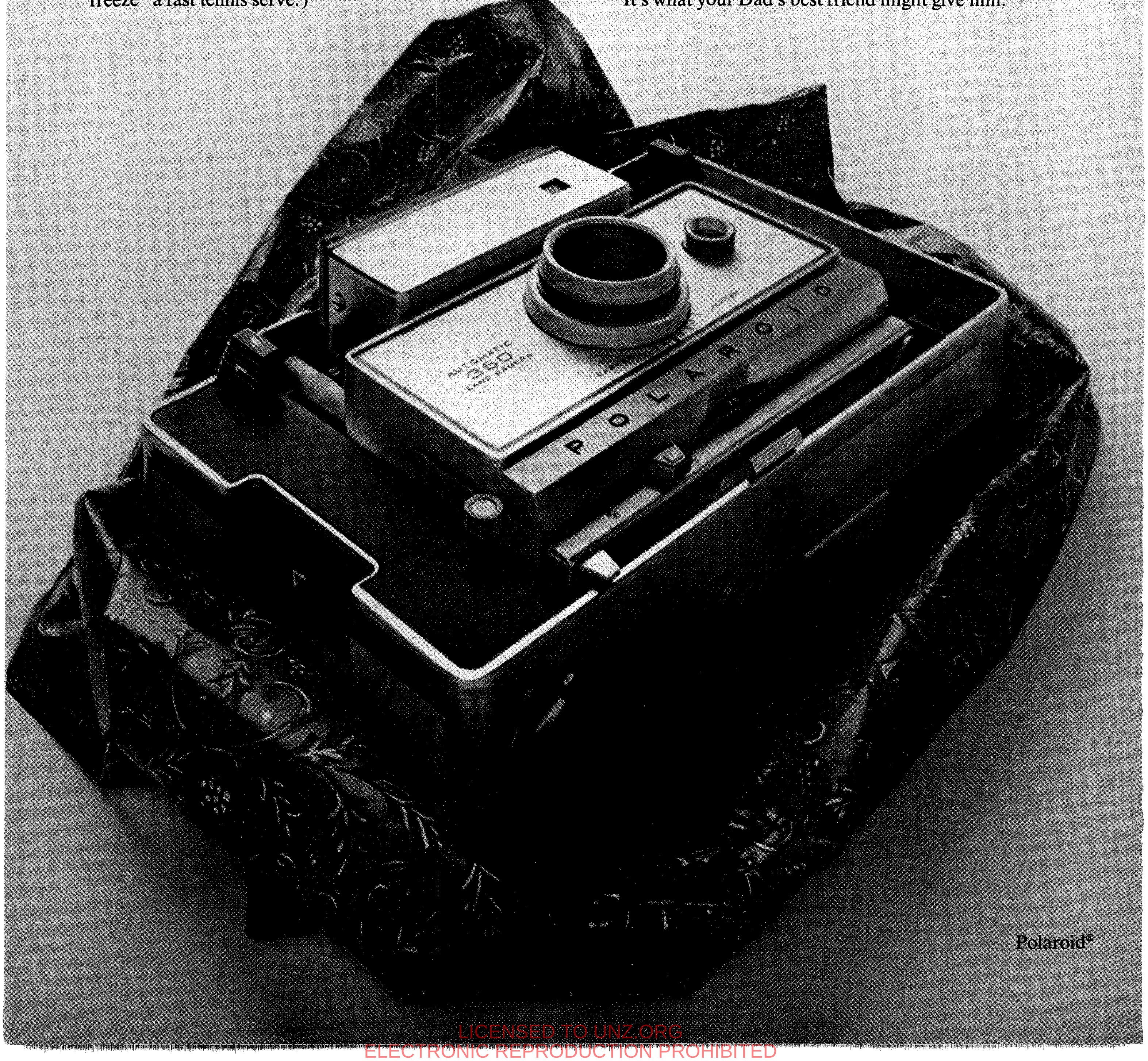
There's a dual image Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder. (You frame the picture as you focus, in the same window.)

And with optional accessories you can take portraits, close-ups, even self-portraits.

Beautiful all metal body. Brushed chrome finish.

Under $160.

It's what your Dad's best friend might give him.



Polaroid®

that he thought it would win in the courts without any help from us."

Unlike the American Cancer Society, the National Tuberculosis Association decided to submit an *amicus-curiae* brief in support of the F.C.C. decision. But although Banzhaf went before the Court of Appeals and argued in the proceedings he had started, the principal burden of defending the F.C.C. decision in court, as the Cancer Society people had expected, fell upon counsel for the F.C.C. itself, and the F.C.C.'s success was clear-cut. The court held that, "as a public-health measure addressed to a unique danger authenticated by official and congressional action," the F.C.C. ruling on significant time for rebuttal of cigarette commercials constituted proper protection of the public interest under the provisions of the Communications Act.

Whatever the necessity of Banzhaf's intervention in the court proceedings, there is little doubt that the next actions he took on the anti-smoking front were the cause of a lot of coughing and choking in the broadcasting and tobacco industries. Convinced that he was going to get only limited coöperation in his fight from the big, established health organizations, he decided to leave the law firm he had been working for and set up an organization of his own, in which he could devote full time to the problem of broadcast cigarette advertising. The idea of forming his own organization grew out of an article he had read in the *Times* about the Environmental Defense Fund, a coalition of lawyers and scientists that had been formed for the purpose of pursuing litigation that conservation groups like the National Audubon Society were reluctant to engage in directly. The Environmental Defense Fund is financed by foundations and contributions from the public. With this as a cue, Banzhaf formed an organization called Action on Smoking and Health (ASH) to pursue legal action on behalf of education about smoking, and established headquarters in a tiny temporary office near the United Nations. ASH was, and still is, a very small outfit, financed by public appeals.

"I knew that the broadcasters were not going to comply properly with the F.C.C. decision unless they had to," Banzhaf told me some time ago. "They were beginning to run anti-smoking commercials that were being prepared and distributed to stations by various health groups like the Cancer Society, but they weren't showing nearly enough of them. I felt that what I had to do was create a fear among the broadcasters that I could do something to them if they didn't comply fully. I had to monitor the stations to determine their degree of compliance, but, of course, the monitoring I could do was limited. I decided that the best thing was to monitor the output of a large station to determine how much free time it was giving for the rebuttal of cigarette commercials, and if it wasn't giving adequate time I needed to file a detailed complaint on its violations of the F.C.C. rule with the Commission, so that no station in the country could be sure I wouldn't file against it. So I chose to monitor WNBC-TV. I monitored its programming in prime time for approximately two weeks, with the help of friends, and then in March, 1968, I filed a petition with the F.C.C. asking the Commission to revoke WNBC-TV's license in the middle of its current term. Our petition said our monitoring showed that the ratio of smoking commercials to anti-smoking commercials in prime time on WNBC-TV was ten to one instead of the three to one the Commission found reasonable. We asked for revocation of the station's license on the ground that the station was violating F.C.C. regulations—specifically, refusing to implement the fairness doctrine—and thus violating the terms of its franchise to operate in the public interest. At that time, I might remark, the F.C.C. hadn't done anything remotely like revoking a major television station's license. The Commission was happily rubber-stamping license renewals as they came due.

"I knew, of course, that we had only a thousand-to-one chance of getting WNBC-TV's license revoked. But I also knew that the value of the station was something like a hundred million dollars. That doesn't even include studios and transmitters—that's the probable market worth of the frequency that the government allows the owners to operate on, free of charge. We thought we would give the station something to be afraid of when we presented our petition. Who wants to take even a one-in-a-thousand chance of losing a hundred million dollars?

"WNBC-TV challenged our petition. Their people claimed that the ratio we had given of ten cigarette commercials to one anti-smoking message was inaccurate. It was close to three or four to one, they said. But we challenged *their* challenge, and asked them to document their claim. We found that when the station had run two commercials, one right after the other, for two different brands of cigarettes that just happened to be manufactured by the same company it was counting them as *one* commercial, and also that it was claiming that its so-called billboard announcements for cigarettes—'This program is brought to you by Marlboro'—weren't commercials at all. We demanded and got the schedule for the anti-smoking messages it was carrying, and when we checked it we found out that while all the cigarette commercials it was running were being carried in prime time, a substantial number of the anti-smoking messages weren't—they were being broadcast at times like 2:30 A.M. or 6:38 A.M. WNBC-TV's explanation for running anti-smoking spots at 6:38 A.M. was that it wanted to reach children with them before they left for school."

As a result of Banzhaf's petition, the F.C.C., though it denied the demand for a revocation of the station's license, ruled that the station would have to run a greater ratio of anti-smoking messages to cigarette commercials than the current one, and run more of the messages in prime air time. This ruling concerning anti-smoking messages had the effect that Banzhaf had anticipated: the management of other television stations around the country began to be less laggard in complying with the F.C.C.'s fairness doctrine as it applied to anti-smoking messages. Through ASH, Banzhaf has tried to keep them alert by legal sniping tactics here and there. Thus, he has recalled, when a chain of stations in Indiana broadcast an editorial opposing a recommendation by the Federal Trade Commission that cigarette commercials be banned from the air, ASH asked the stations for free time to reply. The management of the stations refused the request, whereupon Banzhaf filed a complaint with the F.C.C. asking for revocation of the stations' licenses on the ground that the station owners had refused to comply with the F.C.C.'s fairness doctrine. "All that we were asking for was three or four minutes of air time, yet, upon our complaint, the owners filed a response that weighed in at over two pounds," Banzhaf said. As a result of Banzhaf's complaint, the F.C.C. ruled that the stations involved must provide free air time for a reply to the editorial on the smoking-and-advertising issue.

The American Cancer Society people appear to have done no substantial amount of direct monitoring of the time given to anti-smoking messages on individual television stations during this period. Read, of the Cancer Society, feels that, except for the first six months following the F.C.C.'s ruling on the fairness doctrine as it applied to cigarette commercials, the networks have complied with the F.C.C. ruling to a "reasonable" extent. However, he concedes that Banzhaf's aggressive tactics of bombarding stations and the F.C.C. with complaints and petitions may well have helped remind station owners of their obligation to comply.

THE effect of all this upon the activities of the tobacco companies on the airwaves was highly noticeable. In addition to seeing the endless cigarette commercials showing smiling young couples running carefree in rolling countryside and prancing along ocean beaches to indicate the benign qualities of the cigarettes they were puffing away at, viewers now also began to see, sandwiched between segments of programs, a closeup shot of a serious-faced man who would hold up a cigarette and soberly ask, "Have you ever thought what happens when you smoke a cigarette?" After a pause, he would add, grimly, "*We* have," whereupon the words "American Cancer Society" would flash on the screen and the message would be over. It took only ten seconds, but its effect on the television viewer who happened to have a cigarette in his mouth as he watched it tended to be disconcerting.

Besides being caught in mid-puff by this particular message, the home audience became exposed to a number of longer anti-smoking messages, which seemed to have the capacity of acting upon the existing crowd of cigarette commercials like antibodies grappling with some bacterial swarm. Against the commercials that displayed young people examining the filters on their cigarettes with approval, viewers saw an anti-smoking message that opened with a shot of a cigarette lying flat, pointed toward the viewer. Suddenly the cigarette would come to life, coil up like a snake, ominously rattle its filter-tip tail, and strike with its lighted end right toward the viewer, while an announcer's voice asked, "What does a cigarette have to *do* to you before you get our message?" and "American Cancer Society" flashed on the screen again. Another message showed, in rapid succession, a series of warning signals—red traffic lights, a "Flammable" sign, a "Poison" label, and finally a warning label on a cigarette package. "We receive many warnings in our life," a narrator declared. "And sometimes they can save our life." The voice continued, against the sound of a cough, "This message is brought to you by the American Cancer Society."

Some of the most effective of these anti-smoking commercials were turned out by the New York advertising agency of Lord, Geller, Federico & Partners, which produced them at cost—and with producers and directors donating their time—for the American Cancer Society. One of them, which seems to have been designed to deal with the Marlboro Man theme, showed a confrontation at a saloon bar between some unshaven characters wearing ten-gallon hats. The script ran as follows:

> Various shots of bad guy's accomplices smoking as they watch good guy standing at bar.
>
> MLS [medium long shot] of bad guy as he walks through door of saloon with cigarette dangling from mouth.
>
> Good guy, standing at bar, turns, noticing bad guy walking through the door.
>
> BAD GUY: We figured (*cough*) you'd (*cough*) be here.
>
> Bad guy and accomplices begin coughing uncontrollably, unable to shoot at good guy. Good guy, disgusted by the coughing, knocks bad guy aside and leaves the saloon.

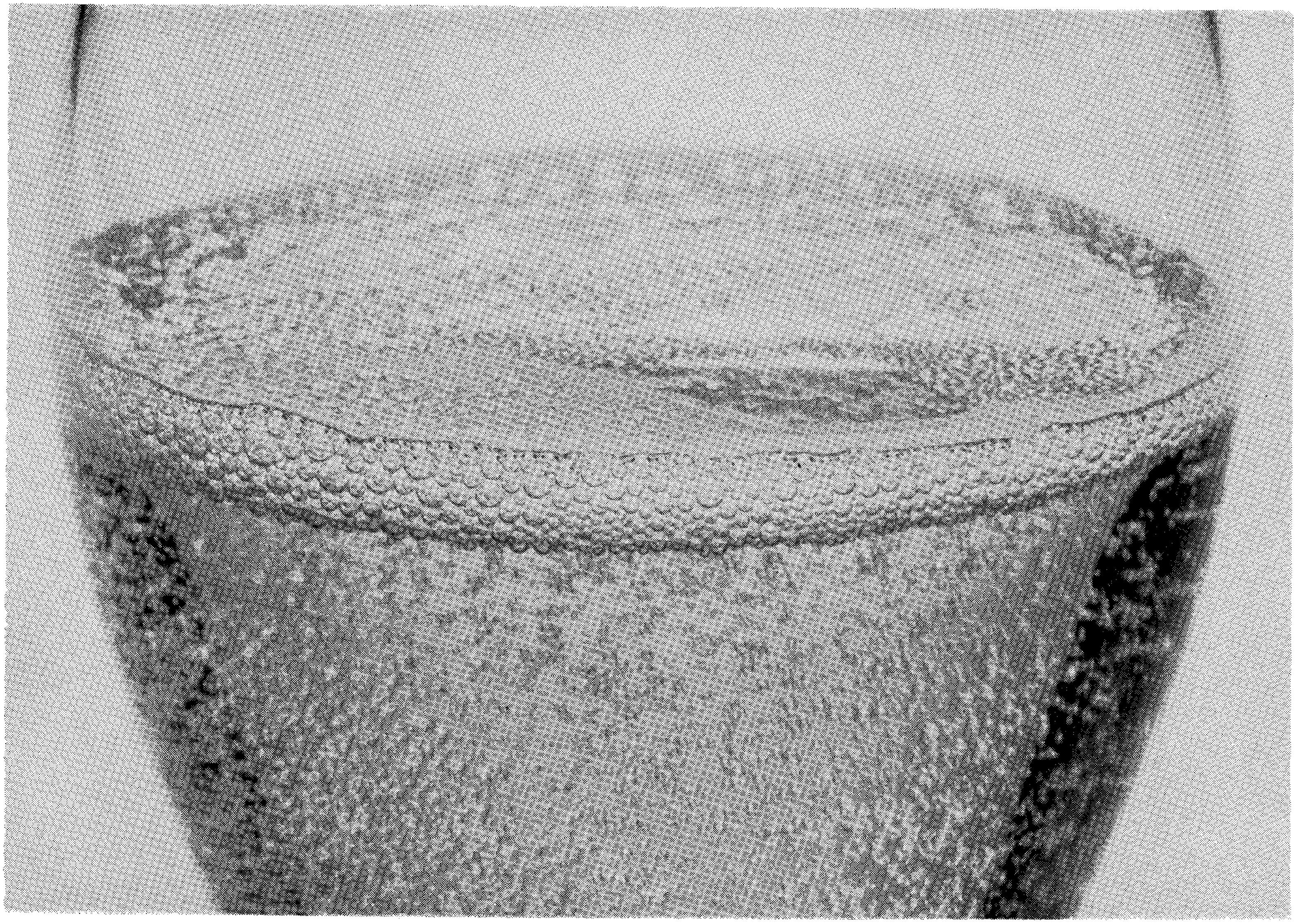
Upon which, the word "Cancer" zoomed up on the screen and a voice-over announcer said, "Cigarettes—they're killers."

Richard J. Lord, who is president of Lord, Geller, Federico, had considerable familiarity with the style of cigarette commercials, having been at one time a cigarette-commercial copywriter at the Young & Rubicam agency and at another time a "creative supervisor" on cigarette accounts at the Benton & Bowles agency. At Young & Rubicam, in the late fifties, Lord was a leading member of a group assigned to promote Kent cigarettes and their Micronite Filter, under the slogan "Kent Is the Answer." On another front at Y. & R., he promoted Newport cigarettes, devised for them the slogan "A Hint of Mint," and wrote a lot of commercials showing young couples frolicking and smoking in bu-

LAST-MINUTE SUGGESTIONS
L
Richter

"I don't like you, Mr. Jennings, and I don't like your last-minute suggestions!"

Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble.



For you, we trust, our champagne is a festive, light-hearted thing.

A delicious way to slough off the cares of the workaday world and so forth.

For us, it's the toughest job of all.

Making champagne is always difficult, even if you use the latest, streamlined methods.

The way we do it is a whole lot harder. And longer.

We use only the finest of premium grapes, plucked from temperamental, low-yielding vines.

We refuse to give up the painstaking process of fermenting our champagne in the bottle.

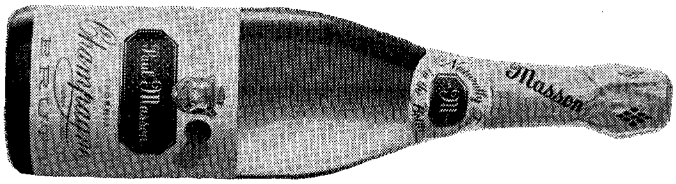
And we insist on giving it all the bottle-age it deserves before offering it to the public.

Ever since Paul Masson won his first gold medal in Paris in 1900, we've been in no hurry to impress you.

We may make fewer friends that way.

But we make them to last.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



PAUL MASSON CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA © 1970 colic surroundings—precisely the note that another of his Cancer Society anti-smoking messages took aim at. Then, at Benton & Bowles, in the early sixties, he wrote part of a series of commercials for Parliament cigarettes, featuring the Parliament "recessed filter, a clean quarter-inch away"—a device that was claimed to give the smoker "extra margin."

A while ago, Lord told me that when his agency was making the anti-smoking messages it encountered some difficulty in finding actors to play the parts. "It was hard to get actors for this sort of thing, because they were afraid they might have to give up the lucrative fees and residuals that the tobacco companies pay for parts in cigarette commercials," he said. "The Cancer Society pays a flat buy-out to actors, without residuals for replays, and it comes to only three hundred and twenty dollars, whereas, say, a nationally run Winston or Salem commercial can be a little annuity for an actor for a couple of years. The average income from residuals is probably something like five thousand dollars for a year or more, but if the actor hits with a commercial that is *really* widely replayed, he could make between ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollars a year out of it. That's a lot for a hungry actor. And some actors are afraid that even if they don't happen to be the type for cigarette commercials they might be blackballed by agencies that *do* cigarette commercials. Well, for this particular anti-smoking message [one parodying the happiness shown in cigarette commercials] we had to hunt around quite a bit to collect a cast. We must have seen forty or fifty people. We'd have actors signed up and then find them backing away. We had one guy signed up for a shooting call at 8 A.M., and at five-thirty the evening before we got a call from his agent, who said he wouldn't let the actor play the part. We pointed out that the guy couldn't lose parts in cigarette commercials by appearing in an anti-smoking spot, because he didn't even smoke. The agent said, 'I'm going to *teach* him to smoke, if that will get him in a cigarette commercial.' Eventually, we came up with a few people who believed in what we were doing. Most of them were nonprofessionals. One of them was a waitress at a restaurant on Eighty-sixth Street who looked just like the sort of girl who might appear in a cigarette commercial. They were all great, and really worked hard. To get the rights to play 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes,' we went to Chappell & Co., the music publishers who own the Kern copyright. Representatives of a cigarette company had been there before us. They'd tried to buy the song for one of their brands. But Chappell & Co. had turned them down. We explained what we wanted. The man we talked to at Chappell happened to have just given up smoking. We got the rights to play 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes' in a Cancer Society anti-smoking message for just a hundred and sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents, which represented the bare cost of the legal paperwork involved. The messages have been a pretty big success, I think. I've heard that some stations wouldn't run it, because they believed it was too strong. Also, I understand that one tobacco company brought pressure that resulted in our parody of the Western shootout being taken off a West Coast station, and that was probably because the owners became persuaded that the line 'Cigarettes—they're killers' was too strong."

WHILE the anti-cigarette forces were gradually mobilizing themselves, the tobacco industry was not idle. During the first quarter of 1969, the tobacco industry spent a good deal more money on television commercials than it had in the corresponding period of the previous year. On network television, the industry spent forty-five million three hundred thousand dollars for the quarter, as opposed to forty-three and a half million dollars for the first quarter of 1968, and its expenditures for spot announcements on individual stations rose by more than a million dollars, to a total of eleven million two hundred thousand dollars. Furthermore, most of this money was spent on advertising in prime time, in which the largest possible audiences could be reached.

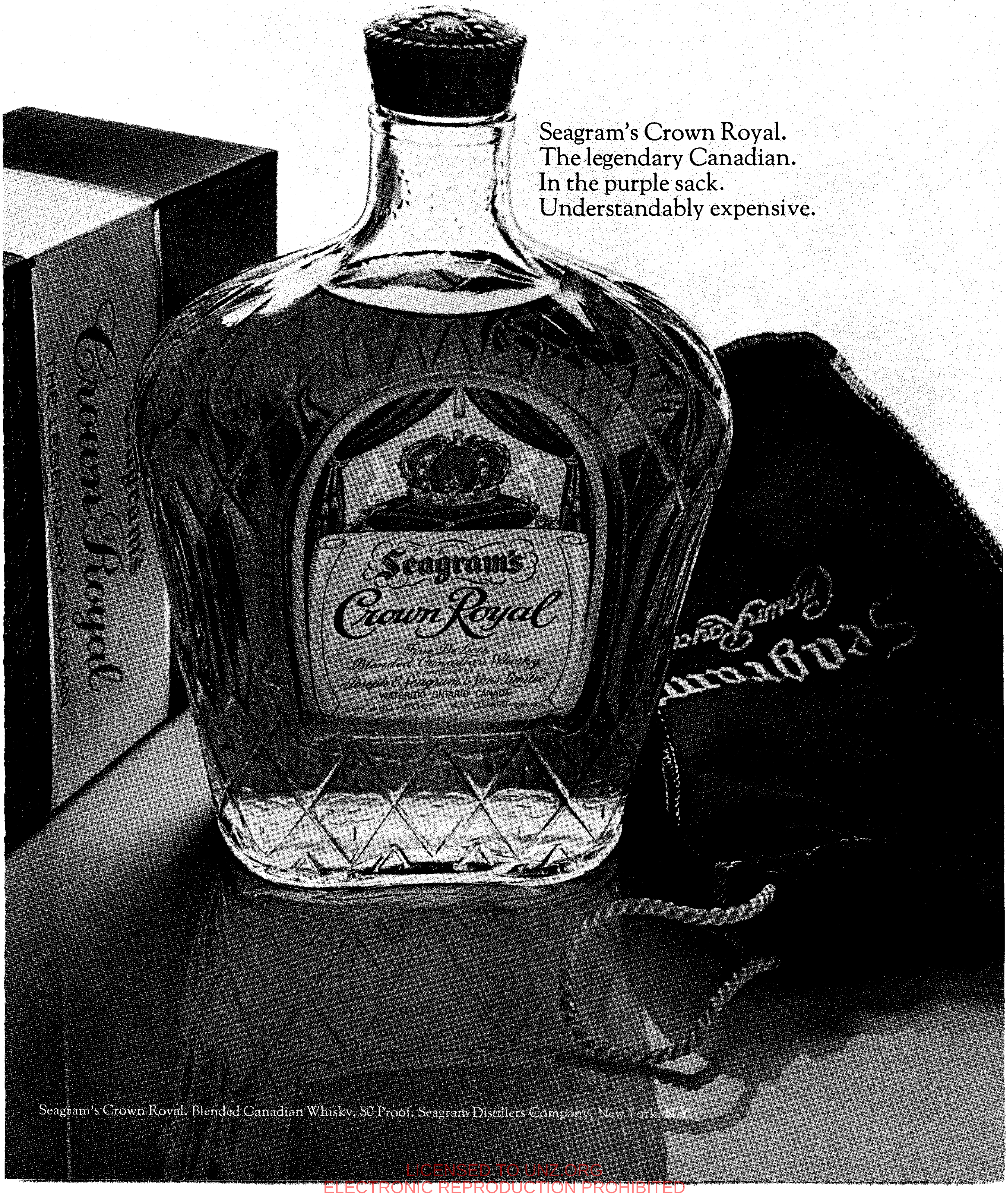
With a very few exceptions—notably the Doyle Dane Bernbach and the Ogilvy & Mather agencies, which do not accept cigarette accounts—Madison Avenue appeared to remain pretty loyal to the tobacco industry. An article on the subject in February, 1969, in *Advertising Age* reported:

> A telephone check of 23 New York agencies [that do not have cigarette accounts], each large enough to absorb a sizable cigarette account without being absorbed by it, shows there are few that would decline one. Aside from long-time non-smokers like Doyle Dane Bernbach and Ogilvy & Mather, only four agencies in that [major-billing] category said that they would unequivocably be uninterested in a cigarette account—and two of those equivocated their unequivocal positions, suggesting that the offer, say, of $23,000,000 worth of Pall Mall business might bring about a quick change of policy. Top executives for each of the other 19 agencies replied, generally with no hesitation, that they would take on a cigarette account "gladly," "with pleasure," and "certainly."

The industry had also been doing its best—through the Tobacco Institute, which is its central trade organization and lobbying arm, in Washington—to persuade congressmen that there was nothing provably injurious about smoking cigarettes. With the help of the public-relations firm of Hill & Knowlton, the Tobacco Institute also issued sheaves of press releases and background advisories, the gist of most of which was that the Surgeon General's report and the rest of the medical documents dealing with the relationship between smoking and lung cancer and other diseases were riddled with fallacies, and, in fact, were altogether unreliable. Then, in late 1967, the Tobacco Institute called up reinforcements, contracting for the services of the Tiderock Corporation, a sort of super-public-relations and management-consultant firm in New York.

The Tiderock Corporation was headed by Rosser Reeves, the ebullient former advertising man who for a number of years had been chairman of the board of the advertising agency Ted Bates & Co. and the undisputed prince of the hard sell in television advertising. At Ted Bates in the early fifties, Reeves had had a strong hand in promoting filter cigarettes, such as Viceroy and Kool, that were put out by Brown & Williamson. He had helped make the sales of these brands leap wildly with commercials containing such claims as "The nicotine and tars trapped by the exclusive Viceroy filter cannot reach your nose, throat, or lungs." (He later observed in connection with the medical studies on smoking and health that put the subject on the front pages in 1954, "We had already preëmpted the health kick.") Now Reeves, after having retired from the agency business and done some dealing in real estate down in Jamaica, had returned to Madison Avenue, set himself up in a suite of fifteen offices on the thirty-fifth floor of the Newsweek Building, and was consulting with half a dozen large corporate clients—"all big jungle cats, too," he said—on whatever public-relations or managerial problems afflicted them. I had an opportunity to interview Reeves on the subject of tobacco shortly after Tiderock took on the Tobacco Institute account, and although I gathered that

You don't give it. You bestow it.



Seagram's
Crown Royal
THE LEGENDARY CANADIAN
Seagram's
Crown Royal
Fine De Luxe
Blended Canadian Whisky
A PRODUCT OF
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
80 PROOF
4/5 QUART

Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.

The exciting new Sedan deVille and Fleetwood Sixty Special Brougham

Never has the introduction of a new Cadillac so dramatically established Cadillac's undeniable leadership in the world of fine motor cars.

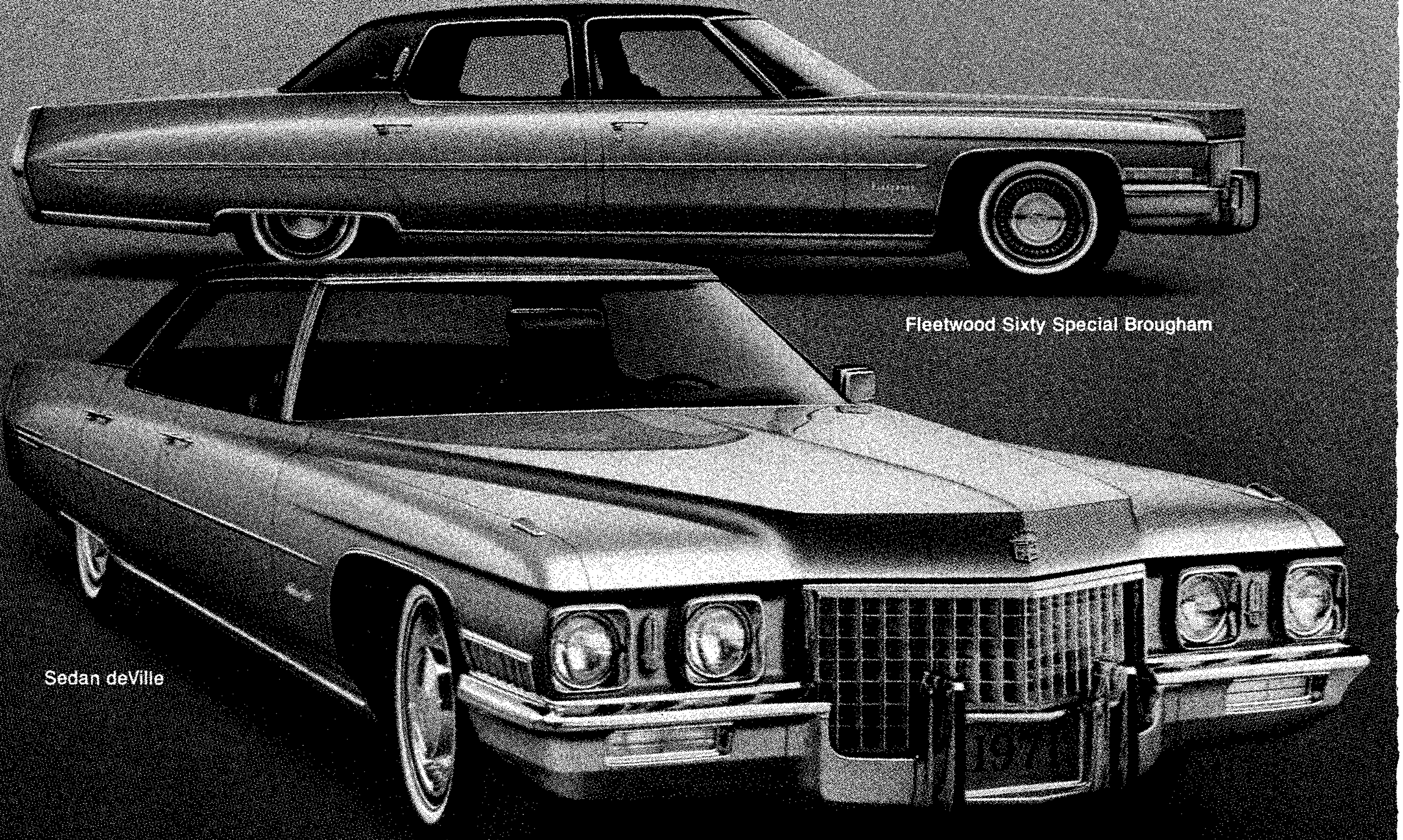
All nine of the magnificent 1971 Cadillacs are totally new. They are completely new in looks—with crisper, more classic contours, greater glass area and doors designed to permit easier entry and exit.

They are new in luxury—with a completely redesigned instrument panel, new lower profile seats and a wide selection of rich new fabrics. And they are new in convenience, including a unique light monitoring system available on all models.

You will discover new performance, too. The superb Cadillac ride has never been smoother. The quietness of operation will impress even long-time Cadillac owners. And all Cadillac V-8 engines deliver their famed performance on the new no-lead, low-lead fuels.

See—and drive—the brilliant new 1971 Standard of the World, now at your authorized dealer's. Leadership has never been so elegantly presented.

Cadillac for 1971 the



The new Eldorado . . . the world's most elegant personal cars.

In the Eldorado Coupe and Convertible, Cadillac presents two completely new and completely distinctive automobiles. A new, longer wheelbase provides superb riding qualities and new, more impressive beauty.

Individual touches, such as the jewel-like stand-up crest and the exclusive coach windows on the Coupe, typify the Eldorado's many styling innovations.

The Convertible, now the only luxury convertible built in America, comes equipped with an ingenious new inward-folding Hideaway Top. It provides a more graceful top-down appearance and allows greater room for rear-seat passengers.

Both Eldorados share the same 8.2 litre V-8 (the world's largest production passenger car engine) in combination with the precise handling of front-wheel drive, variable-ratio power steering, power front disc brakes and Automatic Level Control.

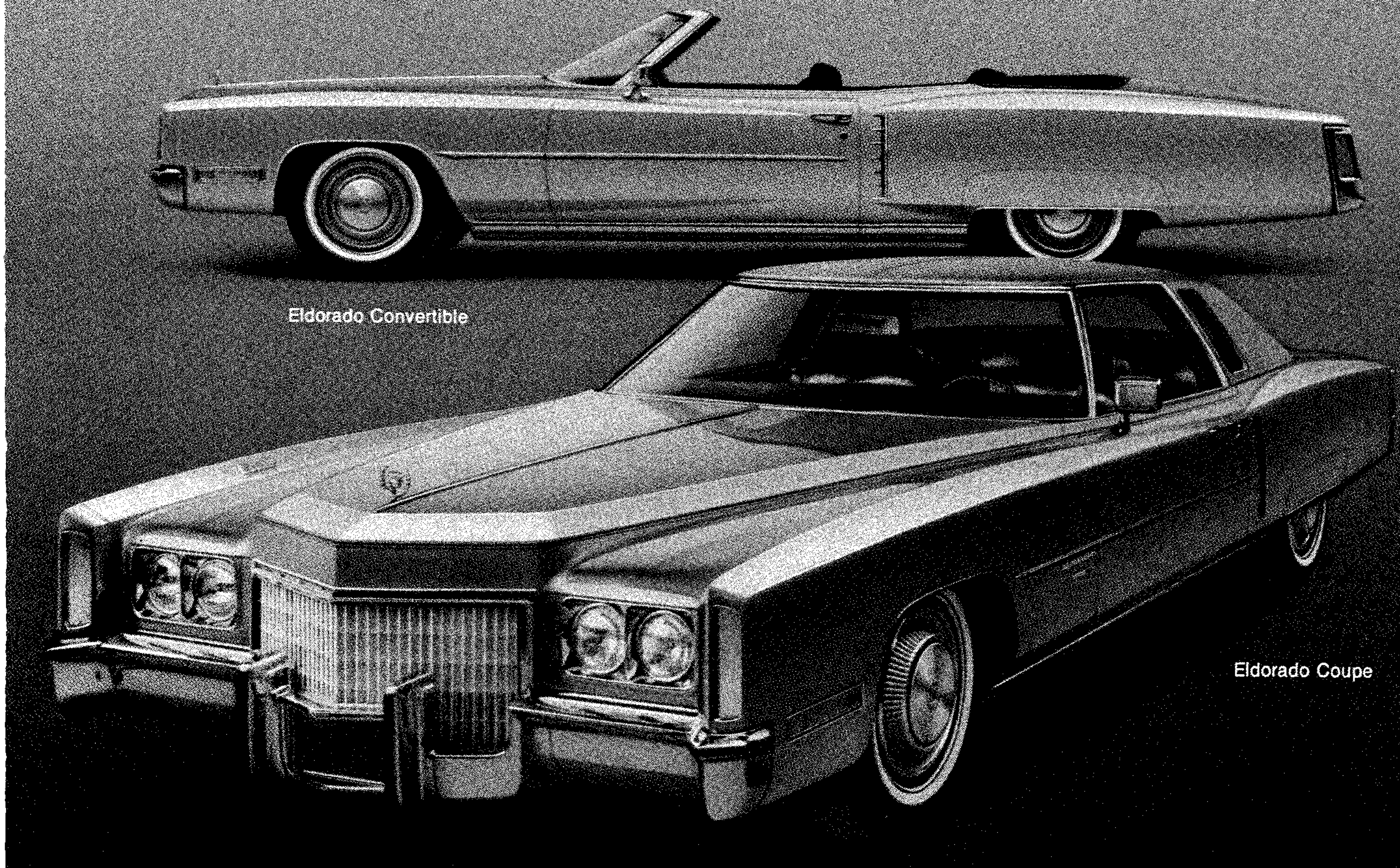
Surely, these are the two most excitingly luxurious automobiles in the world of personal motoring . . . the Fleetwood Eldorados by Cadillac.

Cadillac Motor Car Division

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

New Look of Leadership



MARTELL
MARTELL
FONDE EN 1715
J & F. Martell
COGNAC
80 PROOF
4/5 QUART
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU Co
NEW YORK N.Y.

GIFT PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST

The Martell eggnog...an exquisite possibility.

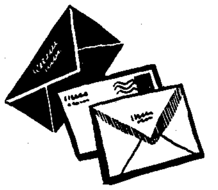
In the gift wrap, in the snifter, in the eggnog . . . Martell Cognac loses nothing in translation. The taste is exquisite. The aroma, superb. And these qualities come through any way you serve it. Let Martell say Noël with eloquence.

©1969

MARTELL...THE LARGEST SELLING COGNACS OF THE WORLD.

the corporation was getting nearly half a million dollars for its services to tobacco, I never did get him to tell me exactly what it was doing for the Institute. However, I found him perfectly ready to say at some length that the tobacco industry had come in for much hard and unfair treatment at the hands of the federal government and of the medical people associated with the Surgeon General's report.

"After years of silence on the subject, the tobacco industry has decided that it is refreshing and necessary in any controversy to present both sides," Reeves told me. "I can say that I have been consulted on presenting the side of the controversy that has not been heard properly. The tobacco manufacturers do not claim that cigarettes do not cause cancer. They say very simply that it has not been proved that cigarettes *do* cause cancer. The question is still an open one. I *believe* that. You should see some of the crank letters I've got: I'm a merchant of death, I should be lashed to the stake. But I happen to be a very rich man—too rich to have to sell out for money."



Warming to the subject, Reeves continued, "I went to Washington. I looked into the propaganda machine of the federal bureaucracy and what it has been doing with the facts about smoking. For example, a study made for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and published last May. Let me describe it. Volunteers are lined up. They call Mrs. A. They say, 'How old is your husband?' Or they get her daughter—the father isn't there, he's at work. 'How much does your father smoke?' 'Like a chimney.' 'How long has he been smoking?' 'Forty years.' 'Does he cough?' 'All the time.' 'Worried about his heart?' 'Yes, as a matter of fact, his heart's thumping.' 'Breathing?' 'He pants like an old locomotive.' Wives and daughters turned into diagnosticians! And you just try to get the raw data on that study, so that competent statisticians can study it on computers. I'll bet you five dollars to fifty thousand dollars you don't get it!"

Further: "The doctor is a layman in this matter. I gave a cocktail party for fifteen top doctors. These are busy men. We poured some gin into them. I told them, 'You know about the smoking controversy.' 'Oh, yes, we've made a very profound study.' And I found out that *not one* had read the Surgeon General's report. They'd all got it from the *Times* or the *News*."

It was interesting to see a man who had made his fortune out of commercials that habitually conjured up the authority of medical science—doctors who were alleged to recommend Anacin most when headaches strike; eminent skin specialists who were supposed to attest to the glowing results for women who carried out the Fourteen-Day Palmolive Beauty Plan; eminent dental specialists whose studies were made to demonstrate the clear superiority of Colgate Dental Cream—suddenly fall upon the men in white and assail them as deficient in scientific rigor. And it was interesting to see a man who, in his advertising career, had shown such solicitude for the public health that he mounted a vast campaign of television commercials alerting the country to "doctors' tests" proving that "Minute Maid Orange Juice is better for your health than orange juice squeezed at home" now so intent on playing down the dangers of smoking, and acting as the chosen agent of the Tobacco Institute to attack the Surgeon General of the United States for improper use of statistical method.

It was also interesting to see, some time after the Tobacco Institute obtained the services of Reeves' consulting organization, one result of this collaboration. In January, 1968, *True* carried an article entitled "To Smoke or Not to Smoke—That Is *Still* the Question," under the byline of Stanley Frank. The article took up the cause of the tobacco industry against the findings of the Surgeon General's report and other studies associating cigarette smoking with ill health, and it concluded, "At the moment, all we can say for sure is that the cause of cancer isn't known and that there is absolutely no proof that smoking causes human cancer."

Before its publication, the article was heavily promoted in advertisements appearing in the daily press, and a couple of months after publication it got even more publicity, slightly less favorable, when a story in the *Wall Street Journal* disclosed that Stanley Frank had become an employee of Hill & Knowlton, the public-relations people employed by the Tobacco Institute. It also disclosed that approximately six hundred and eight thousand reprints of the article had been sent out, most of them with a covering note signed "The Editors," to a list of "opinion-makers" throughout the country. But the reprints weren't sent out by the editors of *True*, even though they were printed on the presses of Fawcett Publications, which publishes *True*. They were sent out—and paid

Announcing America's newest body shop.

The Spa at PALM-AIRE

Your entire being yearns for the quiet renaissance of The Spa at Palm-Aire.

It's a languid world of swirling baths, calm pools, sauna, massage... the most soul-soothing techniques man has developed, combined with medically-supervised diet and exercise to gently free you from tension.

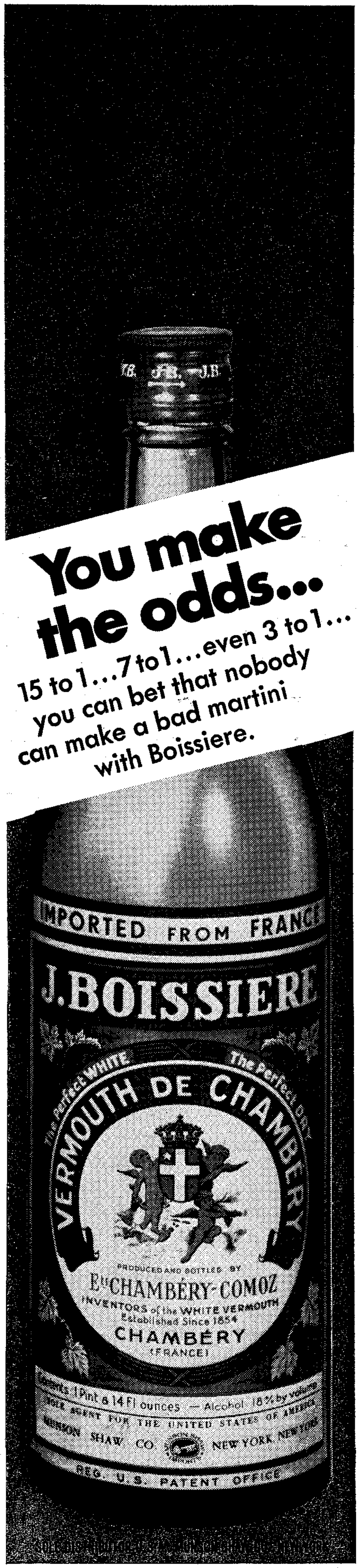
Palm-Aire Country Club surrounds you with 3 private golf courses and 6 championship tennis courts. A private beach, race tracks, jai alai and night life are within easy reach. There's never been anything like The Spa at Palm-Aire. Use the coupon to find out more.

A creative living project of
FPA Corporation.

Mail to: The Spa at Palm-Aire
2551 Palm-Aire Drive, Suite SNYR71
Pompano Beach, Florida 33060
Or call (800) 327-4960 toll-free.

Please send me more information
about the quiet pleasures
of The Spa at Palm-Aire.

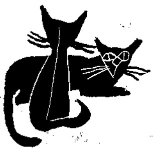
Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________
Zip #__________


You make the odds...
15 to 1...7 to 1...even 3 to 1...
you can bet that nobody can make a bad martini with Boissiere.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
J. BOISSIERE
VERMOUTH DE CHAMBERY
The Perfect WHITE
The Perfect DRY
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
Ets CHAMBÉRY-COMOZ
INVENTORS of the WHITE VERMOUTH
Established Since 1854
CHAMBÉRY
(FRANCE)
Contents 1 Pint & 14 Fl ounces — Alcohol 18% by volume
SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
MUNSON SHAW CO. NEW YORK, NEW YORK
REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

for—by none other than the Tiderock Corporation, which, it turned out, had also paid for the newspaper ads about the article. It was later disclosed that the "opinion-makers" who received the reprints included 184,647 doctors and other people in the field of medicine; 7,295 people in the communications field; 41,055 biological scientists; 18,819 educators; 10,142 government officials, including the 50 governors, 100 senators, and 432 representatives; 10,173 security analysts; and 123,779 other people, including lawyers, members of Junior Chambers of Commerce, and the like. In addition, three member companies of the Tobacco Institute—the American Tobacco Company, Philip Morris, and R. J. Reynolds—ordered directly from Fawcett two hundred thousand copies, sixty-five thousand one hundred copies, and a hundred and thirty-five thousand copies, respectively, and, on top of this, Reynolds, Lorillard, Brown & Williamson, and Philip Morris obtained from the Tiderock Corporation a hundred thousand reprints of the article to send to their stockholders, company employees, and sales representatives. The Tobacco Institute and its members must have spent at least a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars on the *True* project. Various complaints of unfair trade practices on the part of Tiderock, the Tobacco Institute, and the advertisements of the article were subsequently made to the Federal Trade Commission, and these resulted in an F.T.C. report to Congress. According to the report, which was submitted the following June, the *True* project had its genesis in discussions between Douglas Kennedy, then the editor of *True*, and a certain Joseph Field, whom the report identified as a public-relations man on retainer to Brown & Williamson. Field told the F.T.C. investigators that before and after the *True* article appeared he had sought to get national magazines to run articles presenting the tobacco industry's views on the subject of smoking and health, and he indicated that after his discussions with Douglas Kennedy, although he was given no commitment that such an article would be printed in *True*, he approached Stanley Frank, a free-lance writer for popular magazines who had done a number of articles for *True*, and paid him five hundred dollars to develop such an article. Approval of the idea, and reimbursement of the five hundred dollars, came from Brown & Williamson, Field said. Further inquiry revealed that Field then introduced Frank to an attorney for another tobacco company, and that this attorney supplied Frank with most of the material he used in writing the *True* article. The article was circulated among four *True* editors, two of whom thought it should be printed. A memorandum from a third editor responded less favorably: "Andy and Jack think this is great. I find it completely biassed and, if actually not hogwash, pretty damn misleading." A fourth editor found Frank's scientific critique of the Surgeon General's report and other medical documents somewhat surprising. He commented:

> If our old friend [name deleted in the F.T.C. report] had written this long, sob-sister plea for the tobacco industry I could at least understand his motives, but coming from Stanley Frank, a man who has spent many more years in baseball dugouts than in laboratories, I am at a loss. . . . Let's really face it: what's wrong here is that our writer didn't go out like a good reporter and do his legwork and his homework. The result is the purest trash—dated, biassed, and without present justification.

For the article, Frank was paid an author's fee of five hundred dollars and later additional payments totalling fifteen hundred dollars. (Frank went to work for Hill & Knowlton shortly before the appearance of the article in *True*, and he is still working there, but there is no evidence tying Hill & Knowlton to the *True* article. As a matter of fact, after the revelations about Tiderock's activities in publicizing the *True* article the Hill & Knowlton people were very unhappy.) Soon after the ramifications of the *True* article became public, Hill & Knowlton resigned the Tobacco Institute account. (Tiderock and the Tobacco Institute continued relations until the end of 1968.) Not unexpectedly, a number of liberal senators expressed shock at the tactics used by the Tiderock Corporation. However, Reeves' side of this little contretemps should be considered. He was doing his best to combat what he seemed to see as some vast new, Western-style doctors' plot against the tobacco manufacturers; the business of running an off-screen, print-oriented public-relations campaign was somewhat new to him, and probably, in his innocence, the former prince of the hard sell was merely trying to apply—as far as Tiderock's part in the *True* affair went—standards of addressing the public that are perfectly normal and acceptable in the world of television advertising.



UNFORTUNATE as the revelations concerning the *True* article were for the tobacco industry, they were

At 6:15 A.M., you're in no shape to tell the big hand from the little hand.

Just open your eyes and see the big numbers poking through the fog.

They're very comforting things to wake up to, our digital clock radios. Instead of hands to decipher at a time when you need all the help you can get, they give you nice clear numbers. That you don't have to see by the dawn's early light. Because they already have their own soft electric ones.

And they let you fall asleep to up to 60 minutes of music. And then wake up to more music. And if that isn't enough to get you up on time to see the time, there's an insistent buzzer that can take care of you.

Maybe you thought clock radios were just something to wake you up. These are also something to listen to. With big dynamic speakers to go with the big numbers. And Solid-State devices so they keep going a long time.

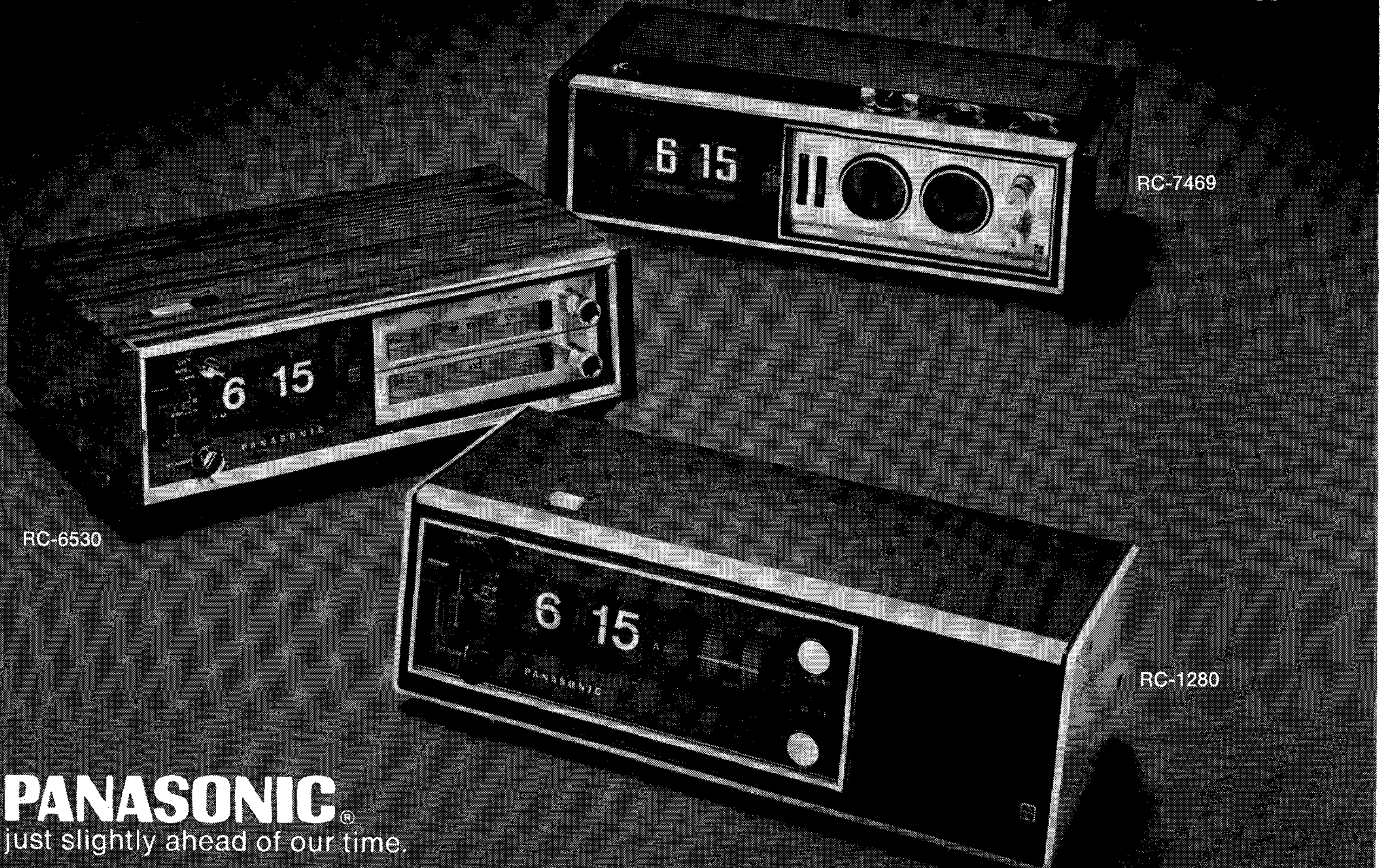
The "Planada." Model RC-7589. (Pictured above.) Flip for the modern metallic design. And it'll swivel for you. And give you a "Sure-Awake" alarm that lullabyes you to sleep through a pillow speaker. And blasts you awake through the main speaker.

The "Cameron." Model RC-7469. Does everything the "Planada" does. But in a beautiful walnut cabinet. With big numbers, a little earphone and a "Sure-Awake" alarm.

The "Newdawn." Model RC-6530. Has the "Sure-Awake" alarm. And a 2-stage nitelight so it glows in the dark as brightly as you want.

The "Morningtone." Model RC-1280. For people who only listen to AM. But also want an earphone and a 2-stage nitelight.

See the new kind of clock radios today. At any Panasonic dealer. And tomorrow you won't have to worry which hand is bigger.



PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call. Ask about Digital Clock Radios.

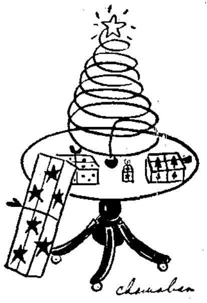
FROM RUSSIA WITH TASTE.

Introducing Russkaya:
real Russian vodka.
In very good taste.

GENUINE
IMPORTED
RUSSIAN
VODKA
RUSSKAYA
РУССКАЯ
ОСОБАЯ ВОДКА
SPECIAL VODKA
RUSSIAN VODKA

PRODUCT OF RUSSIA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY MUNSON SHAW CO., N.Y.

followed by even less welcome developments. In February, 1969, the Federal Communications Commission issued public notice that it intended to propose a ruling to ban cigarette advertising from all radio and television broadcasts. Because of "the hazard to public health" involved in cigarette smoking, it noted, the ruling was called for by the standard of public interest that broadcasters were legally obligated to adhere to. In taking this stand four months before the expiration date, on June 30, 1969, of those provisions in the Cigarette Labelling and Advertising Act of 1965 which prohibited the F.C.C. and other regulatory agencies from taking action against tobacco advertising on the ground of health, the F.C.C. was plainly notifying Congress that it was prepared to move against cigarettes after June 30th if Congress didn't.



The tobacco-industry people were highly indignant at the F.C.C. statement of intention. The Tobacco Institute issued a statement declaring, "In the present state of scientific knowledge about smoking and health, the ruling contemplated by the F.C.C. would be arbitrary in the extreme." The broadcasters were indignant, too. Vincent T. Wasilewski, the president of the National Association of Broadcasters, issued a statement declaring, "The F.C.C. has arrogated to itself the formulation of a national policy . . . outside its field of expertise," and calling the policy one that should be left to Congress itself to determine. And Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., Democrat of North Carolina, the tobacco interests' senior defender in Congress, called the F.C.C. proposal "a supreme example of bureaucratic tyranny."

Thus, in the struggle over cigarette advertising the lines were drawn not only between the tobacco interests and the forces convinced of the dangers cigarette smoking presented to public health, and between the broadcasting interests and the F.C.C., but also between Congress and a regulatory agency.

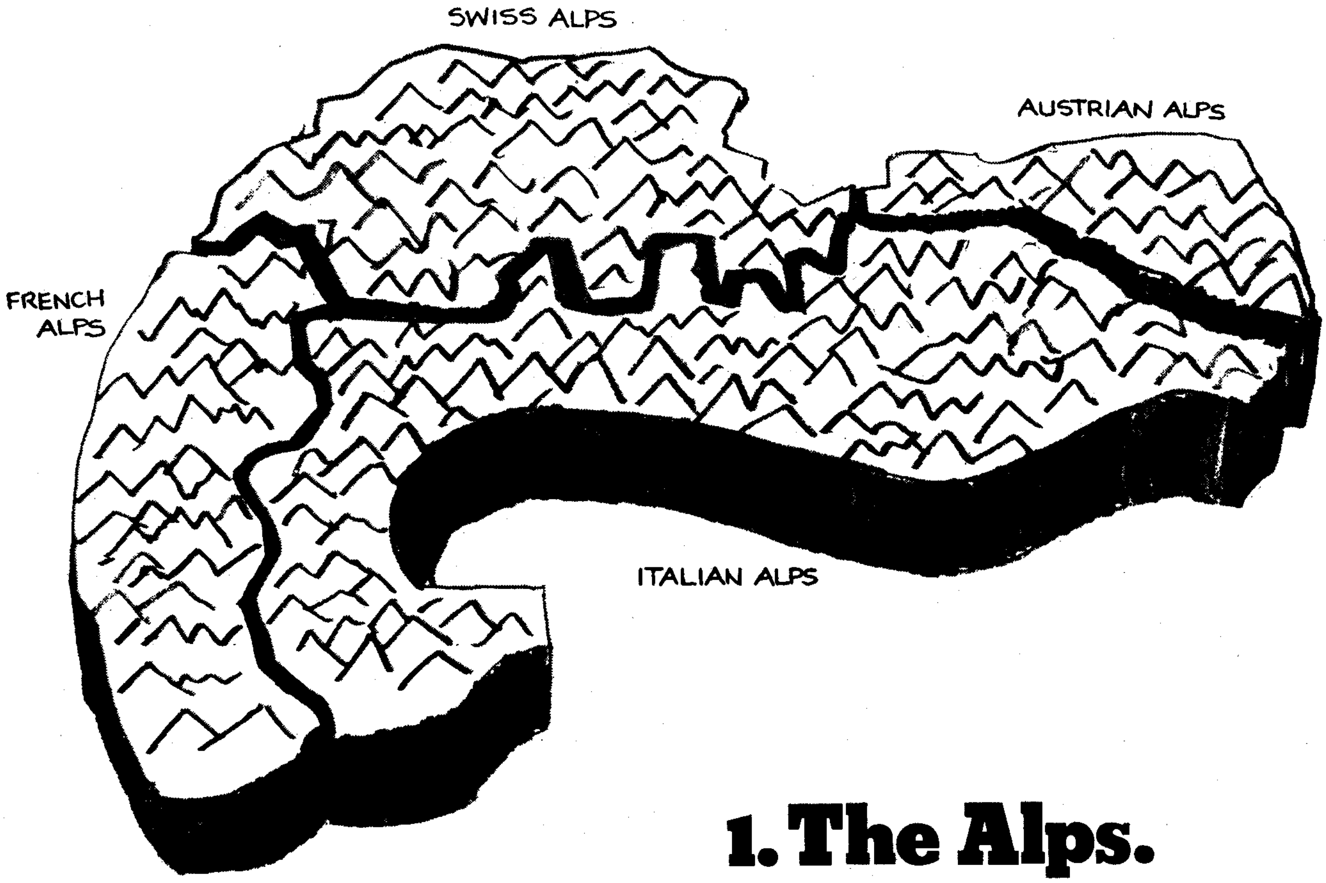
Taking into account that, in addition to the F.C.C. proposal, the Federal Trade Commission had already made known, the previous year, not only its own opposition to the advertising of cigarettes on radio and television but also that it wished to require a stronger health warning on cigarette packs, the pro-tobacco forces realized that it was most important for them to concentrate on preventing the lapse of the preëmption clauses in the Cigarette Labelling and Advertising Act. Further, they knew that a number of bills proposing the restriction of tobacco sales and advertising were being processed in a number of states, and that if the preëmption clauses of the Cigarette Labelling and Advertising Act did lapse, such bills might mushroom in every state and form a patchwork of regulations that would make nationally organized advertising and sales campaigns for cigarettes extremely difficult.

Consequently, great lobbying pressure was exerted by the pro-tobacco forces on members of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, which in April held hearings on various bills to amend the 1965 Cigarette Act, and on May 28th the committee, by a vote of twenty-two to five, reported out a bill, known as the Public Health Cigarette Smoking Bill, that would have extended the preëmption of any state- or federal-agency intervention against cigarette advertising for six years—a period longer by one-third than the moratorium built into the 1965 act. It looked like a clear victory for the tobacco forces, except for one tactical concession—a recommendation by the committee that a stronger health warning be required on cigarette packages. Instead of reading, "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health," the warning was now to read, "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health and May Cause Lung Cancer and Other Diseases." In arriving at this wording, the committee rejected a proposal from the Surgeon General himself that the last part of the warning read ". . . and May Cause Death from Cancer and Other Diseases." The word "death" made the tobacco people and their allies too unhappy. Even then, certain members of the committee felt that the modified warning was too much for them.

Since the label was not required to be placed on the front of the packages, this meant that it would continue to be put on one side, where it wouldn't be visible in cigarette commercials. And since the warning might conceivably help in some measure to relieve the tobacco companies of liability for damages arising out of lawsuits brought by the estates of deceased smokers who died of lung cancer, the tobacco men were unworried about this concession anyway.

The tobacco lobby was under the generalship of Earle C. Clements, a former Democratic senator from Ken-

Italy's Elementary Geography for Skiers.



1. The Alps.

Half the ski country in the Alps is in Italy.

On the North side, France, Switzerland and Austria each take a share of the mountains.

The South side is all Italy.

The Italian Government Travel Office lists over a thousand ski resorts.

Graded trails take you from the nursery to olympic stature.

Cable cars and ski lifts are as much a part of it all as the mountains.

And after the skiing's done for the day, life is by no means exhausted.

The snow scene includes places like the Valle d'Aosta with one of the most famous resorts in all the Alps—Cervinia. There's Courmayeur on Monte Bianco. Gressoney la Trinité on Monte Rosa. The beautiful Madonna di Campiglio. Gardena Valley, site of the 1970 Alpine Ski World Championship. *And the champion of them all, the scene of the* 1956 Ski Olympics—Cortina d'Ampezzo.

This is the kind of skiing you never dreamed existed in Italy.

Here we can only give the barest details. Ask the Italian Government Travel Offices in New York, Chicago or San Francisco for more information. Or send in the coupon below for details of Alitalia's great ski tours of the Alps.

NY-IEG-12-19

To: Ski Director–Alitalia Airlines
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me lesson No. 2

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State .... Zip ....

My travel agent is ....

ENIT

ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE

Alitalia

ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE

WHAT THE VERY RICH HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN ABOUT BARBADOS

It's not just another Caribbean resort for Americans; it's a whole different country with a flavor all its own.

It doesn't only take you away. It's so gracious, it takes you back to a bygone era.

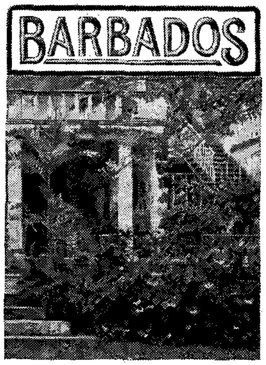
It's summer sun and sugar beaches, to be sure. But it's Scottish moors, too. And tropic paradise. And probably the world's friendliest people.

It's got it all. Swinging night life. Great shops. Indisputably the #1 rum. Plus every land and water sport including some you won't find on other islands. Like surfing. And real deep-sea fishing. And horseback-riding along a rugged coast.

It's farthest out in the Atlantic. Which means wild surf on one side, tranquil Caribbean on the other. Plus the freshest air and the purest water of any Caribbean island (no wonder it's one of the healthiest vacation spots anywhere).

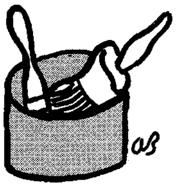
So come share it with the very rich. We're making it easier for more people to enjoy beautiful Barbados. We've added accommodations of every kind: luxurious houses, modest bungalows, hotels or plantation-type luxury resorts as well as many new spacious apartments. For further details send for our inviting fact-packed brochures. Or contact your travel agent.

Barbados Tourist Board
801 Second Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10017,
(212) 686-5941.



tucky, who was then president of the Tobacco Institute. His most active aides on Capitol Hill were Horace R. Kornegay, the Institute's current president and a former Democratic congressman from North Carolina, who until the previous year had had a seat on the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, and Jack Mills, former executive director of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. On Capitol Hill, Kornegay concentrated on the Democrats, Mills on the Republicans. The principal theme pursued by these lobbyists seemed to be that if the F.C.C. or the F.T.C. was allowed to ban or control the content of cigarette advertising, the agency would in effect be replacing congressional authority with administrative fiat, and would thereby be setting a dangerous precedent for restricting or banning all sorts of other legally sold products.

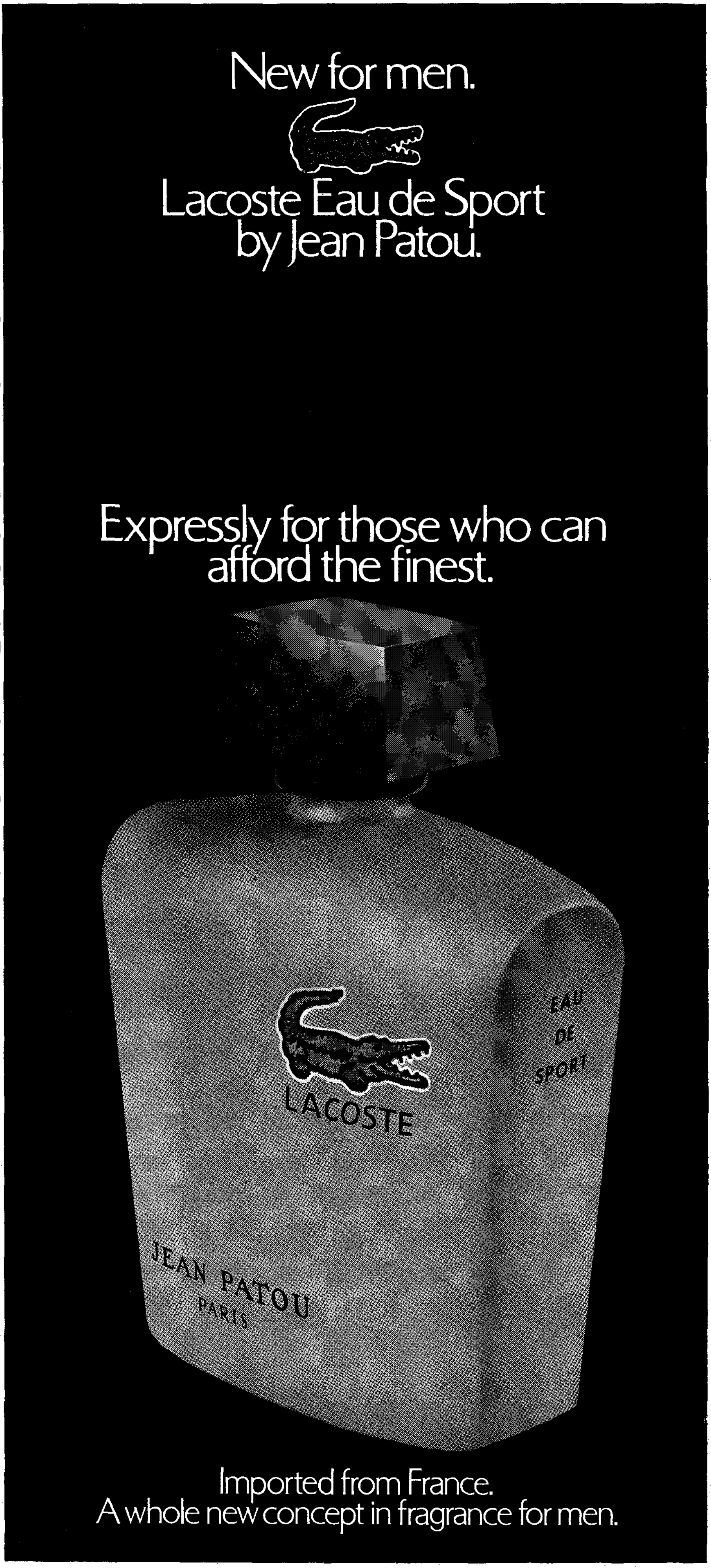
The tobacco lobbyists encouraged friends from other industries to see representatives and senators, too. "I've heard rumors that the tobacco people have been sending a member of the Liquor Institute around to see people on the Hill on their behalf," a lawyer close to the action told me not long before the House was preparing to vote on the cigarette bill. He added, "Madison Avenue is well represented here, too. The American Association of Advertising Agencies has a man sizing up the situation. He's getting something like a hundred grand a year. He has a broad mandate to find out what's going on, and he's around and about on the Hill. The individual tobacco companies have some high-priced legal talent watching the scene. The big Washington law firms are right in there—for example, Arnold & Porter, which is representing Philip Morris. These people know their way around Washington. The tobacco companies have other representatives here, too. One of the big tobacco companies has a fellow who, as I understand it, was once a private eye and was hired to catch up with Jimmy Hoffa's doings a few years ago. He's around, gathering intelligence. Then, there are all kinds of little fellows—free-lance lobbyists who sign on for a few bucks at one time or another. They'll drop in and make some inquiries for Earle Clements—that sort of thing. And then there are various people being hired whom we may not see directly—for example, fellows taken on to write position papers for the tobacco outfits. The tobacco people have been interested in recruiting some journalistic talent. A science reporter for one Washington paper told me a while ago of getting an offer of forty thousand dollars a year to go to work full time for the Tobacco Institute. The offer was turned down. Of course, Luke Quinn, who's the registered lobbyist for the American Cancer Society, is active on the Hill, too, and so is Banzhaf."

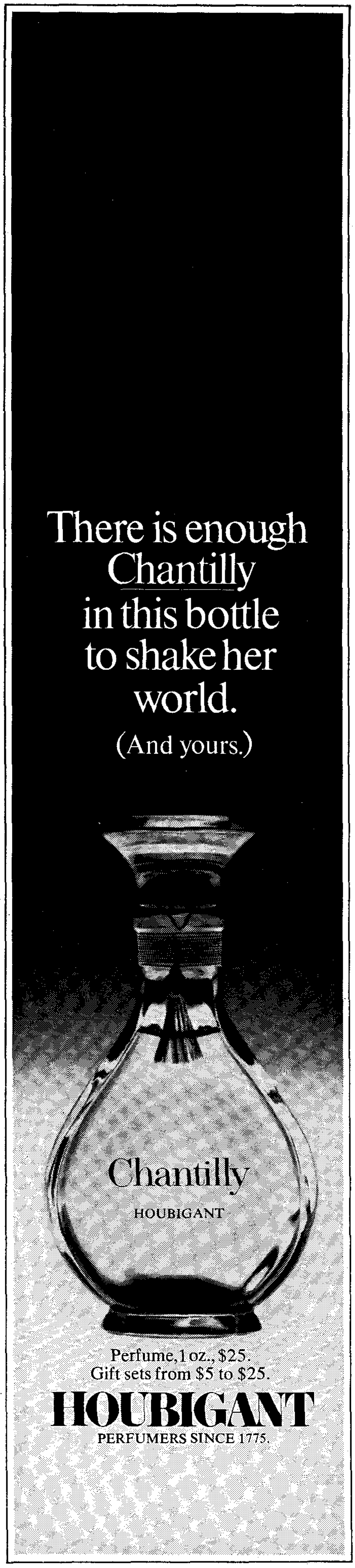


The broadcasting industry, with almost a quarter of a billion dollars a year in cigarette-advertising accounts at stake, was well represented in Washington during the legislative deliberations. "Vincent Wasilewski and other people from the National Association of Broadcasters are very active," I was told. "They're working closely with the tobacco people. The broadcasters are able to bring a lot of pressure to bear on the Hill. Congressmen don't like to quarrel with broadcasters, and the broadcasters know that. And on this issue the congressmen are hearing from their local TV-station owners as well as from the N.A.B."

Apart from the argument that regulatory action on cigarette advertising on the air would strengthen the agencies' hand and thereby sap the power of Congress, the broadcasters maintained in their lobbying exercises that the broadcasting industry itself was perfectly capable of regulating its advertising of legal products such as cigarettes, and, in fact, was *already* monitoring and regulating the cigarette advertising that was offered it, through cigarette-advertising guidelines devised by the Television Code Authority, the administrative arm of the N.A.B.'s Television Code Review Board. And it appeared that in deciding to stay the hand of federal agencies bent on regulating cigarette advertising the House committee had given considerable weight to the testimony that Wasilewski offered concerning the self-regulatory machinery established by the broadcasting industry. "The industry recognizes its obligation," Mr. Wasilewski had assured the committee during its April hearings. "Through [the Code Authority], it maintains a continuing review of cigarette advertising on radio and television as it relates to the public interest, and it has been responsive to that interest. We believe that self-regulatory efforts have played and are playing a significant role in dealing with the issue [of cigarette advertising], and that the furtherance of such efforts should be encouraged."

In mid-June, however, there was a development that showed these assurances in a different light, somewhat embarrassing to the broadcasting industry. Representative Brock Adams, of Washington, one of the five committee members who had voted against the tobacco interests, turned up evidence from Warren Braren, a former manager of the New York office of the Code Authority, on the extent of the N.A.B.'s self-regulation of cigarette advertising. On June 10th, Braren, who had become disillusioned by his working experience at the Code Authority, testified at a special committee hearing that whereas Congress had been informed that active and effective self-regulation existed in the N.A.B., the fact was that no such continuing review of cigarette commercials by the N.A.B. Code Authority people as Wasilewski had described currently existed, nor had existed since April, 1968, when a meeting between Wasilewski and other N.A.B. officials was held to discuss enforcement of the N.A.B. Code as it applied to cigarette advertising. As long ago as 1966, a confidential study made by the Code Authority staff had found that a good deal of cigarette advertising shown on the air could be construed as making smoking attractive and socially acceptable to young people, in violation of the Code Authority's publicly professed determination to see to it that in cigarette commercials "cigarette smoking not be depicted in a manner to impress the youth of our country as a desirable habit worthy of imitation." The study, he said, was in effect ignored by the N.A.B. Braren further testified that, subsequent to this study, resistance by television networks and tobacco companies to guidelines for the regulation of the content of tobacco advertising on the air—for example, a proposal to eliminate elements of cigarette commercials in which cigarette smoking was associated with virility and boy-girl romance or worldly success—had "disabled" the Code Authority, and it could no longer function effectively in policing cigarette advertising on the air. He said that when individual Code Authority members had suggested that the depiction of the act of smoking be abandoned in commercials, "President Wasilewski intervened with the argument that such a proscription was 'premature,' that it would drastically reduce the appeal of cigarette advertising, and consequently not be of benefit to broadcasters." The proposal for this restriction got nowhere. Braren said that in 1967 Code Authority members were cautioned by the Code Review Board not to be "too rigid" in interpreting the Code Authority's guidelines as they applied to specific commercials, and were advised by Clair McCol-





There is enough Chantilly in this bottle to shake her world.
(And yours.)
Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
Perfume, 1 oz., $25.
Gift sets from $5 to $25.
HOUBIGANT
PERFUMERS SINCE 1775.

lough, the board's chairman, that in arriving at a decision concerning the acceptability of cigarette commercials they should adhere to the standard of “When in doubt, O.K. it.” Braren said that the coup de grâce was given the Code Authority's operations governing cigarette commercials when, at the April, 1968, meeting of N.A.B. officials, Stockton Helffrich, the Code Authority director, told staff members, “Network [affiliates] . . . see in the area of cigarette copy nothing to be achieved by Code Authority involvement and in fact [see] potential injury to cigarette-advertising revenue if the Code Authority pursues such a course.”

To these charges both Wasilewski and Helffrich replied before the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee with general denials of negligence in formulating and enforcing workable guidelines to govern cigarette advertising on the air. And Braren's statements, though they might not have been much of a testimonial to the effectiveness of self-regulation by industry, had little effect on the pro-tobacco momentum that had been built up in the House of Representatives through vigorous lobbying. On June 18th, the cigarette bill came to a vote on the floor of the House. “Tobacco interests were in firm control throughout the House voting as anti-smoking forces were beaten in every attempt to reshape the measure,” the *Times* reported the following day. The House passed the bill by a voice vote.

THE bill was now sent to the Senate, but its reception in the appropriate committee there was far less friendly than it had been in the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. Senator Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, the politically powerful chairman of the full Senate Committee on Commerce, was on record as being in favor of restrictions on cigarette advertising. Two years previously, he and Senator Robert F. Kennedy had jointly proposed to the major tobacco companies that they allow their cigarette commercials to be broadcast only after ten o'clock at night. Furthermore, the chairman of the Commerce Committee's Consumer Subcommittee, which would be holding hearings on the cigarette bill, was Frank E. Moss, Democrat of Utah, who represented a large number of Mormons, who are nonsmokers. For his own part, Senator Moss was so firmly opposed to cigarette advertising on radio and television that he had already promised to filibuster, if necessary, against any Senate bill that would prohibit federal agencies from regulating or banning it. On top of all this, the annual report to Congress of the Federal Trade Commission was due. In 1968, the F.T.C.'s annual report had recommended that a strong warning to the effect that cigarette smoking may “cause death” be placed on all cigarette packages and included in all cigarette advertising and that cigarette advertising be banned from radio and television entirely. And this year the F.T.C. was expected to press these recommendations very hard. In fact, when the report was sent to Congress, early in July, it not only repeated these recommendations but also recommended that broadcasters be required, as part of their public-service responsibilities, to devote a significant amount of broadcasting time to programs and announcements on the health hazards of cigarette smoking. Once again, too, there was the threat that the F.C.C. would intervene directly—unless the Senate as well as the House acted to prevent it—to ban cigarette advertising from the air.

Having taken all these circumstances into account, the broadcasters came up with a plan that they thought might forestall the threat from the federal regulators. Around the time of the F.T.C. report, a deputation of broadcasters made a visit to Senator Magnuson's office and advanced a proposal that had been conceived by network policymakers at N.B.C.'s Washington office. Under the N.B.C. scheme, the networks would gradually phase out advertising for the cigarette brands that had the highest tar and nicotine content, thus eventually limiting cigarette advertising they carried to the low-tar-and-nicotine brands. They proposed this on the theory that the promotion of low-tar-and-nicotine cigarettes was less objectionable to opponents of cigarette advertising than the promotion of the high-tar-and-nicotine variety. The plan was also in accord with a suggestion that Magnuson himself had once made in regard to limiting cigarette advertising. It was also in accord with the economic interests of the network people, who were calculating that whatever changes might take place in the budgets assigned by the tobacco companies to high- and low-tar-and-nicotine brands, the total revenues from cigarette advertising had a chance of remaining more or less intact.

This plan was a tempting one to Senator Magnuson, not only because it

NORTHWEST ORIENT

747s anyone?

Northwest Orient has over eighty 747 flights each week. Every day our 747s fly between key U.S. cities, then on to the Orient. Check our schedule.

New York—Mpls./St. Paul
Daily flights.

New York—Chicago—Seattle—Tokyo
Daily flights.

San Francisco—Honolulu—Tokyo—the Orient
Daily flights.

New York—Chicago—Honolulu
Weekends

Mpls./St. Paul—Chicago
Daily flights.

Seattle—Chicago
Daily flights.

Mpls./St. Paul—Chicago—Miami
Daily flights

Seattle—Chicago—Miami
Daily flights in December.

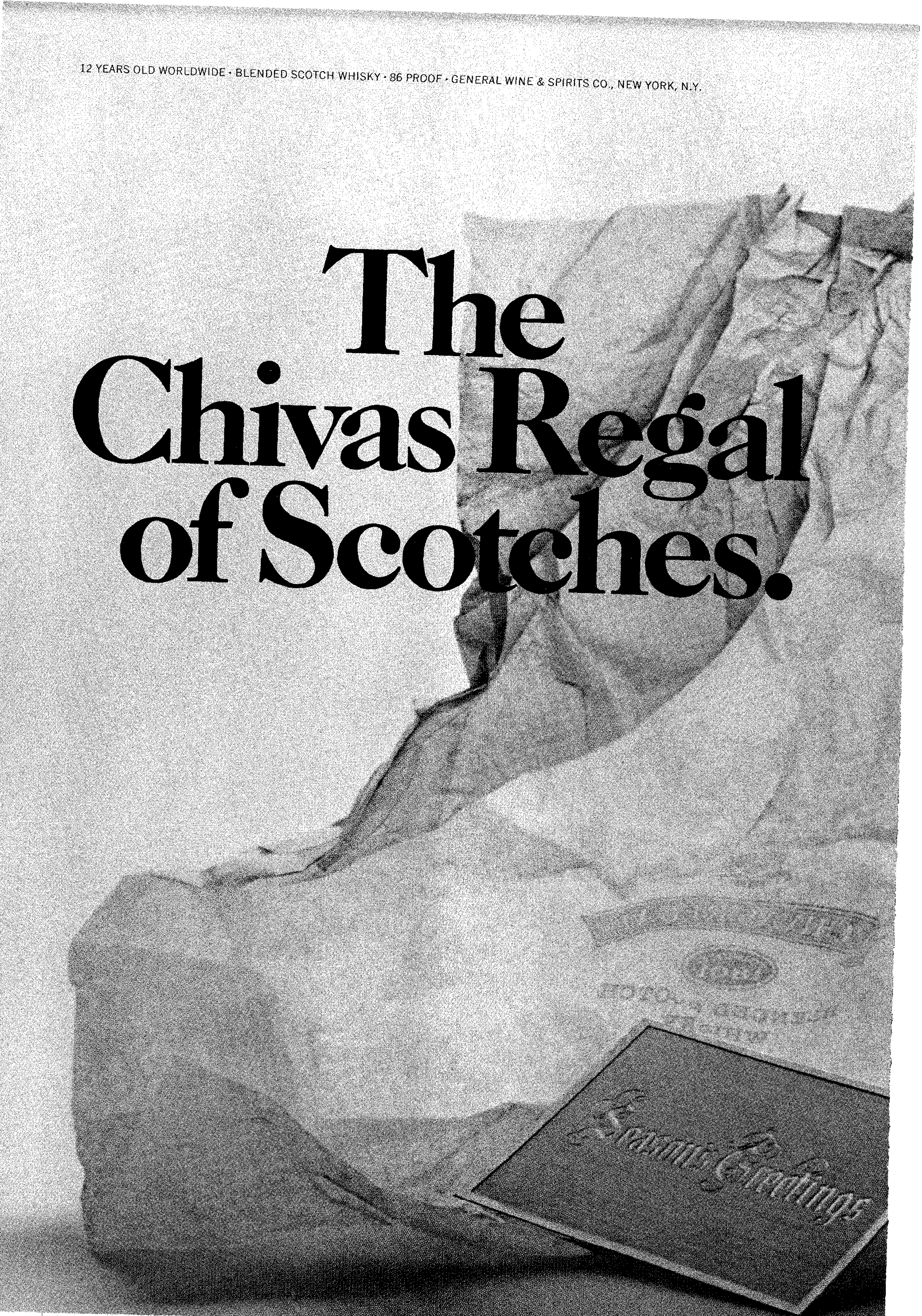
Northwest's magnificent 747 brings a new dimension in comfort to air travel. Wider seats, 8-foot ceilings, two wide aisles, 12 powder rooms, private stereo*, movies on Pacific flights*, and in first class, a spiral staircase to a red carpeted lounge.

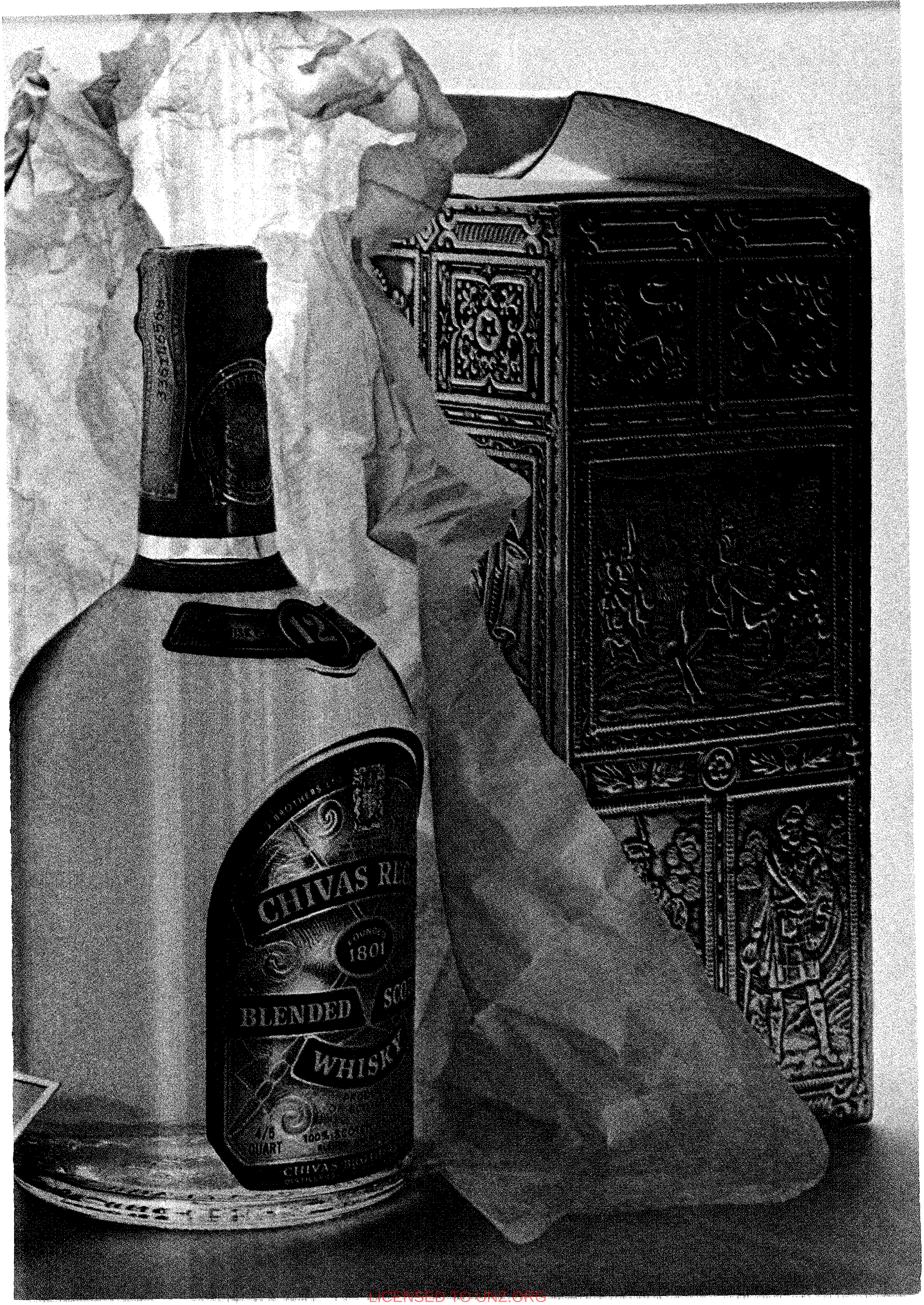
For reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest Orient.

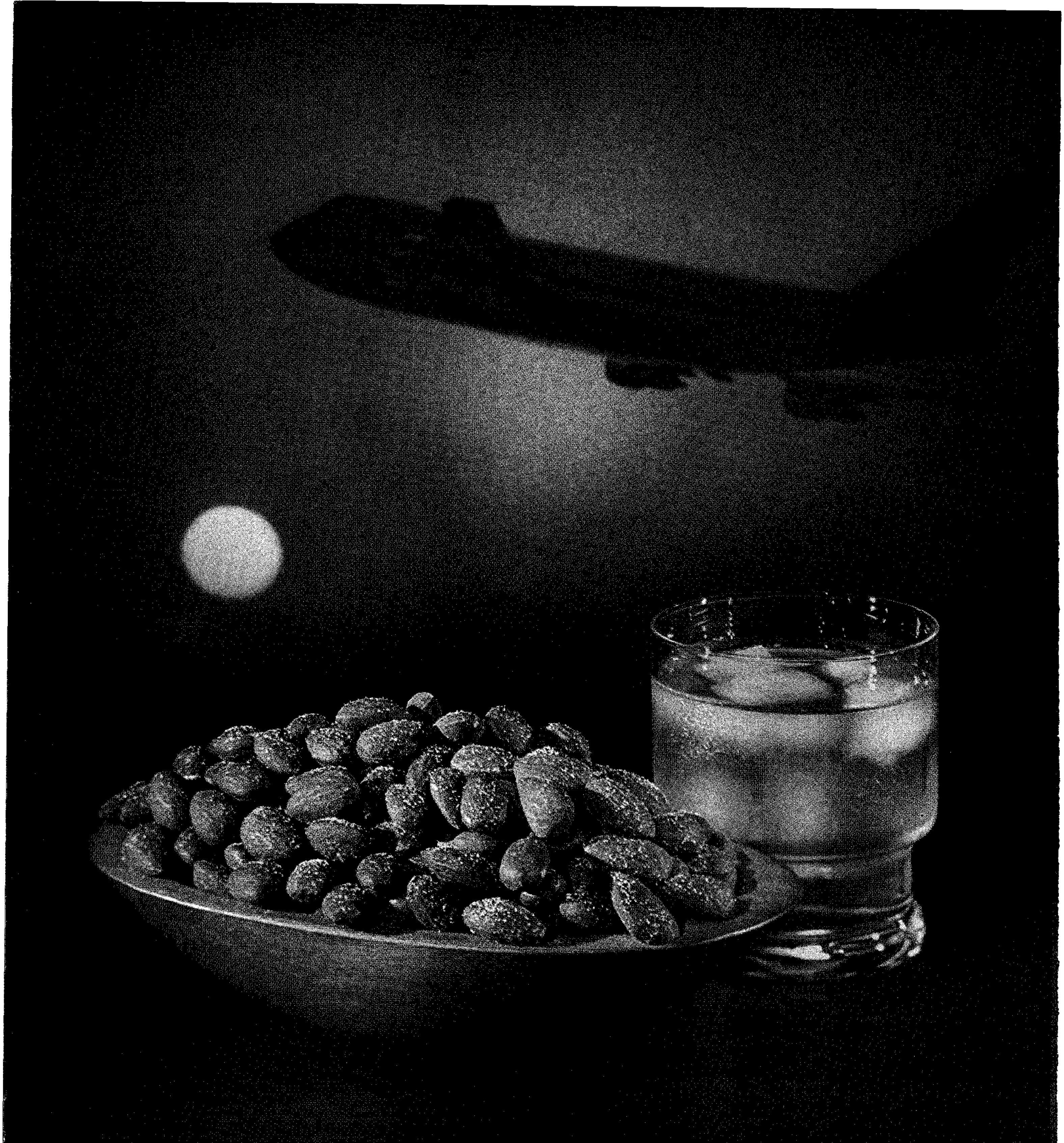
**$2.50 charge on international flights.*
Schedules subject to change.

®

NORTHWEST ORIENT 747
. . . come up where the living's beautiful.


12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.
The Chivas Regal of Scotches.
Season's Greetings

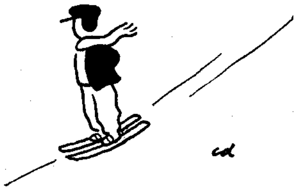

CHIVAS RE
1801
BLENDED
SCO
WHISKY
4/5 QUART



These are the Smokehouse® Almonds served on the jets. Crisp and crunchy. Roasted, salted, hickory smoke flavored. You'll find this high-flying treat in stores which stock the better snacks. Look for Smokehouse® Almonds in tins and foil packets with the Blue Diamond emblem. If you can't find them nearby, let us know and we'll send you store names. California Almond Growers Exchange, P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, California 95808.

THE SENSATIONAL TASTE TREAT
SERVED ON THE AIRLINES
BLUE DIAMOND
smokehouse.
ALMONDS
ROASTED·SALTED·HICKORY SMOKE FLAVORED
BLUE DIAMOND
smokehouse
hickory smoke flavored
ALMONDS
NET WT. 6 OZ.

was in line with his own prior proposal but also because, if he were to accept it, a great deal of wrangling between the Senate and the House on the subject of tobacco advertising could be prevented. For help in evaluating the plan, Magnuson sent the chief counsel of the Senate Commerce Committee, Michael Pertschuk, a lawyer in his mid-thirties, who has a reputation on Capitol Hill of being an extremely knowledgeable man on consumer-affairs legislation, to Dr. Daniel Horn, co-author with Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond of the widely publicized report in 1954 that associated cigarette smoking with the incidence of lung cancer and other diseases. Dr. Horn had been appointed director of the National Clearinghouse on Smoking and Health, an organ of the United States Public Health Service, when it was set up in 1965. Throughout the battle over smoking and health, Magnuson had admired Dr. Horn's ability to assess not only the scientific but also the social problems involved in the continuation of this mass habit. Dr. Horn himself believed that if an outright ban on cigarette advertising could not be achieved, confining the advertising that *was* done to low-tar-and-nicotine brands had some value, since his own research on smoking habits had shown that for some habitual smokers a switch from high- to low-tar-and-nicotine cigarettes was a way station toward ridding themselves of the habit altogether. Nevertheless, Dr. Horn told Pertschuk, whatever value the N.B.C. plan might have in keeping high-tar cigarettes from being advertised on the air, it would in his opinion be entirely offset by the depiction of the act of smoking in those commercials that *were* put on the air. Horn's studies showed that viewing this act had an unhinging effect on the resolution of people who were trying to cut out smoking. Next, Horn reviewed the supposed advantages of the low-tar scheme against the background of what he said was a growing public conviction that cigarette smoking really was harmful to health, and pointed out that many smokers were adjusting their smoking habits accordingly. He said that while he thought confining cigarette advertising to the promotion of low-tar-and-nicotine brands might seem a reasonable interim solution to the regulatory problem, the problem was really not a regulatory or scientific one but one of morality: Should the United States government accept the promotion of a habit that had been proved so devastating to the nation's health? After thinking things over, Magnuson decided that the low-tar-and-nicotine advertising scheme wasn't an adequate way of coping with the problem.



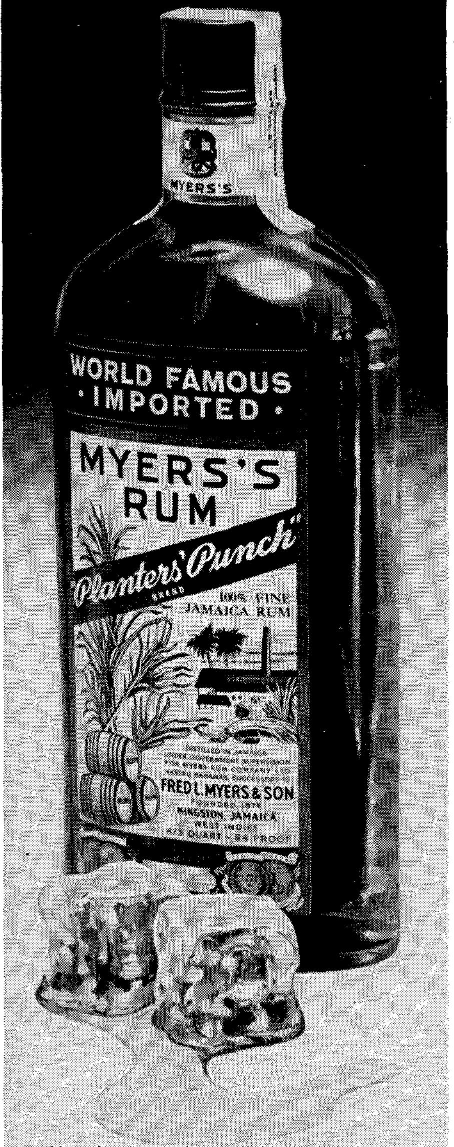
At that point, both Senator Magnuson and Senator Moss exerted strong pressure on the broadcasters to come up with more far-reaching concessions on cigarette advertising. They seem to have also taken deft advantage of cracks that were beginning to appear in the lobbying alliance between the broadcasters and the tobacco manufacturers. The tobacco people were taken aback by the behavior of the broadcasters in proposing a phaseout of high-tar-and-nicotine advertising. "The conversations of the broadcasters on this matter were in secret. I can't understand their not explaining their intentions to the cigarette industry," a staff member of the Tobacco Institute told me in discussing this development. The tobacco men had another complaint, too. In spite of all the advertising talk about "mildness," many tobacco merchandisers considered the most successful brands of cigarettes on the market to be those with higher, rather than lower, tar and nicotine content. And since the most successful brands were those into which the most promotional and marketing money had already been poured, brand managers in the cigarette business now predicted unhappily that scores of millions of promotional dollars that had been spent on television campaigns for particular high-tar brands would be spent in vain if the broadcasters' plan went through.

The broadcasters denied that they had been negotiating in secret to the detriment of their friends in the tobacco business. "The tobacco people knew all along what we were doing, but *we've* never known what *they* were doing," a man who was involved in the negotiations for the broadcasters told me. In spite of the broadcasters' protestations that they were keeping the tobacco manufacturers informed of their political negotiations, the tobacco manufacturers were in for a further shock. Under pressure from the Senate, and out of fear that if federal regulatory agencies stepped in to do something about cigarette advertising on the air a great deal of advertising for other products might suffer the same fate, the broadcasters gave in. On July 8th, the National Association of Broadcasters, through its Television Code Review Board, announced a plan to phase out

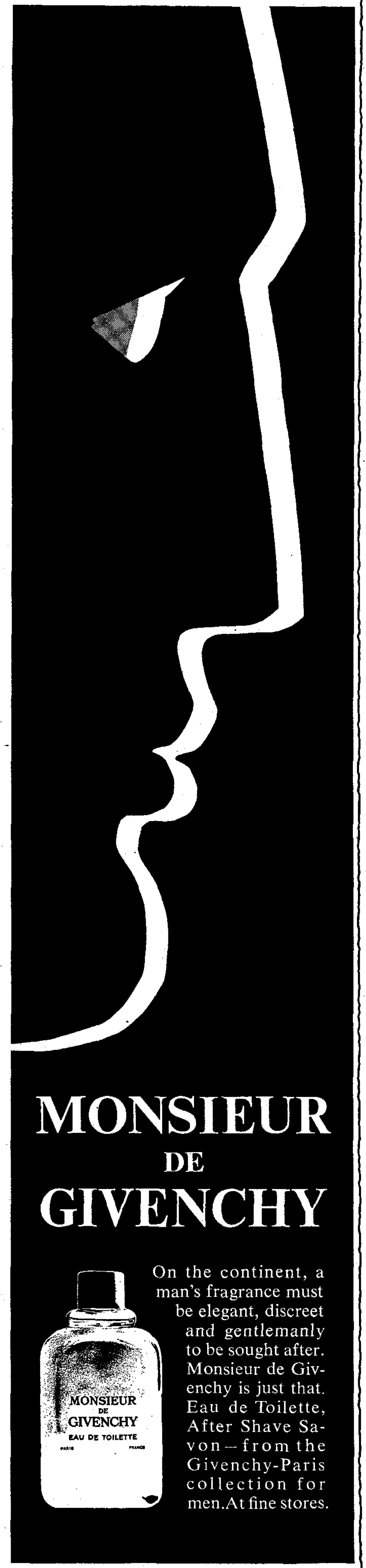
The 'Ice Age' Rum.

When the rocks melt, Myers's won't.

Today everybody drinks drinks with ice. When the ice melts, you've got a glass of nothing. Myers's Rum was made for this icy age.
It's dark, full-bodied, rummy. Even with ice and whatever else you can put into it.



Myers's rum is also available in a shaker top bottle for cooking. For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., 375 Park Ave., N.Y. 10022. Myers's—True Jamaican rum—84 proof.



MONSIEUR
DE
GIVENCHY

On the continent, a man's fragrance must be elegant, discreet and gentlemanly to be sought after. Monsieur de Givenchy is just that. Eau de Toilette, After Shave Savon—from the Givenchy-Paris collection for men. At fine stores.

not only high-tar-and-nicotine cigarette advertising but all kinds of cigarette advertising from the air over a three-and-a-half-year period beginning January 1, 1970. It was a very heavy blow to the tobacco men, who now saw that their cause, as far as radio and television were concerned, was lost. Even the three and a half years over which the phaseout was to be extended gave them no satisfaction; as far as the respective competitive positions of individual tobacco companies were concerned, it was clear that over this phaseout period the plan would favor the sales of those brands that were then in a dominant position in the market and place at a disadvantage the less powerful companies that were trying to dislodge them by putting large advertising sums into their own brands. The tobacco companies thus fell to quarrelling among themselves. They now seemed united only in their resentment of what they viewed as a sellout by their old friends the broadcasters, to whom they had given such vast sums over the years for cigarette advertising.

Already, the tobacco men had been discussing among themselves what contingency measures they might have to adopt to head off a situation in which they might be forced by federal regulators to put a health warning on every kind of cigarette advertising, including print ads. The disarray of the tobacco people was compounded as a result of a declaration made by their own representative at a hearing of the Federal Trade Commission on July 2nd concerning the propriety of requiring a health warning to be included in all cigarette advertising. At the hearing, Thomas Austern, of the powerful Washington law firm of Covington & Burling, who was representing the Tobacco Institute, advanced the argument that any such warning in cigarette advertising was unnecessary, because all the publicity given in the mass media—including the anti-smoking commercials—to the issue of smoking and health "demonstrates that the current public awareness of the hazard in cigarette smoking is now patent."

"You say everybody knows that cigarette smoking is dangerous to health?" Commissioner Philip Elman asked the Tobacco Institute counsel.

"Yes. I will take it on that issue, sir," Austern replied, indicating that he intended to use this premise in his argument, and he did.

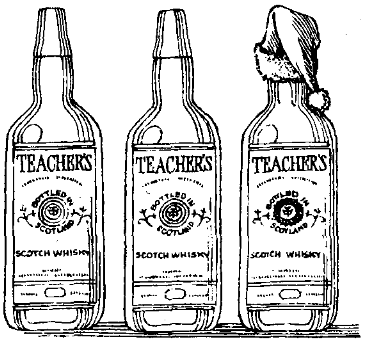
After all the years and all the millions of dollars that the industry had devoted to denying the validity of the individual reports of these hazards, this was a horrifying argument for the tobacco men to see reported in the news. It was so horrifying, in fact, that one official of the Tobacco Institute with whom I hoped to discuss the subject a month later reacted to my mention of it as though the Institute's counsel had never advanced such an argument at all. He was the Institute's public-relations director, and he may have just blocked it out of his mind.

Whatever the tobacco people felt about Mr. Austern's characterization of the effects of cigarettes on smokers, there was no doubt that they were increasingly worried about the effects of anti-smoking commercials on smokers and on potential smokers. "The anti-smoking spots are dreadfully effective," a staff member of the Tobacco Institute remarked to me one day that summer, and a few days later a former executive of a major tobacco company who had just been removed from his organization as a result of a corporate merger, and was consequently feeling a bit disillusioned about the tobacco business, told me, "The industry considers that the anti-smoking commercials, on top of the tremendous anti-smoking campaigns that have been mounted in the public schools by the Public Health Service and the various health organizations, and this on top of all the other unfavorable publicity about smoking, are really hurting. In fact, the opinion of many top-level tobacco people is that as things stand they'd just as soon have cigarette commercials banned altogether if by that they could in effect get the anti-smoking commercials banned, too." Whatever their considerations were, the tobacco forces rallied themselves for a heavy counterstroke against the broadcasters. On July 22nd, at a hearing of the Senate Commerce Committee's Consumer Subcommittee, Joseph F. Cullman III, head of Philip Morris, promised, on behalf of the nine leading cigarette manufacturers in the country, to end all cigarette advertising on radio and television not by the 1973 deadline proposed by the broadcasters but by September, 1970. He attached only one condition to this pledge—that Congress grant the tobacco manufacturers immunity in this case from the anti-trust laws, under which they might be charged with restraining trade by thus acting in concert.

Cullman went even further. He informed the subcommittee that if the broadcasters would release the tobacco

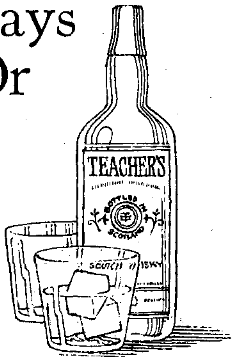
Only three more Christmases till Tuesday.

We keep taking the long view. This year, Christmas falls on a Friday, the year after on a Saturday, the year after that on a Monday.


TEACHER'S
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKY
TEACHER'S
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKY
TEACHER'S
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKY

But in 1973, it's a whole new ball game.

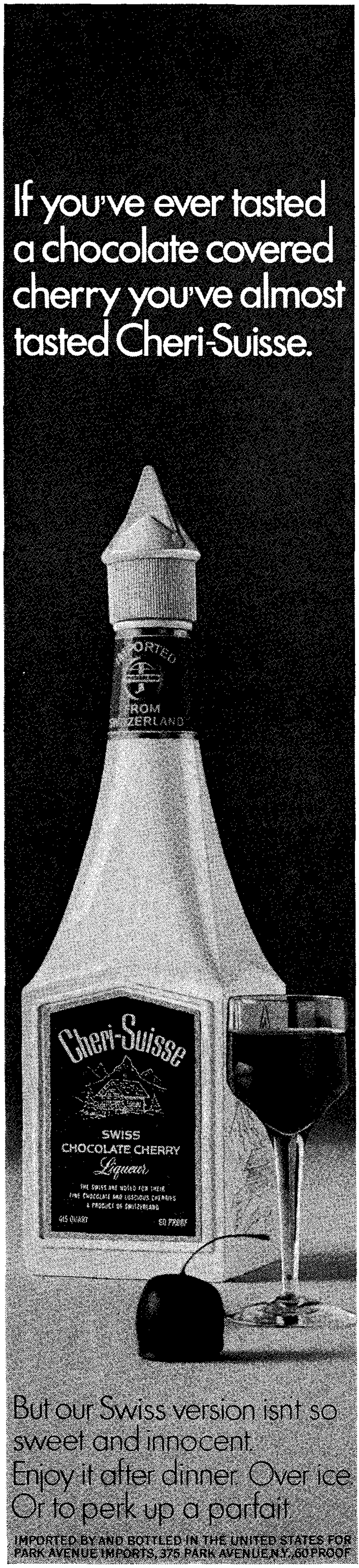
Meanwhile, Tuesday (every Tuesday) remains the official day to savour Teacher's Scotch, the cream of Highland whiskies. Fortunately, there's nothing in the rule book that says Teacher's can't be given on a Friday. Or any other day of the week, for that matter. Keep the faith.


TEACHER'S
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKY

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers


If you've ever tasted a chocolate covered cherry you've almost tasted Cheri-Suisse.
IMPORTED FROM SWITZERLAND
Cheri-Suisse
SWISS CHOCOLATE CHERRY
Liqueur
But our Swiss version isn't so sweet and innocent.
Enjoy it after dinner. Over ice. Or to perk up a parfait.
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, N.Y. 60 PROOF

manufacturers from their existing advertising contracts, the tobacco manufacturers would be prepared to withdraw their cigarette commercials from the air by January 1, 1970. "This was a very smart move on the part of the tobacco forces," a man on the subcommittee told me. "Suddenly the tobacco companies were putting themselves in a heroic role. According to them, it was now only the greed of the networks that was keeping cigarette commercials on TV. Actually, the companies were angling for a lot more than a P.R. gesture. What they were really after now was legislation that would ostensibly be aimed at getting cigarette commercials off the air but would actually protect the tobacco industry by forbidding the F.T.C. to require it to put a health warning in all tobacco ads. And, in fact, the tobacco people's chances of forestalling that mandatory health warning did begin to look better."

The broadcasters were aggrieved. They had not expected this drastic move by the tobacco people, and they were particularly put out by the manner in which the tobacco men had somehow managed to throw a mantle of statesmanship over themselves. Worse still, an advance of the deadline from September of 1973 to September of 1970 for removing cigarette commercials from the air was going to cost the broadcasters perhaps a third of a billion dollars in advertising revenue, the amount depending on the terms of a proposed phaseout. "We helped the tobacco people throughout this fight, and they pulled the rug out from under us," a man who had taken a leading part in formulating the broadcasting industry's strategy in Washington told me. "The thing that irks us is that the tobacco people couldn't have got the bill through the House without our help. We really lobbied for that. It would *never* have passed the House without us, because we have more muscle than the tobacco people have. There are a hell of a lot more broadcasters than cigarette manufacturers in this country. In every congressman's district, there is at least one broadcaster. These congressmen all get exposure on the local TV and radio stations, by making periodic reports to their constituents over the stations on all sorts of matters—what they've been doing about farm legislation, pollution, taxes, and so on. I know how hard we worked through our local broadcasters on this bill, pointing out to congressmen how unfair it was to ban advertising for a product sold legally, how unfair it was to discriminate against one medium of advertising in favor of another, and so on. We put in a *lot* of work. And the tobacco people left us in the lurch."

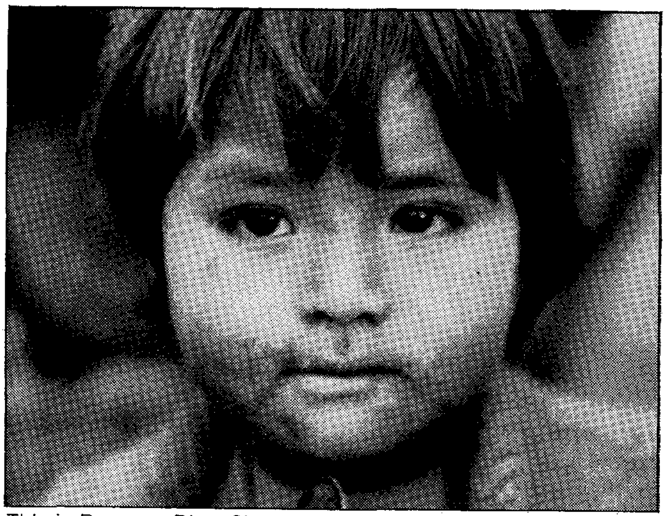
What the broadcasters found particularly galling was the notion that the quarter of a billion dollars a year they had been getting for cigarette advertising was going to wind up in someone else's hands, and that at least some of it might wind up in the hands of their competitors in the newspapers and magazines, from whom the broadcasters had wrested the greater part of cigarette-advertising revenue years ago. The idea that the tobacco people would abandon them so abruptly in exchange for a chance at arranging a *modus vivendi* with these competing media was too much. "If the tobacco people think they're going to use the broadcasting industry as a pawn to get protection in other media from labelling legislation, that's something we won't sit still for," an official of the National Association of Broadcasters told me shortly after the tobacco interests had delivered their counterblow.

Moving into the breach between the former allies, Senator Moss sent off letters to the heads of the three television networks suggesting that they voluntarily release the tobacco companies from their existing advertising contracts, so that, in the public interest, all cigarette commercials could be withdrawn from the air by January 1, 1970. This suggestion was not received with enthusiasm at the networks. Dr. Frank Stanton, the president of C.B.S., replied to Senator Moss, "If Congress determines that the permissive legislation sought by the Tobacco Institute is in the public interest, C.B.S. will release the cigarette advertisers from their commitments"—which was perhaps a public-spirited way of saying that any advertiser who wanted to withdraw his cigarette commercials from C.B.S. by January 1, 1970, would have to do it by act of Congress, because C.B.S. wasn't volunteering to do the job on its own. Dr. Stanton went on to ask, most unkindly as far as the tobacco advertisers were concerned:

> If the public interest should require legislation in this area, should not the legislation deal with the problem as a whole and not direct its restraints only against the television and radio media? To put it another way, if the product is considered sufficiently dangerous to ban from one form of advertising, should it not be outlawed entirely?

As for N.B.C., its president, Julian Goodman, expressed himself as being

This is why 600,000 people have become Foster Parents.

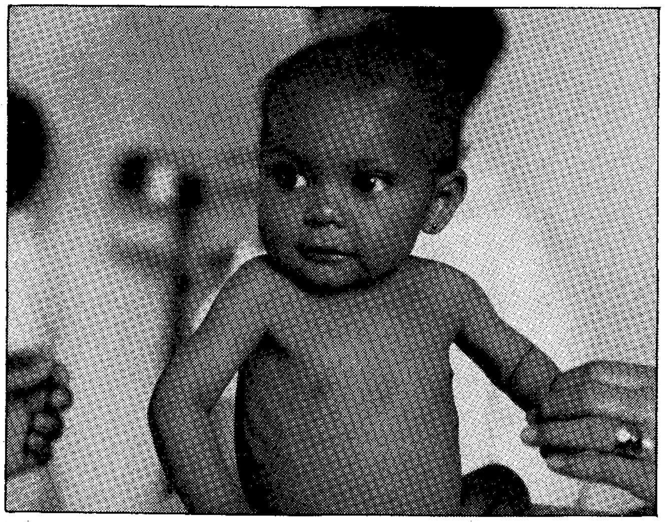


This is Roxanna Diaz. She needs a Foster Parent to save her from a world of hunger and fear. A Foster Parent who can share her new world of hope because he alone has helped make it possible.

If it weren't for this child's Foster Parents, her own mother would have no one to turn to for guidance, no one to teach her a trade and help her escape the endless trap of poverty.

And Chui Mei could never write to say thank you, I love you, to her Foster Parents because her life would never offer her anything to be thankful for.

The Foster Parents of this child know that without their contribution of $16 a month Kang Choong, his brothers and sisters might never have gone to school.



Elana Castilla and her family would probably never see a doctor. Never receive the medical care, health counseling and vitamins they need to survive.

Foster Parents Plan International Headquarters
352 Park Ave. South • N.Y., N.Y. 10010

I want to be a Foster Parent for one year or more of a boy ☐ girl ☐ age___ country______. No preference ☐ (This allows us to choose a child on our emergency list). Payment of $16 per month for one year will be made: monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ semi-annually ☐ annually ☐. I enclose herewith my first payment $______.

I would like to receive more information ☐

I want to be a contributor. I enclose $________ for the General Fund.

Name____________________

Address____________________

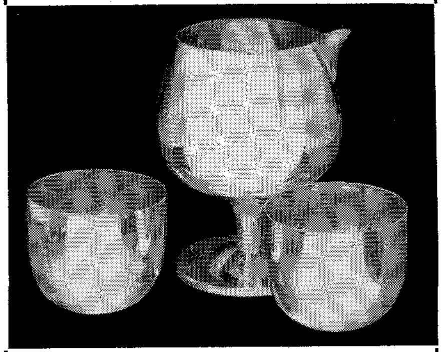
City________State______Zip______Date______

Make checks payable to Foster Parents Plan. All contributions are income tax deductible. PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Comm. on Vol. For. Aid of the Agency for Int'l. Developm't.
NY-12-19-70

Be a Foster Parent. There's a child and his family somewhere who might not make it without you.

When someone somewhere cares, someone somewhere survives.

ROYAL
IRISH
SILVER
MARTINI
SET



Beautifully boxed for gift giving this sterling silver set is a unique addition to any home. $298.00 includes insurance, packing and postage. Send cheque or money order to us on Front Street in Hamilton Bermuda.

A.S. Cooper & Sons, ltd.
BERMUDA • LONDON
Bermuda's Exclusive Wedgwood Representative

Jules Podell presents
THE FRIENDS OF DISTINCTION
AARON WILLIAMS AND FREDDIE
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
3 SHOWS SATURDAY
8 P.M., 11 P.M. AND 2 A.M.
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings... blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

If the line's too long
at The Silent Woman, try
Antoine's
in New Orleans!

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

sincerely sorry that he could not comply with Senator Moss's suggestion. He wrote that if broadcasters dropped cigarette commercials by the following January 1st, "a severe drop in revenue" and consequent "changes in the program service available to the public" would result. "Therefore, we do not intend to release cigarette advertisers from their existing commitments," he wrote. He added that N.B.C. would, however, be "glad to coöperate" with the tobacco companies by accepting, after January, 1970, in lieu of cigarette commercials, commercials for any goods besides cigarettes that the tobacco companies might be producing.

The president of A.B.C., Leonard H. Goldenson, said no, too. He wrote that taking cigarette commercials off the air by January 1st in the manner suggested would be unfair and expensive, explaining:

> If we did take such action as of January, 1970, it could well mean a substantial cutback in our news and public-affairs operations almost immediately and would also call for a complete reëxamination of all other program commitments to see whether or not a full schedule of the present magnitude could be maintained. We do not believe that the Congress would look with favor on any such forced curtailment of network service to the American public.

In short, A.B.C. owed it to the public to keep the cigarette commercials on the tube. As things were, A.B.C.'s going rate for cigarette commercials run in prime time was forty thousand dollars a minute, and, looking ahead to the prospect of tobacco-company sponsorship for the 1970 professional-football season, the network was setting an asking price of sixty-five thousand dollars a minute for cigarette commercials run during the games.

If the broadcasters were displaying withdrawal symptoms in the matter of phaseout, many of their colleagues in the newspaper and magazine business were apparently feeling no pain. According to an article in *Advertising Age* on July 28th, Stephen Kelly, the president of the Magazine Publishers Association, said in an interview that while he couldn't speak for all magazines, there was "some substance" to the suggestion that there would be a rush among magazine advertising departments to pick up at least some of the cigarette-advertising revenue that the broadcasters were going to lose. The article in *Advertising Age* also described Jack Kauffman, the president of the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, as "openly optimistic" about the cigarette-ad prospects of newspaper publishers. It quoted

How to gain the advantages of investment management for a $5,000 to $50,000 portfolio

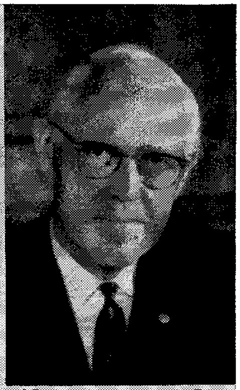
If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. N-50.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*



Oil Paintings freehand on canvas, using photographs as guides. Life size from $1600 to $3200.
Fabian
Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

Finest Northern Italian Cuisine
Giambelli
RISTORANTE
Albert Giambelli
238 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
MU 5-8727

Kauffman as saying enthusiastically that "newspapers will be the chief beneficiary" of a pullout of cigarette advertising from radio and television, and that there had "definitely been movement" in this respect.

In the magazine business, certainly, there was no discernible movement away from cigarette advertising. A spokesman for *Newsweek* who was asked by a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* whether his publication had any plans for changing its cigarette-advertising policies said, "We feel that we've covered fully the story of the alleged hazards of cigarette smoking, and we assume people have heard and read all they possibly could on the subject and have made up their own minds. We've always taken cigarette ads and will continue to do so." Some time after this statement was issued, John T. Landry, a Philip Morris man whose title is Group Vice-President and Director of Marketing for Tobacco Products, was quoted as having told a group of ad men that representatives from the advertising departments of various publications were showing up at the headquarters of tobacco companies as if it were a scene "like the reading of the will."

In an effort to determine the attitude of magazine publishers toward accepting an increased volume of cigarette advertising—or accepting any cigarette advertising at all—Senator Moss wrote letters to a number of them asking for their views. The publishers' replies were not much more encouraging than the broadcasters' had been. A letter from Andrew Heiskell, the chairman of Time Inc., set the general tone. "It would not be in the public interest or our own for us arbitrarily to refuse to carry the responsible advertising of a lawful product," Mr. Heiskell informed Senator Moss. He added, however, that his company did not intend to surfeit its readers with an "overwhelming" amount of cigarette advertising. In the magazine business generally, the publications that already had a policy of not accepting cigarette advertising were few in number. They included the *Reader's Digest* (which had an exemplary record of printing articles having to do with the dangers of smoking), the *Saturday Review*, and *The New Yorker*.

As for the newspaper publishers, no matter what their editorials might have been saying about smoking and health, or how dispassionately they had viewed the plight of the broadcasters faced with the issue of smoking and health, they showed, on the whole, that they had no intention of eliminating ciga-

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
INTRODUCING

An Elegant Hotel in the Grand Tradition

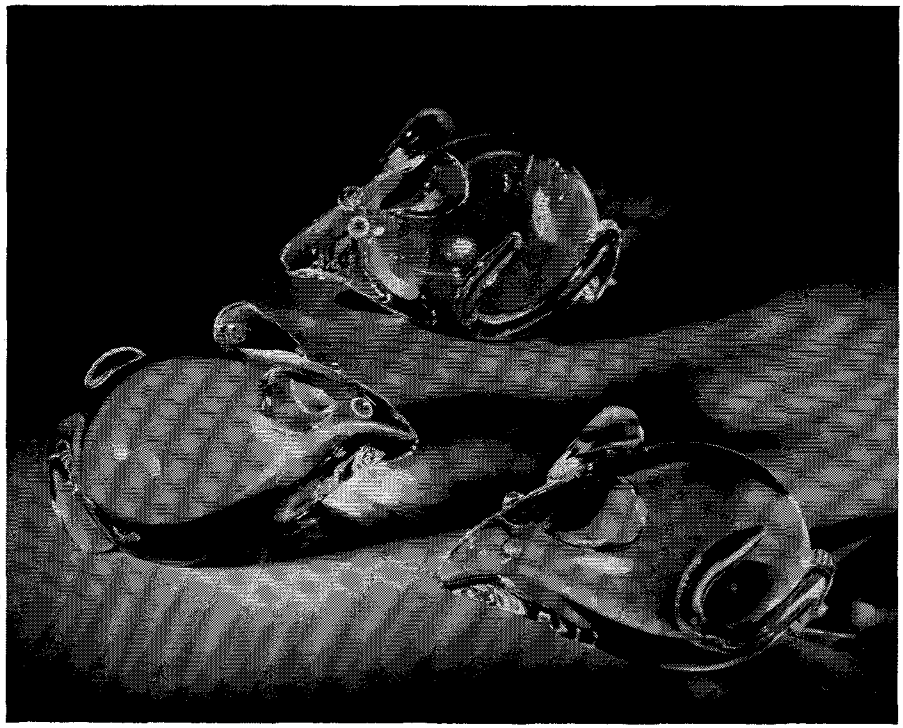
NOW ON EMBASSY ROW
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

New York Call: (212) 725-9081 • Chicago Call: (312) 372-9240
Los Angeles Call: (213) 485-1233 • San Francisco Call: (415) 781-8676

The Embassy Row Hotel

2015 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, D. C. 20036
(202) 265-1600

A Treadway Inn

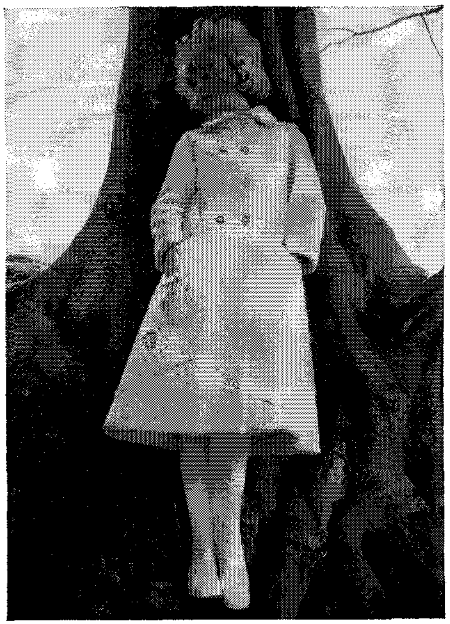


3½ inches long • $70.00 each • For Christmas catalogue in full color, send $1.00

Independent little mice
of solid crystal

STEUBEN GLASS

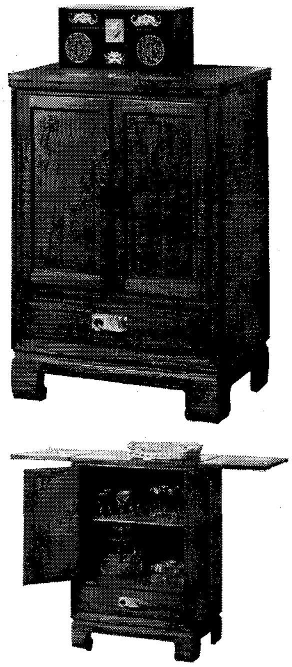
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022 · (212) PL 2-1441


One of the world's best-kept secrets is said to be the recipe for pancakes served at Copenhagen's Town Hall. But what makes our furs the most tempting in the world is no secret. Our recipe...100% pure quality. Discover them at I. Magnin.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court


Davis makes lasting impressions in solid wood.

This is the Server-Cellarette from the Nikko collection by Davis. Craftsmen of fine solid wood furniture.

DAVIS CABINET COMPANY

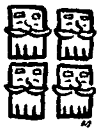
"Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture"

For "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture" send $1.00 to Dept. NY12, Davis Cabinet Co., Nashville, Tenn. 37206

rette advertising, or even of turning away further revenues that might follow the proposed cutoff of cigarette commercials from the airwaves. There were very few exceptions. They included the *Christian Science Monitor*, which had never carried cigarette advertising and had no intention of carrying it, and the Boston *Globe*, whose management announced in May, 1969, that it would no longer accept such advertising, "because accumulated medical evidence has indicated that cigarette smoking is hazardous to health." In the months after the tobacco people caved in on cigarette commercials, the most important newspaper to alter its policy on cigarette ads was the New York *Times*. On August 29th, the *Times* ran an editorial saying, "In advance of the steps we hope Congress will take to establish tighter health safeguards by law, The Times is taking voluntary action to insure that a health warning accompanies any cigarette advertisements it carries." As of January 1, 1970, it explained, the paper would accept cigarette ads only if they contained, "in plainly legible form," a warning concerning the health hazards of smoking.

The tobacco industry's reaction to this move was made clear by a full-page ad that the American Tobacco Company took in the *Times*, on September 4th. The headline on the ad read, in huge letters, "WHY WE'RE DROPPING THE NEW YORK TIMES." The text of the ad declared that the American Tobacco Company had "offered" to take its commercials off television and radio because of "the claim that those media unavoidably reach large numbers of children," and "not because we agree with anti-cigarette crusaders (including the New York *Times*) who would like to blame cigarettes for the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to." Hard on this belligerent declaration, spokesmen for Liggett & Myers, R. J. Reynolds, the Lorillard Corporation, Philip Morris, and Brown & Williamson made it known that they did not intend to advertise their cigarettes in the *Times*, either, under the conditions prescribed.

The broadcasters, for their part, kept hammering away at the tobacco industry and the press alike, going so far as to make common cause with the federal regulators who had been partly responsible for depriving them of huge potential cigarette-commercial revenues. In October, Wasilewski complained in a letter to Senator Moss in connection with the "discriminatory legislation" proposed by the tobacco industry that "there are indications that large sums of money would be diverted by the cigarette companies from broadcast advertising to promote their products by other means," and that it appeared that "vast expenditures would be made for promotional programs employing such devices as coupons, premiums, contests, point-of-sale promotion, and samples" as well as advertising in print. Helpfully, Wasilewski enclosed a news clipping from the Washington *Sunday Star* that, he wrote, "states that no change is contemplated in the current level of tobacco subsidies of fifty million dollars per year and that $230,000 will be spent annually [on subsidies] for *advertising* of tobacco products in friendly foreign countries." And he concluded that, rather than see Congress act on the tobacco companies' proposal, the broadcasters would prefer to have the regulation of cigarette advertising handled by the regulatory agencies.

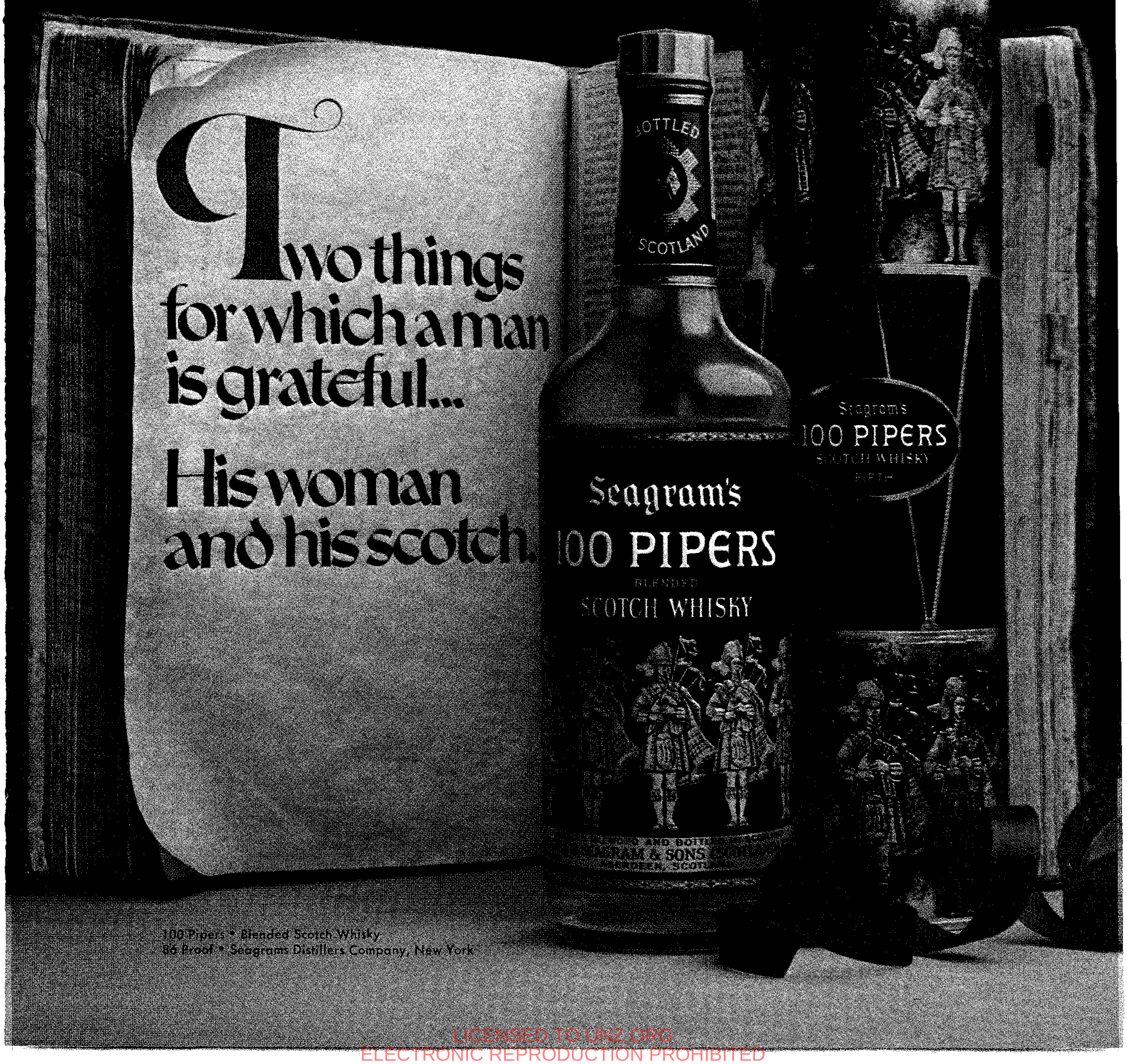


Amid all this dissension between the formerly inseparable partners in the mass merchandising of cigarettes, the full Commerce Committee, headed by Senator Magnuson, met in October to consider amendments to the House bill governing cigarette advertising on the air. The committee voted an amendment to make mandatory the withdrawal of cigarette commercials from television and radio. Senator Philip A. Hart, Democrat of Michigan, a member of the committee and a strong supporter of anti-trust legislation, had persuaded the committee that it would be unwise to accept the terms of the tobacco industry's offer to withdraw its advertising from the air by September, 1970—unwise because the exemption from the anti-trust laws which the industry asked as a condition might prove to be a legal booby trap that could damage future enforcement of the anti-trust laws. The best the broadcasters could get from the committee on this point, though, was a concession in the form of an amendment that would make the ban on cigarette commercials effective not by September of 1970, as the tobacco people had proposed, but by January 1, 1971—the idea being to let the broadcasters have the benefit of a final shower of cash from the cigarette revenues generated by the fall football season.

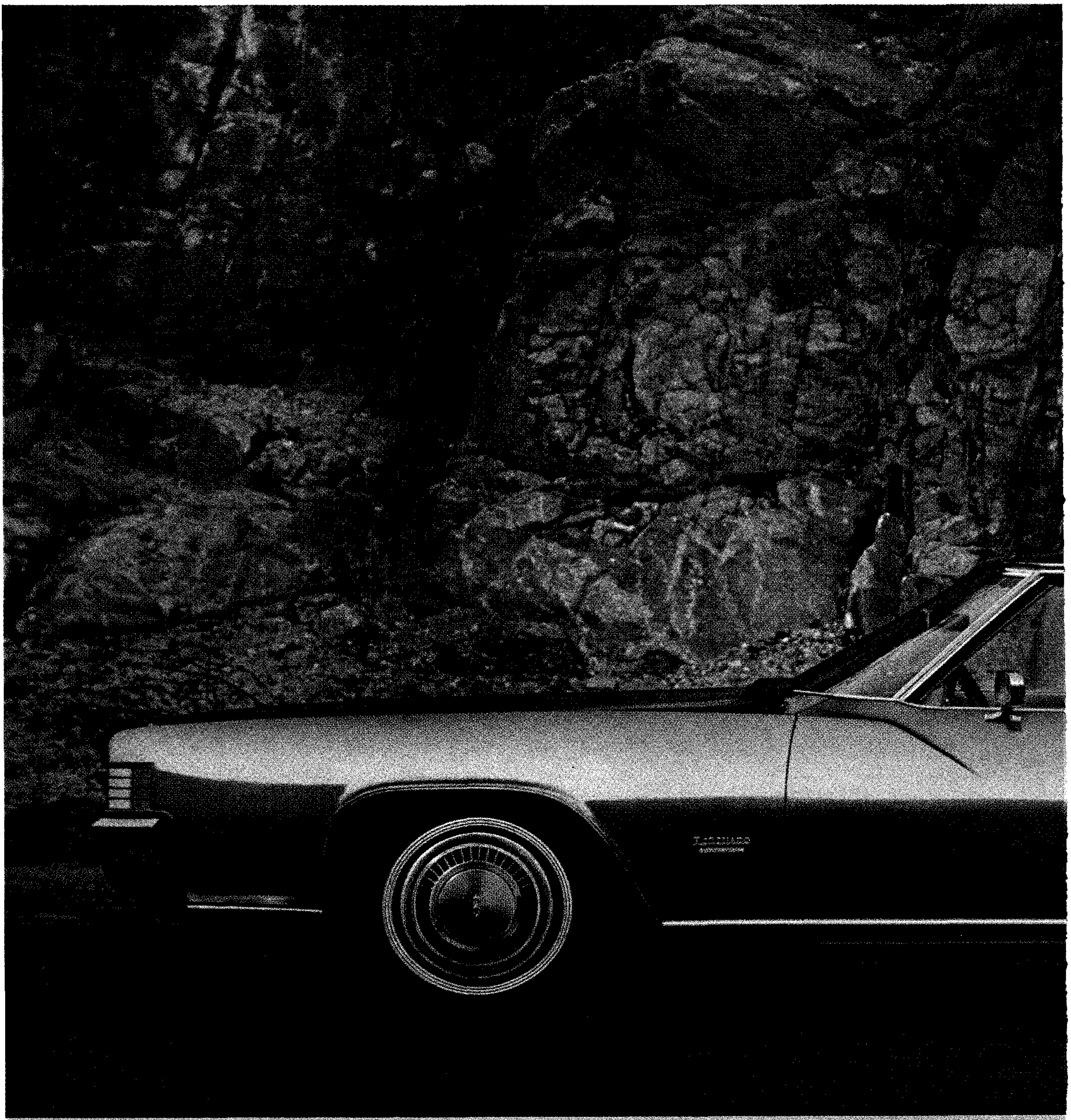
The lobbyists for the tobacco industry had a little better luck with members of the committee than the broadcasters had. "The tobacco people were very busy," a committee staff member told me. "They moved in on the committee and managed to carry two amendments that favored them. First,

Pipers

It's made proudly. Give it that way.


Two things for which a man is grateful...
His woman and his scotch.
BOTTLED SCOTLAND
Seagram's
100 PIPERS
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
Seagram's
100 PIPERS
SCOTCH WHISKY

100 Pipers • Blended Scotch Whisky
86 Proof • Seagrams Distillers Company, New York

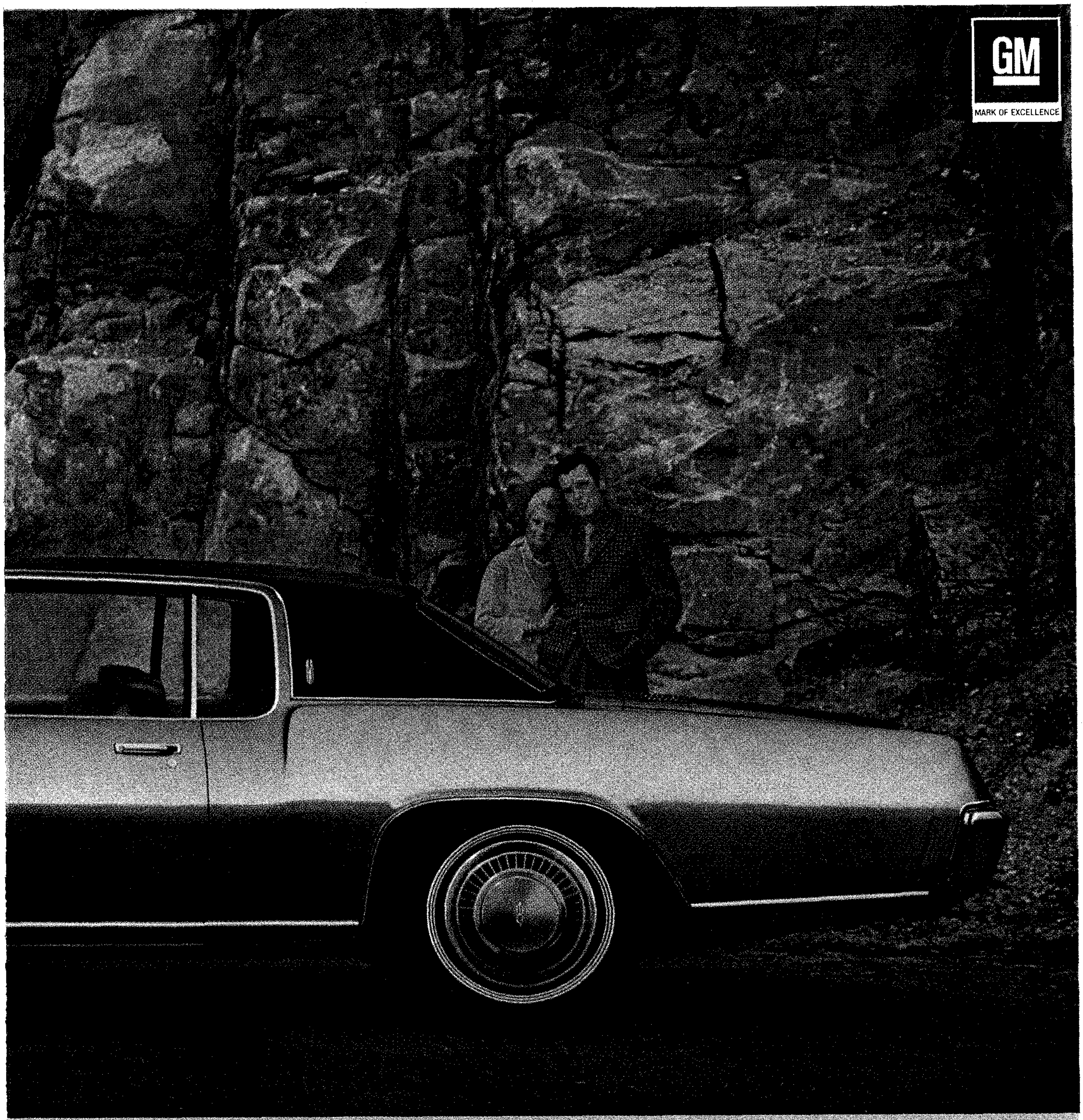


Presenting 1971 Toronado. The Unmistakable One, from Oldsmobile.

The Unmistakable One takes on grand new proportions.

Toronado '71 is a full five inches longer, and every inch adds to its elegance. Its dimensions, inside and out, are truly impressive—the trunk included.

The interiors are more sumptuously appointed. Floors are totally flat from door to door, with no hump to get in the way.



The best spot of all is behind the wheel of a Toronado. Here's where you discover the benefits of Toronado's unique front drive.

Front drive applies power to the highway through front wheels. The power *leads* you along the road, rather than *pushes you.*

Result: Improved traction, and sure handling—whatever the weather or the road.

To further enhance Toronado performance, Olds engineers developed a new ride system. It combines advances in chassis, suspension and steering.

Plus an Oldsmobile exclusive —new Supershocks—which operate efficiently, even under severe road conditions. Result: The smoothest ride in its class.

To complete the package, add a pollution-fighting Rocket 455 V-8, power steering, power front disc brakes, Turbo Hydra-matic, door side-guard beams, even an extra set of high-level taillamps—all standard.

Oldsmobile

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

"Let's hear it for Wolfschmidt Vodka. It's won 33 medals!"
"Rah. Rah. Let's have the winner in for a drink!"
W
WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA
SINCE 1847
Wolfschmidt.
The genuine vodka with all the medals.
Frankfort Distillers Co. New York N.Y. 10022. Made from grain, 80 and 100 proof. Product of U.S.A.

they won a statutory provision that would prohibit the Federal Trade Commission from acting on the health warning in cigarette ads for eighteen months after the termination of cigarette advertising on the air—which meant that they forced an extension by a whole year of a deadline that the F.T.C. had in the meantime set for requiring a health warning in all cigarette ads. Then the tobacco lobby swung enough votes in the committee to bring about a change in the text of the existing warning label required on cigarette packages. At first, the committee (bypassing the text required in the House bill) decided to alter the text of the existing warning on cigarette packages from "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health" to "Warning: Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health." When the tobacco lobbyists learned about that, they put enough pressure on so that the committee changed its mind and, by a narrow vote, further amended the notice to read, "Warning: Excessive Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health." That was a considerable gain for the tobacco lobby, because the use of the word "excessive" made the warning imply that *normal* smoking *wasn't* dangerous to health—which was not what the Surgeon General's report had said. What the Surgeon General's report had said was that cigarette smoking in normal amounts was indeed dangerous to health.

The amended bill came to a vote in the Senate on December 12th. Before it did, Senators Magnuson and Moss had launched a battle against the denatured health warning on the cigarette packages, and won. Through further amendments, they obtained the elimination of the word "excessive," and they also managed to have reduced by one year the period during which the F.T.C. was forbidden to require a health warning in all cigarette advertising. The F.T.C. could require this warning, after giving Congress six months' notice of its intention to do so, after July 1, 1971. In addition, the Commission would be permitted to impose certain other requirements on cigarette advertising, such as that the tar and nicotine content of the brands concerned be included. The bill was passed by a vote of seventy to seven. It was then sent to House and Senate conferees for a resolution of differences between the two versions. The broadcasters went to work on the conferees in a final attempt to delay the cutoff date for cigarette commercials to September, 1971. What they finally got was a delay of one day—from midnight of December 31, 1970, to midnight of January 1, 1971—which enabled them to cash in on cigarette commercials during the football bowl games on New Year's Day. The victory was a far cry from the millions of dollars that a nine-month extension would have given the broadcasters, but it was something.

And the broadcasters had not yet finished with the tobacco people. Now that there wasn't going to be so much money to be made out of cigarette commercials, the broadcasters began to think that there might, after all, be an ethical issue involved in promoting cigarettes. After Braren's revelations, the N.A.B. Code Authority people hastily went through the motions of tightening up their cigarette-advertising guidelines, and in December the American Tobacco Company tried to get a court injunction to prevent the N.A.B. from adopting certain of these guidelines, whereupon an N.A.B. lawyer collecting depositions from witnesses at a pre-trial hearing put a long series of questions concerning the morality of advertising cigarettes to Philip Cohen, director of advertising for American Tobacco. Attorneys for American Tobacco would allow Cohen to answer only one of them, which was put to him by a lawyer representing C.B.S. and ran as follows: "In preparing advertising, do you assume that there is a relationship between smoking and health, or do you assume there is no relationship?" Cohen replied, "We don't make any assumptions. We prepare advertising that is calculated to sell the market."

On April 1, 1970, the Public Health Cigarette Smoking Act was at last signed into law by President Nixon. In form, it had been changed very little in the House-Senate conference, but the wording of the cautionary label on cigarette packages had again been altered. It now read, "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health."

TWENTY years ago, when television was just getting under way in this country and the tobacco companies were beginning to pour big money into commercials, advertising men in the Madison Avenue agencies that had cigarette accounts were working full tilt to convert themselves from the static visual forms of printed advertising to the visual and aural mobility of the new medium. Young copywriters

A turkey stole the show.

You wouldn't expect Turkey Lurkey or Henny Penny to impress a sophisticated Broadway audience. But at "Paul Sills' Story Theatre" that's exactly what happens.

"It's no small feat to take a theater full of crusty, grouchy first nighters and turn their faces to smiles. The evening rates as thoroughly delightful, enchanting and captivating."—Mike Stein, *WNEW Radio*

"Paul Sills' Story Theatre" is 8 actors dancing, singing and miming 9 Aesop's and Grimm's fairy tales. It's the play for adults that adults thought was for kids.

"The show that brings back magic and innocence to Broadway. . . . The show for people who have given up Broadway shows."—Clive Barnes, *The New York Times*

"Talent, invention and subtle, sophisticated humor . . . an appeal that spans small children and the most erudite adults."—Norman Nadel, *Scripps-Howard*

"Tremendous talent. Marvelous things happened. Story Theatre is an impressive and delightful evening. I think I'll go back with my children."—Leonard Harris, *WCBS-TV*

"An astonishing enchantment. The first-night audience succumbed to the charming novelty with glee hard to believe. Unless you see it, such beguilement doesn't seem possible."—William Glover, *Associated Press*

Now all the animals, parsons, peasants and kings can be heard singing songs by Dylan, The Beatles and Country Joe on the original cast album of "Paul Sills' Story Theatre".

On Columbia Records and Tapes

Enjoy listening to a turkey for a change.

Story Theatre
Paul Sills

A specially priced 2-record set.

® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

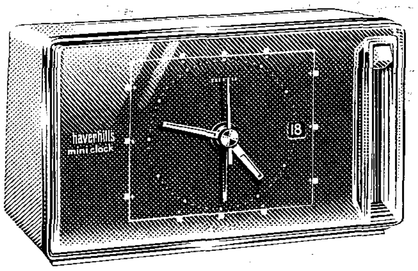
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

THE PROTÉGÉE
COLLECTION OF MATERNITY
FASHIONS
RESORT AND HOLIDAY 1970/1971

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Just off the press. Our book of new maternity fashions is ready now, filled with all the great things in clothes and addenda you'll want for your busy times ahead, our exclusive S.F.A. Protégée Collection for Resort and Holiday. Do come in for your copy. Or write. Or phone.

Should you pay $25 for "Just" a Clock?



Yes, but only if you get the outstanding features that you find in the **12-Month Clock.** Briefly, these are the most important ones: There is a calendar — when you wake up you'll know what day it is. An ordinary flashlight battery powers the transistorized mechanism for a year or more. Accurate? You can regulate it to within 2 seconds in 24 hours. The alarm is gentle, but very effective. Needless to say, the **12-Month Clock** is absolutely noiseless — no tick, no tock, not even a purr. Luminous dial, of course. Measures a compact 5 x 3 x 2½", just right for the night table and compact enough to make a fine travel clock. If you can afford to indulge your appreciation of fine things or if you wish to make a wonderful gift (perhaps to a son or daughter with early classes), the **12-Month** clock is for you.

☐ Send me the **12-Month Clock.** I enclose $25.95 ($24.95 plus $1 for post. and insur.). Calif. residents add 5% sales tax.
☐ **White Model:** White case, midnight blue dial.
☐ ***Grey Model:*** *Grey case, white dial.*
NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP
NY1219

haverhill's
584 Washington Street,
San Francisco, CA 94111

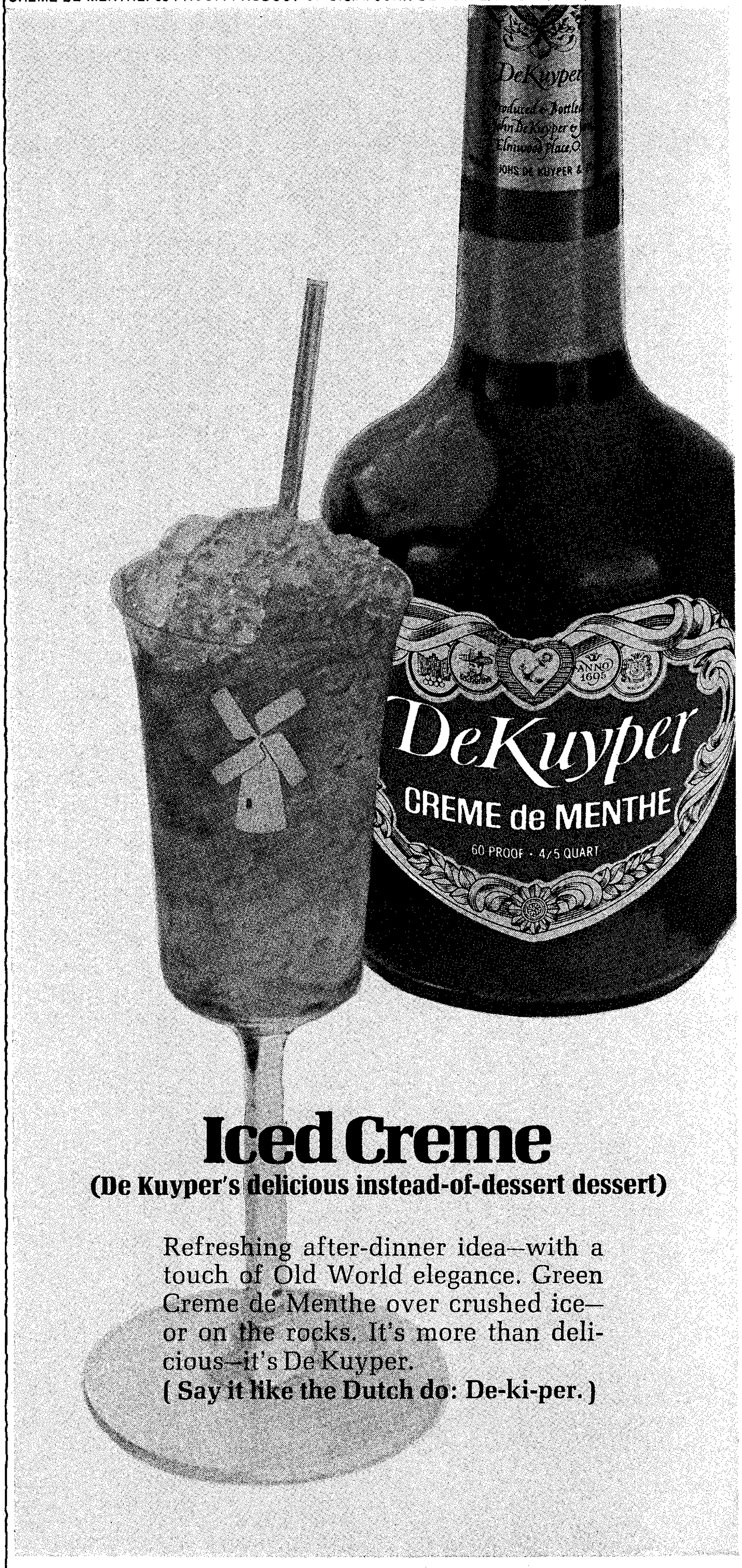
who had been yanked away from the preparation of cigarette ads for the magazines rushed around talking about "iris wipes," "barn-door wipes," and other techniques for "videoizing" the usual advertising forms. But since the passage of the Public Health Cigarette Smoking Act, things have been swinging the other way in the agencies with cigarette accounts. Ad men on cigarette accounts who have been almost entirely television-oriented throughout their professional careers are beginning to be heard discussing "bleed pages" and "double trucks." They are beginning to be aware of color shots that don't show motion but only still slices of motion, of copy that isn't audible, of printed words that aren't meant to zoom in at viewers but are designed merely to sit still on a page. An increase in the number of cigarette ads in certain mass magazines is already apparent. For example, the October 16, 1970, issue of *Life* contained five full-page cigarette ads, four of them (including the back cover) in color, in contrast to the October 17, 1969, issue, which contained only three full-page cigarette ads.

However eager some publishers appear to be to solicit cigarette advertising from the tobacco companies, it is not likely that they will have reason to exult for long at having taken away advertising from the television people. The television networks, which stand to lose approximately eight per cent of their total annual advertising revenue through the Public Health Cigarette Smoking Act, are now attempting to avenge the loss of their tobacco advertising by unleashing their time salesmen upon ad agencies to grab all manner of other consumer-product advertising revenue from the print media, whose own resulting losses may turn out to be greater than whatever gain they may enjoy from cigarette advertising. How much more advertising money than formerly the tobacco companies are putting into the print media as a whole is as yet unclear. But there are practical considerations that make it unlikely that this increase will be a startling one. The tobacco people have to be aware of the fact that escalation of print advertising is a very dangerous game for them, since a marked rise in cigarette ads in publications would almost certainly provoke action by the Federal Trade Commission to require the inclusion of a health warning in those ads published after the new deadline, and such a requirement is what the tobacco industry dreads most. Rather than risk putting too much cigarette-advertising money into publications, the industry will probably spread its ad money around in other areas. For example, it will probably increase the amount of money it spends on point-of-purchase advertising and promotion—more elaborate displays in supermarkets, and so forth. In less visible moves, the tobacco people can spend more money on their sales forces that deal with cigarette retailers, and offer bigger sales incentives to both wholesalers and retailers. They can go in for special cigarette-brand promotions, in areas like sports. Thus, Philip Morris is underwriting a series of tournaments for women tennis players, to be known as the Virginia Slims Invitational Tournament Series. (Presumably, the progress of the tournaments will be reported on television, and viewers will thus continue to hear the words "Virginia Slims" over the tube.) Outside the magazines and newspapers, the most visible use of the television-commercial money will be on outdoor billboards. It has been estimated in the trade that in 1971 the tobacco companies will spend as much as forty million dollars on billboard advertising—an increase of a thousand per cent over the amount they spent on billboard advertising in 1970.

Whatever the tobacco companies spend on printed advertising and on other forms of promotion, it will not come to anything like the quarter of a billion dollars a year that they have been spending on radio and television. It appears that the elimination of cigarette advertising from broadcast media represents, among other things, an enforced levelling of the costs of competing companies, and an opportunity for the industry to forgo the huge and unrelenting escalation of expenses that occurred during the tobacco-merchandising wars on network television. Without broadcast advertising, the introduction of new brands into the market—a process that is already extremely expensive for individual cigarette manufacturers (it may take as much as twelve million dollars to launch a new brand of cigarettes nationally)—is likely to be even more difficult, and is therefore likely to slow up. An end to the wild proliferation of new brands will certainly cut the expenses of competing companies. Also, the tobacco companies may be spared some of the dagger blows now being dealt them by the anti-smoking commercials. When cigarette commercials go off the air, the broadcasters, no matter how strongly they feel about their former friends in the cigarette industry, will no longer consider themselves bound under the F.C.C. fairness doctrine to grant the anti-smoking forces, free of charge, that seventy-five million dollars' worth of air time a year, and it is certain that there will be a considerable falling off in the amount of time given over to the anti-smoking messages. With such developments, the elimination of cigarette commercials from radio and television may before long result in an increase rather than a decrease in the profits of the cigarette industry on each of the billions of cartons being sold per year.

But if the tobacco companies may collect bonuses of this sort from the elimination of broadcast cigarette advertising, the gains will not necessarily prove lasting. It seems to me that the long-term prospects for the cigarette industry are not favorable. One can begin with what has been happening to cigarette sales. Since 1963, the year before the Surgeon General's report, the total number of cigarettes sold in this country has increased from seventy-one million eight hundred thousand packs a day in that calendar year (in 1963, cigarette sales had been higher than at any previous point in smoking history) to seventy-two million six hundred thousand packs a day in the year ending July 1, 1970. This rise in total sales is, relatively speaking, a small one, because in those six and a half years the adult population of the United States has increased by thirteen million people. Thus, while the number of adults in the country has gone up by about ten per cent, cigarette sales have gone up by only about one per cent. This means that the per-capita consumption of cigarettes in the adult population has actually gone down by nearly nine per cent. But even this per-capita drop does not tell the whole story, because in this same six-and-a-half-year period the total production of tobacco itself, as distinct from the total number of cigarettes sold, has dropped from two billion three hundred and forty-four million pounds to one billion eight hundred million pounds—a decrease of about twenty per cent. Some, but not very much, of this decrease may be accounted for by new processing methods, such as the "homogenizing" of formerly discarded tobacco-leaf stems and their incorporation into the finished cigarette. Essentially, the decrease appears to result from the fact that the tobacco companies have been packing considerably less tobacco into their cigarettes than they formerly did, even though their cigarettes have tended to get longer. What seems to have filled up most of this cigarette gap is more filter material, which, as it happens, is

CREME DE MENTHE. 60 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A. JOHN DE KUYPER & SON, N.Y., N.Y.



Iced Creme

(De Kuyper's delicious instead-of-dessert dessert)

Refreshing after-dinner idea—with a touch of Old World elegance. Green Creme de Menthe over crushed ice—or on the rocks. It's more than delicious—it's De Kuyper.
(Say it like the Dutch do: De-ki-per.)

THE LOOK IS
HUNTING WORLD!

From France...
Our EXPLORER
We're convinced that these he-man hats from France are among the highest quality, most practical cloth hats ever made for the outdoorsman. Popularized in Africa by members of the foreign legion – the mark of the adventurer from the Cape to the Sahara. Wide 3" brim holds practically any shape you give it and can be snapped up on one or both sides. Stitched tan cotton gabardine. Removable, adjustable chin strap. Men's or women's sizes.

$12.50 Add $1.25 on Mail Orders.
N.Y. Res. Add Tax.

Designed for rugged men–obviously, but the most "with-it" girls have discovered them for themselves!

© N29

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR
COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022

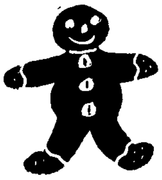
Natural Gray Russian Squirrel—
in the elegant just-right length,
with underscoring outline in
white mink . . . unfolding petal
collar.

Ben Kahn

150 West 30th Street, N.Y.C.—also at
4 East 52nd Street (Cartier Bldg.)

considerably cheaper per centimetre of cigarette than tobacco is, and which, given the right advertising agency, can be merchandised—in hundred-millimetre cigarettes, for example—at higher prices. In summary, then, what has happened since 1963 is that the total amount of cigarette tobacco per capita consumed by the adult population has fallen off by close to twenty per cent, and that in return for this the tobacco companies have been selling slightly more cigarettes, containing considerably less tobacco, more filter, and more air, at higher prices than ever.

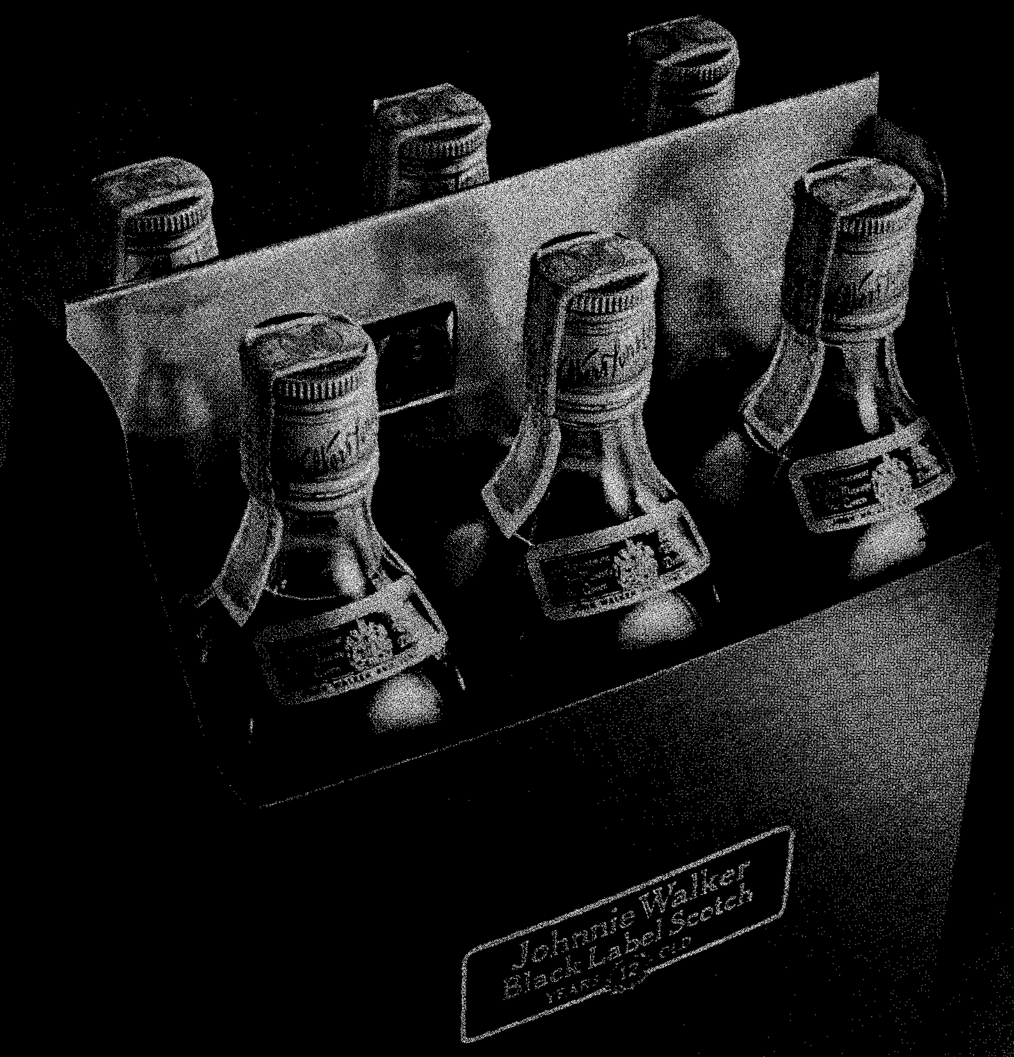
But the less actual tobacco people smoke, the less stubborn their habituation to cigarettes tends to be. It seems inescapable that in spite of the huge momentum that the tobacco industry has achieved in promoting cigarettes over the past half century, using every medium of mass persuasion, including television (into which it has poured a total of perhaps three billion dollars of advertising money in twenty years), the whole pattern of cigarette smoking within the adult population is now changing significantly. Dr. Horn has calculated that between 1966 and 1970 the total number of smokers in the adult population has dropped from forty-nine million to forty-four and a half million. At the same time, his calculations indicate, the number of former smokers in the adult population has risen from nineteen million to twenty-nine million. Dr. Horn estimates that since 1966 one smoker in five has quit the habit. And although at an earlier period—for example, in the period immediately after the Surgeon General's 1964 report on smoking and health—most people who cut out the habit tended to be above average in education and earning power, Dr. Horn believes that giving up the cigarette habit is now occurring at increasing rates in the adult population generally, and that it is occurring at significant levels among women as well as among men (although women smokers appear to have a harder time quitting than men), and also among younger adults, although there seems to have been a slight increase in the smoking rate among teenagers during the last two years.



When one takes into account all the commercial force that the tobacco companies have brought to bear in our society over the years to promote brands of cigarettes, and all the lobbying they have done, and all the influence they have exerted on one Administration and one Congress after another, and when one reflects that although the total excess deaths among regular smokers since the time of the Surgeon General's report in 1964 must be numbered in the hundreds of thousands, the tobacco and broadcasting people were nonetheless able for so long to persuade the House of Representatives to vote a ban on effective regulation of cigarette advertising on the air, this change is a remarkable one. The tobacco manufacturers cannot but be aware of it. However obdurate their leaders have been in public in denying the harmfulness of cigarette smoking, and however determined they are to continue promoting cigarettes by every means at their disposal, the tobacco companies have been steadily diversifying their activities over the past two or three years. The American Tobacco Company has become a subsidiary of American Brands, Inc., and besides manufacturing Pall Mall, Tareyton, Lucky Strike, and Silva Thins cigarettes it manufactures a number of food products, including Sunshine Crackers and Cookies, Mott's Fruits and Fruit Juices, and Sunsweet Fruits and Fruit Juices, and has announced its intention of taking over the Jergens Company, which puts out Jergens Lotion and Woodbury Soap. Two of the largest tobacco companies have dropped the word "tobacco" from their corporate names. Thus, the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. has become just Liggett & Myers, Inc., and in addition to making L & M, Lark, and Chesterfield cigarettes it now puts out Alpo Dog Foods and Cream of Oats. And the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company recently changed its name to R. J. Reynolds Industries, Inc. The renamed company, as it continues to proclaim that Winston tastes good like a cigarette should, is also pushing the taste of such products as Chun King Oriental foods, Hawaiian Punch, Brer Rabbit Molasses, and My-T-Fine desserts, which it now also manufactures. The Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation retains its name, but it is now in the pickled-fish business as well as in the tobacco business.

On the whole, the manufacture and promotion of cigarettes are likely to be highly profitable for some time. But tobacco companies that will have diversified to the point where their tobacco products are no longer their major source of income will not be likely, if they are faced with financial problems, to make many sacrifices for the sake of a product whose sales aren't expanding, particularly when that product breathes an air of trouble that might somehow

Johnnie Walker® Black Label 12 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y. Prices may vary according to state and local taxes.


Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

Christmas gifts, $60 and under.

Johnnie Walker Black Label Six-Pack, about $60. Sold separately, about $10 a fifth.

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

Baby, It's Cold Inside, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $6.50*).

Mr. Perelman's first collection since 1966. Let no reader be misled by the sound of his own laughter; the weapons are lethal. The title is the tipoff.

Erik H. Erikson, by Robert Coles (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $10*).

A Profile of the protean psychoanalyst who has brought the intuition and the freedom of the artist, along with considerable light and air, to his profession, and whose development of the concept of "identity" has diverted various currents in psychoanalytic practice. Dr. Coles, himself a psychiatrist, summarizes Professor Erikson's studies of Luther and Gandhi and reports on his explorations of the feelings of children and adolescents—first in Freud's pastoral circle in Vienna and later at various places in this country—to isolate the moment when their "identities" suddenly became clear.

Exiles, by Michael J. Arlen (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

Mr. Arlen's mother was a Greek noblewoman and an international beauty; his father was an Armenian-Englishman whose short stories and novels, among them "The Green Hat," were tremendously popular and then suddenly went out of fashion. This memoir, set on the French Riviera, at various other points in Europe, and finally in the United States, is a triple portrait—of his parents, and of himself as their son. It is also a study in bewilderment and loss and unfailing gallantry.

A Friend of Kafka, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

Tales of Jewish life that are at once traditional and immediate, universal and specific, direct and ironic (to say nothing of tragic and comic), whether they are set in the kitchens and cafés of Warsaw or in the cafeterias and on the streets of the upper West Side of this city.

Darker, by Mark Strand (*Atheneum, $2.95*).

A volume of poems. "I praise the evening whose son I am," writes the poet. The light is crepuscular, the mood is eerie, the voice is calm.

Honor to the Bride, by Jane Kramer (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95*).

Mariage à la mode au Maroc. The bride is a thirteen-year-old Arab girl who is kidnapped and later found in a brothel. This report deals with her family's frantic and successful efforts to reinstate her as the pre-abduction maiden and financial asset she once was, in time to marry her off.

The Driver's Seat, by Muriel Spark (*Knopf, $4.95*).

A psychological thriller. The eventual corpse is a spinster of thirty-four in a red-and-white coat and a purple-orange-blue-and-yellow dress, and the murderer of her persistent, unrelenting choice is a young man just released from a sanitarium. But which of them is truly the victim?

The Crofter and the Laird, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.75*).

A report on a tour to a Hebride—the tiny island of Colonsay, twenty-five miles off the coast of Scotland and cradle of the Clan McPhee, where the murky, legend-laden past and the misty, feudal present blend into a charming anachronism, and where the author and his family spent a while among the crofters.

My Crowd, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

An Addams retrospective of a hundred and eighty-nine drawings that record his unsettling observations over the past thirty years or so. That family, well represented throughout, continues to exemplify domestic tranquillity, if not to insure it.

Blind Love and Other Stories, by V. S. Pritchett (*Random House, $5.95*).

Mr. Pritchett continues to examine the human comedy, often as it edges—without ever losing its footing—to the brink of human tragedy. There are ten short stories in this collection. The settings are various parts of England, and the characters, needless to say, do much of the telling.

The Pentagon of Power, by Lewis Mumford (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95*).

This book, Volume II of "The Myth of the Machine," can be considered the summation of everything that Mr. Mumford has ever thought about man's relation to science and technology. It once again shows the author as the champion of man against the forces of which he should be master but which threaten to enslave or destroy him.

A Poet's Alphabet, by Louise Bogan (*McGraw-Hill, $12.95*).

An alphabetical arrangement of critical essays selected (by Robert Phelps and Ruth Limmer) from those that Miss Bogan wrote for this magazine between 1931 and her death earlier this year. Most but by no means all of them deal with poets. Among the exceptions are Henry James, James Joyce, and Colette.

The Wildest Dreams of Kew, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Simon & Schuster, $7.95*).

A Profile of the mountainous kingdom of Nepal, now, perforce, a fortress that lies between democratic India and Chinese-controlled Tibet. The second half of the book is an account of an expedition to Mount Everest and, on the side, a sub-Profile of the Sherpas—surely the most delightful, civilized people on earth—who escorted our intrepid correspondent and his friends up and down Himalayas. One of the friends, Claude Jaccoux, has contributed photographs of the trek.

Skin Diving in the Virgins, by John Malcolm Brinnin (*Delacorte, $4.50*).

Lyrics of assorted weights and measures. Some are light, but none are heavy.

Prince and Mrs. Charming, by Warren Miller (*Bobbs-Merrill, $4.95*).

An album of cartoons in which many high-flown ideas and fashionable notions hitherto considered abstract are rebuilt before our eyes (and taken down a peg or two).

Divine Disobedience, by Francine du Plessix Gray (*Knopf, $6.95*).

Reports on the activities of a number of rebellious, embattled Roman Catholic priests, among them Ivan Illich and Daniel and Philip Berrigan, who are at nonviolent war with some of the powerful representatives of their Church—to say nothing of many lay representatives of law and draft boards throughout the land—but who are at peace with their own consciences.

David Rees, Among Others, by Anthony West (*Random House, $6.95*).

A novel about a boy's growing up in England between the World Wars, and about some people who gave him aid and comfort or cast a shadow over his life. Several of the chapters appeared as short stories in this magazine.

Portrait of India, by Ved Mehta (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.95*).

A journal of many months the author spent in perhaps our most unwieldy democracy in order to discover at first hand what has been going on there in politics and public health and industry and the arts as the country slowly moves to find its place in the twentieth century. Mr. Mehta writes with the double awareness of a man born in India and educated in the West.

The Carrier of Ladders, by W. S. Merwin (*Atheneum, $3.95*).

A collection of poems in which the reader is pulled into a bleached and chilling landscape and held captive there.

Naive Questions About War and Peace, by William Whitworth (*Norton, $4.95*).

A consideration of the geopolitical aspects of the war we are fighting in Southeast Asia. The report is based upon conversations with Professor Eugene V. Rostow, of Yale, who was formerly Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs under President Johnson and is still a point-by-point defender of the principle of the balance of power and of our efforts, military and otherwise, to preserve it.

Bed Riddance, by Ogden Nash (*Little, Brown, $4.95*).

An anthology of his own poems, selected by the poet with the express and laudable purpose of cheering up the patient—any patient—and thereby getting him out of bed, on his feet, and in shape to face the world.

A Horse and Two Goats, by R. K. Narayan (*Viking, $5.75*).

A further set of short stories by the Founding Father of Malgudi, that imaginary town in India. The directness and simplicity of Mr. Narayan's manner might lead one to believe that he is as innocent as his characters. A foolish mistake indeed.

A Day in the Life of Roger Angell, by Roger Angell (*Viking, $5.95*).

In these twenty-one parodies and other comic pieces, Mr. Angell views the cultural and subcultural oddities of these tricky times from his perch on the flying trapeze. Book jacket by Ed Koren.

The Light in Holland, by Anthony Bailey (*Knopf, $6.95*).

The most densely populated country on earth is as filled with paradoxes as it is with citizens—jammed cities and empty stretches of land reclaimed from the Zuider Zee, superb museums and gimcracks on end tables, a constant housing shortage and unlimited hospitality to refugees of all kinds. Mr. Bailey investigates these matters, along with many other aspects of Dutch life, past and present. He also discusses tulips.

Toward a Radical Middle, by Renata Adler (*Random House, $7.95*).

The march on Selma, polemicists among book reviewers, and a batch of psychoanalytical group-therapy sessions are a few of the topics that come under Miss Adler's scrutiny in this collection of reports and critical essays.

The Girl Who Sang with the Beatles, by Robert Hemenway (*Knopf, $4.95*).

Nine short stories about characters in varying states of detachment, here and in the Middle West, many of whom are having trouble staying in or staying out of love. The girl of the title never sang with the Beatles; she just pretends she did, and she acts out her role night after night while her husband pursues his own loser's fantasy. The story won the O. Henry Award for 1970.

Defoliation, by Thomas Whiteside (*Ballantine, 95¢*).

In this discussion of 2,4,5-T and other herbicides that we have been using in Southeast Asia (and at home), Mr. Whiteside reminds us of their alarming potential against animal and human life.

The Bicycle Rider, by Frederick L. Keefe (*Delacorte, $5.95*).

A brief novel that has not been published before, plus six short stories, each dealing with an unfinished episode in which the narrator was involved when he was an officer with the American Army in Europe during the Second World War. In almost every instance, the stories answer the questions: Then what happened? How did it end?

The Road from War, by Robert Shaplen (*Harper & Row, $7.95*).

A set of dispatches filed over the past five years by our correspondent in Southeast Asia. Mr. Shaplen records his own shifts in opinion and point of view as scrupulously as he reports on the military and political changes that have been taking place as we apparently move toward disengagement.

Going Steady, by Pauline Kael (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95*).

A volume of reviews and critical essays. Miss Kael, having described movies as "the most total and encompassing art form," considers them as they reflect and affect our turbulent society. While she applauds good work, she just as enthusiastically knocks pretentiousness, stupidity, cruelty, and butterfingers wherever they appear.

The Greening of America, by Charles A. Reich (*Random House, $7.95*).

Mr. Reich first describes the American "corporate state," then describes three forms of consciousness—which he calls, perhaps inevitably, Consciousness I, Consciousness II, and Consciousness III—and finally sets out to show how Consciousness III people (beginning with the young) are changing the corporate state in a revolutionary way by "seeking a new knowledge of what it means to be human, in order that the machine, having been built, may now be turned to human ends."

Constant Reader, by Dorothy Parker (*Viking, $5.95*).

Thirty-one humorous book reviews which the late Mrs. Parker wrote for this magazine a long time ago, and in which she can be seen, lightly shielded by that impersonal byline, praising a few authors and making hay of many more while the sun shines over the twenties and the early thirties.

City Life, by Donald Barthelme (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95*).

Mr. Barthelme's triple vision is made up of slapstick, urban shock, and a painful but sustaining inner sensibility. His prismatic spectacles are not dark, but they are hardly rose-colored, either. There are fourteen short stories in this collection, and many illustrations.

The Eye-Beaters, Blood, Victory, Madness, Buckhead, and Mercy, by James Dickey (*Doubleday, $4.95*).

Seventeen poems. Experimental in form, these explosions test the limits of the rational.

Justice, by Richard Harris (*Dutton, $6.95*).

A report on the Justice Department as it passed from the stewardship of Attorney General Ramsey Clark to that of Attorney General John N. Mitchell. Mr. Harris contrasts the attitudes of the men of the two crews toward wiretapping legislation, civil rights, student militants, and crime on and off the streets. He also appraises the attorneys of both teams and includes some of their appraisals of one another ("Clark's trouble was that he was philosophically concerned with the rights of the individual."—Assistant Attorney General Will Wilson).

Frank Sullivan Through the Looking Glass, by Frank Sullivan (*Doubleday, $5.95*).

A Sullivan sampler. Parodies, testimony by the cliché expert, and Christmas greetings in rhyme are among the many kinds of humorous pieces on hand. There is also a large selection of the letters Mr. Sullivan has written through the years from Saratoga to his wide and lucky circle of friends. George Oppenheimer is the selector and editor, and Marc Connelly has written an introduction.

The Aleph and Other Stories, by Jorge Luis Borges (*Dutton, $7.95*).

Twenty short stories written between 1933 and 1969. The setting of many of them appears to be Argentina, but that, along with everything else, is trompe-l'oeil; their real country of origin, of course, is Borges' own mountainous imagination, and this book is our Baedeker. Also included is an autobiographical essay that was published as a Profile in *The New Yorker*. The book was edited and translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author.

Sal Si Puedes, by Peter Matthiessen (*Random House, $6.95*).

A Profile of Cesar Chavez the Lion-Hearted, and a history of his nonviolent crusade (the strike, the boycott, the fast) to organize his fellow migratory farm workers of California, many of them Mexican-Americans, like him, into the United Farm Workers—a union all their own.

Times and Places, by Emily Hahn (*Crowell, $6.95*).

Memories of a footloose girlhood when Miss Hahn, with a degree in engineering in her pocket, set off to see the world. She describes sojourns in Africa, Japan, and, finally, China, and cheerfully tells of her experience as a short-term, thoroughly unremorseful opium addict.

Moon Rocks, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. (*Dial, $5.95*).

Mr. Cooper continues his lunar investigations. This time, the astronauts have been replaced as headliners by the scientists—geologists, physicists, chemists, and biologists—who examine the particles and dust and crumbs from outer space, and who argue over and modify their hypotheses about the moon's origin.

Bech: A Book, by John Updike (*Knopf, $5.95*).

A novel of sorts, made up of related short stories about an excruciatingly self-aware American Jewish writer and his experiences in Europe—mostly on the other side of the Iron Curtain—as a cultural missionary under the bustling management of the State Department. Mr. Updike has appended a bibliography of his hero's published works and other mock-scholarly paraphernalia.

Notebooks of a Dilettante, by Leopold Tyrmand (*Macmillan, $5.95*).

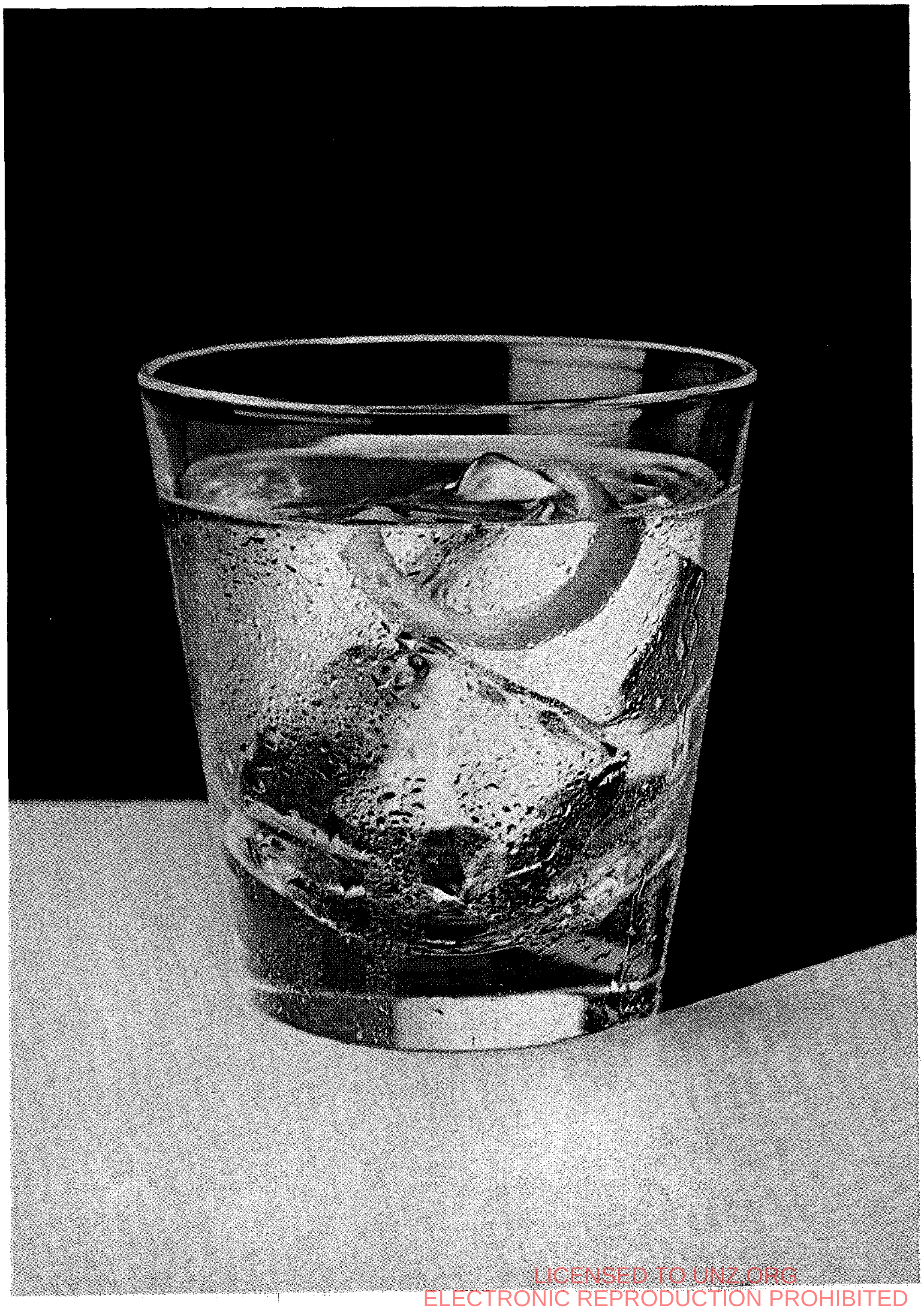
An assortment of observations, *pensées*, and reports on a number of trips and encounters around the United States and overseas. The self-styled dilettante is a Polish writer who came to this country several years ago; finding the climate—social, political, and intellectual—extraordinarily bracing after the stagnant air of Communism, he here deals head on with the "sterilized American inferiority complex."

The New Yorker Album of Art and Artists (*New York Graphic Society, $8.95*).

Artists in garrets, in museums, in studios, in love, in the chips, in trouble, and in hundreds of other contretemps—all as recorded by our own artists over the years.

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE FANCY RUM DRINKS WITHOUT THE COCONUT SHELL, STRIPED STRAWS, FRUIT JUICES, ORANGE SLICES, PLASTIC MONKEYS AND FLOWERS.

IT'S RUM-ON-THE-ROCKS. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



It may sound like the last thing you'd ever want to try. But that's only how it sounds. It's not how it tastes.

Of all straight alcoholic beverages, White Puerto Rican Rum is probably the easiest and smoothest to drink.

When you take away all the fruit juices and decorations, you discover why the fancy rum drinks taste good.

Rum tastes good.

At least, Puerto Rican Rum does.

Our rum is light and clear and dry with no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try pouring straight gin, straight vodka and White Puerto Rican Rum over ice.

Then taste each one.

The smoothness of the rum is bound to surprise you.

If you never drink your drinks on the rocks, even our rum may not make a rum-on-the-rocks drinker out of you.

But it certainly will get rid of any false impressions you have about the taste of Puerto Rican Rum.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

settle on other consumer products they are putting out. Four years ago, Robert B. Walker, then president and chairman of the board of American Tobacco and presently board chairman and chief executive officer of American Brands, delivered, before a meeting of merchandisers called the Fourteenth Annual Marketing Conference, an oration entitled "What the Chief Executive Expects from His Top Marketing Man," in which he told his audience:

> The law of the marketplace, like Darwin's Law of Evolution, is change or perish. With the persistence of the scientist, we must probe for new concepts, new insights into consumer behavior, new marketing techniques. And with the courage of the explorer, we must be willing to turn from the old that is tarnishing to the new that sparkles with promise—whether it be marketing procedures, new products, or product improvements. There's a great difference between playing not to lose and playing to win—at American Tobacco we play to win.... Gentlemen, my assignment was "What the Chief Executive Expects from His Top Marketing Man." My answer is *results*.

And now American Tobacco is part of American Brands, and the company, with Walker still at the dual controls, is deep in the fruit-juice business as well as the tobacco business, and is planning to enter the soap and hand-lotion business. As time goes by, it may be that such big and increasingly diversified tobacco companies will choose to concentrate the greater part of their promotional energies on non-tobacco but equally profitable consumer markets whose annual rate of expansion can be made at least to match the annual growth rate of the population. It is true that in Britain, where cigarette commercials on television were banned in 1965, sales of cigarettes, after an initial drop, have increased by about two per cent over a five-year period in spite of the ban, and that this increase has approximately matched the growth of the adult population of Britain. But the British and American cigarette-marketing experiences are not readily comparable, and television advertising and promotion never did play as big a role in Britain as it has played here. Considering that even with commercial television, into which the American tobacco industry has poured at least a billion and a quarter advertising dollars just since the time of the Surgeon General's report, the industry has failed to keep its sales increasing at the same rate as the adult population, the question arises how well the industry can maintain its economic position over the long run without this constant aural and visual bombardment of consumers by way of the home screen. Once the marketing of cigarettes falls below a certain threshold of profitability, a great deal of the promotional force that has been behind the selling of this product is likely to be dissipated. And without continuing high-pressure campaigns to make cigarette smoking appear socially acceptable and desirable, the place of the habit in American life may steadily decline.

In the meantime, people who in the past have not been associated with the exercise of much direct power in American life (statisticians, cancer scientists, public-interest lawyers, teachers, public-service advertising men) and a small number of senators, their staff people, and some conscientious public servants in regulatory or other agencies, persevering through years of discouragement, have slowly but tellingly gathered momentum. And this force has become sufficient to help reverse—against all the money and the machinery of mass persuasion and the commercial and political influence of a most formidable American industry, against the vast inertia of government, even against the habituation, reluctant or otherwise, of millions of regular smokers—the growth of a vast and, it once seemed, almost universally accepted and apparently ineradicable personal custom. Nothing quite like this large-scale change in personal behavior has ever been accomplished before in the history of the American consumer state. It may well be that the power inherent in these individual efforts on behalf of public health and against the merchandising of illusions bearing dangerous consequences is, collectively, a precursor of a far greater power now accumulating. To an increasing degree, citizens of the consumer state seem to be perceiving their ability to turn upon their manipulators, to place widespread abuses of commercial privilege under the prohibition of laws that genuinely do protect the public, and, in effect, to give back to the people a sense of controlling their own lives.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

The objective of this work has been to establish optimum approach and departure paths for VTOL terminal operations. The VTOL vehicle was modeled as a point mass moving in a vertical plane acted upon by thrust, gravity, lift, and drag.... Two previous studies using the same analytical model have shown that the unconstrained optimum calls for the aircraft to dive underground during both the initial acceleration after takeoff and the final deceleration prior to landing. In this work the aircraft has been constrained not to descend below the ground.
—*Journal of Aircraft.*

Wha's matter? Y'losing your nerve?

What's on first makes all the difference for what comes after. Our bodybriefer is just a bit of stretch Antron® nylon-and-spandex, smooth as your own skin, with a snap of a closing. In beige, white or lilac, for 32 to 36, one cup size, $10. From our Foundations Collections. Please add 75c for handling mail or phone orders.

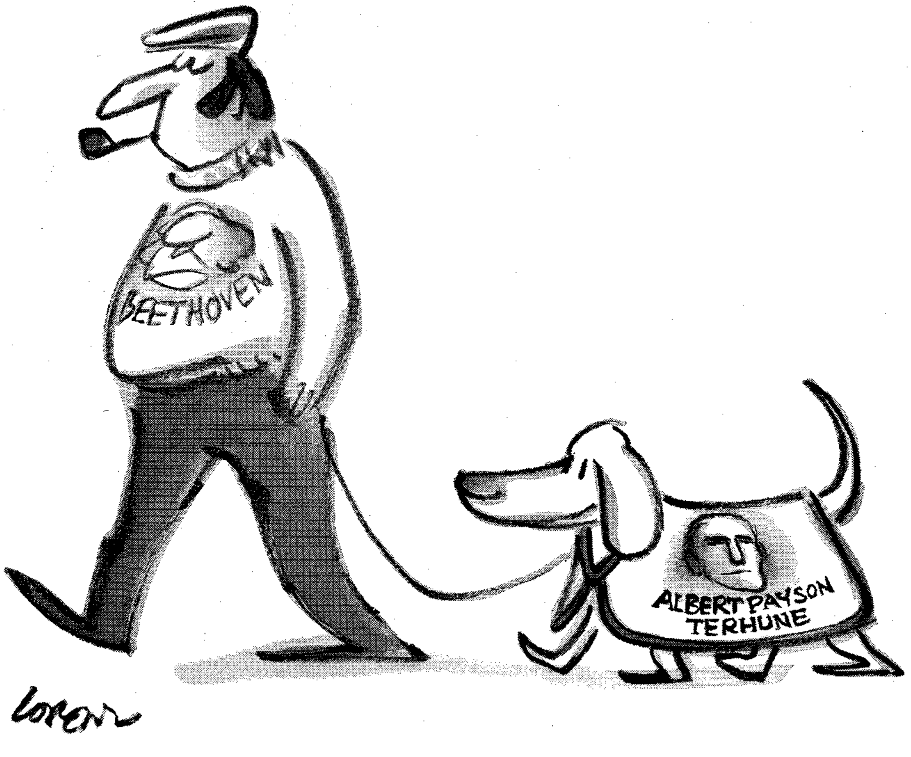
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

THE THEATRE

SAD MIDDLE YEARS

NEIL SIMON'S new play, "The Gingerbread Lady," at the Plymouth, is a curiously old-fashioned affair. It is a cautionary tale in three acts, with a conventional beginning, middle, and end, stapled together by telephones ringing, doorbells buzzing, and frequent expository passages in which the characters point out to one another why it is that they behave as they do. The play could just as well have been called "The Drunkard's Fate," or, with a more appropriate nineteenth-century amplitude, "A Few Hours in the Life of a Miserable Forty-Three-Year-Old Alcoholic and Nymphomaniac and What Befalls Her When the Only Two Friends She Has in the World, Themselves Both Misfits, Come on Ill Times of Their Own, and a Teen-Age Daughter Simultaneously Decides to Take Charge of Her Mother's Rehabilitation." It is characteristic of the Victorian flavor of Mr. Simon's melodrama that he appears to believe in his heroine's plight as a nymphomaniac. Over the years, I have observed that this complaint is diagnosed with more confidence by writers than by doctors, and it is certainly the case that the clinical evidence for its existence is much less abundant than the literary evidence. It is made sufficiently plain to us that the heroine of "The Gingerbread Lady" is a drunk, but her sexual difficulties would seem to have more to do with an enforced abstinence than with compulsive overactivity: she was faithful to a single lover for many months, up to the moment when he harshly abandoned her, and she describes that period as the happiest of her life. Be all that as it may, she is indeed a sorry figure, and there is little more hope for her at the end of the play than at the start. Her doom echoes that of the protagonists of "Babylon Revisited," "The Lost Weekend," "A Star Is Born," and many another story of steps going down.

Though he remains an industrious and successful fabricator of wisecracks and even, from time to time, of witticisms, Mr. Simon has attempted on this occasion to write a serious play. Unfortunately, what he has written is not serious but earnest. The apprehension of life manifested in "The Gingerbread Lady" is neither fresh nor bold; it is as if it had been seized but feebly and at second hand. It is possible for writers of talent to make comedy out of the banal, but it takes a Beckett to make tragedy out of it. Mr. Simon has provided the banality and has strangely refused to assume an attitude toward it; the refusal prompts us to wonder whether he realizes how very banal his material is. In any event, the play comes to life only fitfully, when the actors by their virtuosity outwit their jaded lines and so momentarily outwit us. Maureen Stapleton is gallant and fierce and touching as a Judy Garland-like faded singing star, and Michael Lombard is scarcely less touching as a sort of would-be has-been of an actor. (The best writing in "The Gingerbread Lady" is the scene in which he describes his being fired from a bit part in a terrible play three days before opening night.) Also admirable in their not very substantial roles are Betsy von Furstenberg, as the star's friend, and Ayn Ruymen, as her daughter. The direction of the play is by Robert Moore—on opening night there was far more shouting back and forth onstage than I thought necessary, but perhaps that was only because it was opening night—and the excellent single set is by David Hays. —BRENDAN GILL



OFF BROADWAY

Up in Central Park

RARELY have the words "honest" and "honesty" been tossed around a stage with more abandon than they are in "Foreplay," a homosexual drama about a man who has been married for seven years and has recently found out (though he has suspected it for some time) that he prefers men to women. He has left his wife in the suburbs, without telling her why, and come to New York to move in with a colleague at his office while he looks for a man and a place of his own. In the course of the action at the Bijou, he faces his wife, tells her the truth about himself, and finds a lover, but there has been no time for real estate. The play is shoddy stuff—badly written and much given to moralizing, persuasion, and those awful, italicized star-spangled jokes. (Pearl Bailey and Lena Horne have now replaced Judy Garland.) Nevertheless, there is one good scene in which the hero brings back to his friend's apartment a young man he has just picked up in Central Park. Both of them are tentative and uneasy, partly frightened of emotion and partly searching for it, and, as quietly and subtly acted by Sam Stoneburner and Alan Castner, it is quite convincing. Nicholas Rock was the director.

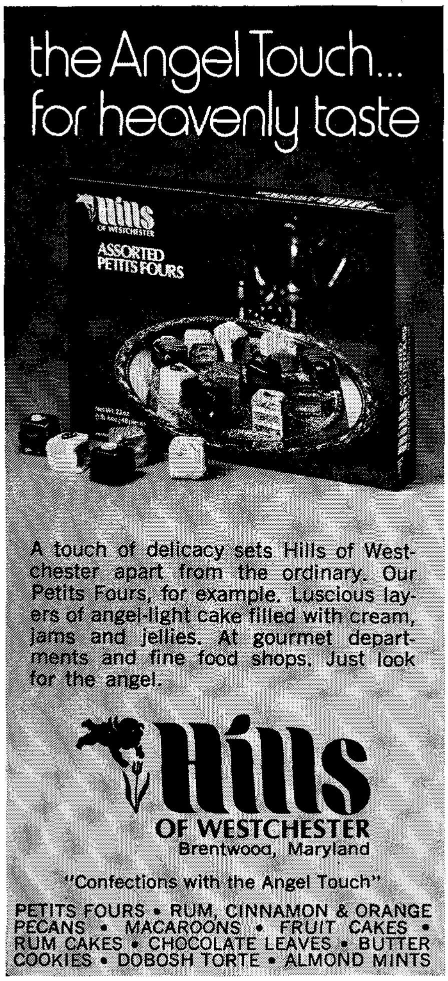
—EDITH OLIVER

NOILLY PRAT
EXTRA DRY
APPOINTMENT TO
MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE PRODUCERS
NOILLY PRAT & CIE
NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
MAISON FONDEE EN 1813
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & Cie
ANCIENNE MAISON Ls NOILLY FILS & Cie
MARSEILLE
R. Paradis 167
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Produced and Bottled by NOILLY PRAT & Co. MARSEILLE FRANCE
Contents: 1 pint 14 Fluid ounces Alcohol by volume 19%
Sole Agents in the United States of America
BROWNE-VINTNERS Co. NEW-YORK 22, N.Y.
MARQUE DEPOSEE
IMPORTED FROM
ITALY
GRAN TORINO
TORINO, ITALY
SWEET
ITALIAN
VERMOUTH
MARCA REGISTRATA
Made by NOILLY PRAT TORINO
EST. 1813
BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY
SOLE IMPORTERS FOR U.S.A.
NEW YORK

Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., Browne-Vintners Div., NYC.

Who'd know more about making a sweet vermouth than Noilly Prat, creators of the world's first dry vermouth.

GRAN TORINO SWEET. MADE BY NOILLY PRAT.


the Angel Touch... for heavenly taste

A touch of delicacy sets Hills of Westchester apart from the ordinary. Our Petits Fours, for example. Luscious layers of angel-light cake filled with cream, jams and jellies. At gourmet departments and fine food shops. Just look for the angel.

Hills OF WESTCHESTER
Brentwood, Maryland

"Confections with the Angel Touch"

PETITS FOURS • RUM, CINNAMON & ORANGE PECANS • MACAROONS • FRUIT CAKES • RUM CAKES • CHOCOLATE LEAVES • BUTTER COOKIES • DOBOSH TORTE • ALMOND MINTS

Aruba

Rhymes with scuba. Wander through prehistoric caves at Fontein and Quadirikiri. Stroll through the Balashi Gold Mill. Sip Iguana soup. Then dine on 20-course rijstaffel. Try your luck in a casino. Aruba is very much Dutch. With modern resorts. And a language called Papiamento. And lovely neighbors like Bonaire and Curacao.

The 8th Continent of the World®
The Caribbean

WH
Caribbean Travel Association
20 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017

Please send me your sensational free guidebook that really covers Aruba and all the French, Dutch, Spanish and English islands in the Eighth Continent.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________State______Zip______

THE RACE TRACK

High Dollar

LAST week brought the end of another New York season, in the course of which a lot of people—6,575,868—went racing at Aqueduct, Belmont Park, and Saratoga, and bet $742,750,080 in the tote. Intimidated by such figures, I hesitate to say more than that it was a golden year for the New York Racing Association, which puts on the show, and a platinum one for the State Treasury, which taxes the pari-mutuel handle ten per cent. Actually, it was a year more likely to be remembered for its disappointments (too many to be listed here) than for the fine performances of its outstanding racers—Fort Marcy and Ta Wee.

Though nothing more than a routine Monday program was offered, and the Big A was more like an icebox than usual, a crowd of over thirty-five thousand had a high old time on getaway day. The lines in front of the fifty-dollar windows in the grandstand were as long as those in front of the five-dollar windows. Johnny Campo saddled three winners—Gleaming Light and two others—bringing his total for the year at the local tracks to a hundred and one, which is nice going for a young man who only a few seasons ago was rubbing Wheatley Stable and Phipps horses for Eddie Neloy. Aficionados who follow Baeza did all right, too. He rode three winners. And that's all from Aqueduct until it opens on March 8, 1971.

THE happiest man in racing last weekend was Peter Fuller, because after all this time his Dancer's Image was legally recognized as the winner of the 1968 Kentucky Derby. On Friday, Circuit Court Judge Henry Meigs, in Frankfort, Kentucky, ruled that chemical evidence failed to show the presence of an illegal medication in the colt when he won the race, and that other evidence presented was "wholly lacking in substance and relevant consequence." This nullified the order of the Kentucky State Racing Commission awarding first money of $122,600 to Forward Pass, who finished second. As you may remember, the finding of the chemist who made the analysis was that Dancer's Image had had traces of Butazolidin, a pain-killing but nonstimulating drug, in his system when he ran in the Derby. This, of course, was a violation of the rules of racing, and the commission ordered the prize money redistributed, but, curiously, left the placings unchanged. So Fuller took the case to the courts, where it has been ever since. Whether the commission will take it to the State Court of Appeals or forget the whole thing will be decided at its next meeting. By all odds, this was Fuller's round.

But you can't win 'em all. Fuller's Northern Jove ran second, lengths behind New Round, in the Heritage Stakes, for two-year-olds, at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia on Saturday. Despite the rain, there was a crowd of 15,319 and a mutuel handle of $1,839,507, topping the business at both Laurel and Tropical Park that afternoon. So it goes.

THIS department's Christmas list consists of only a couple of books, but they would be tops in any year. One is "The Thoroughbred," by Peter Willett (Putnam). It traces the evolution of racing in England, in this country, and in eleven other countries, and it is delightfully written. It is beautifully illustrated, too, with pages and pages in color by great artists and with many prints and photographs in black-and-white. The price is twelve dollars and ninety-five cents. In case you'd like to know how horses were handled in the seventeenth century, Winchester Press has brought out "A General System of Horsemanship," by William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, which was first published in 1658. It's a facsimile of the London edition of 1743, and it is one of the handsomest as well as one of the most interesting books on the subject I've come across (twenty-five dollars). And C. W. Anderson and the Macmillan Company have done another collection of prints of his favorite horse—Man o' War. You'll like them, I think.

THREE hundred and sixty-five lucky days in 1971!

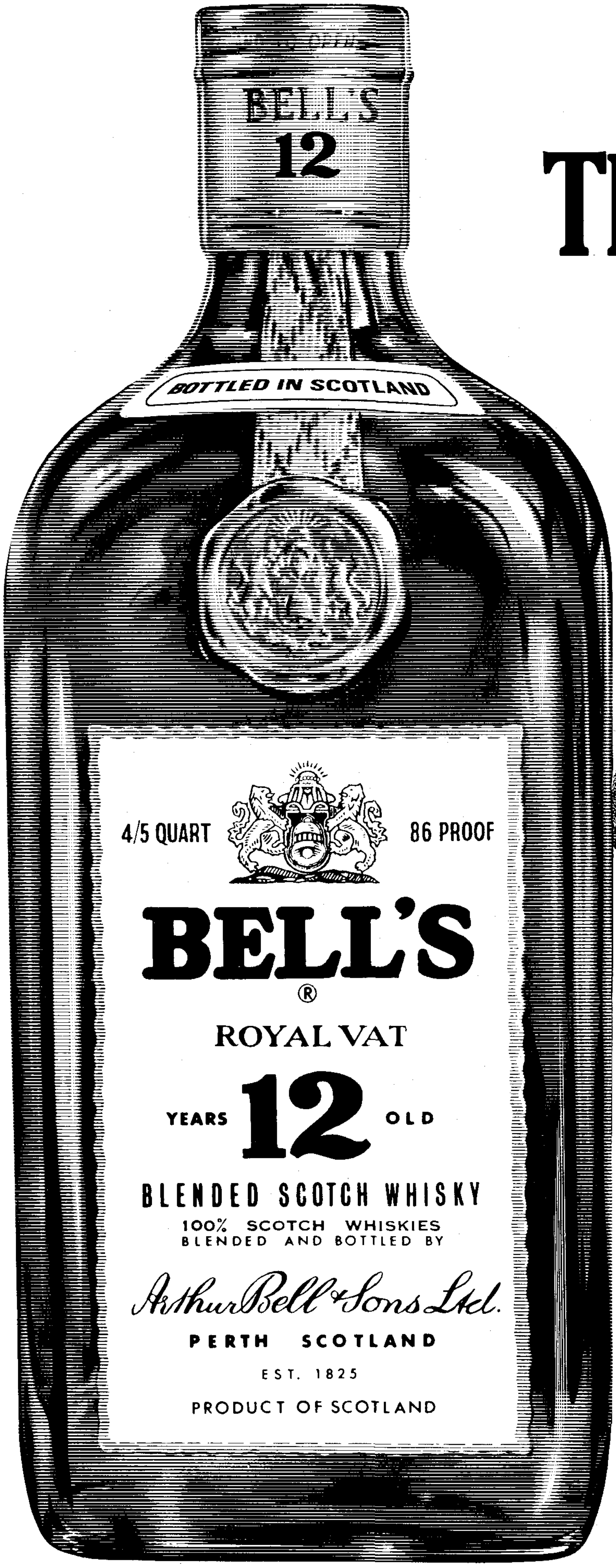
—AUDAX MINOR

•

HARD TIMES DEPARTMENT

[*From the News*]

"People are buying less expensive gifts than last year," said Walter Hoving, chairman of Tiffany Co. "We expect very few sales of individual items over $100,000."


BELL'S
12
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
BELL'S
®
ROYAL VAT
YEARS 12 OLD
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Arthur Bell & Sons Ltd.
PERTH SCOTLAND
EST. 1825
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

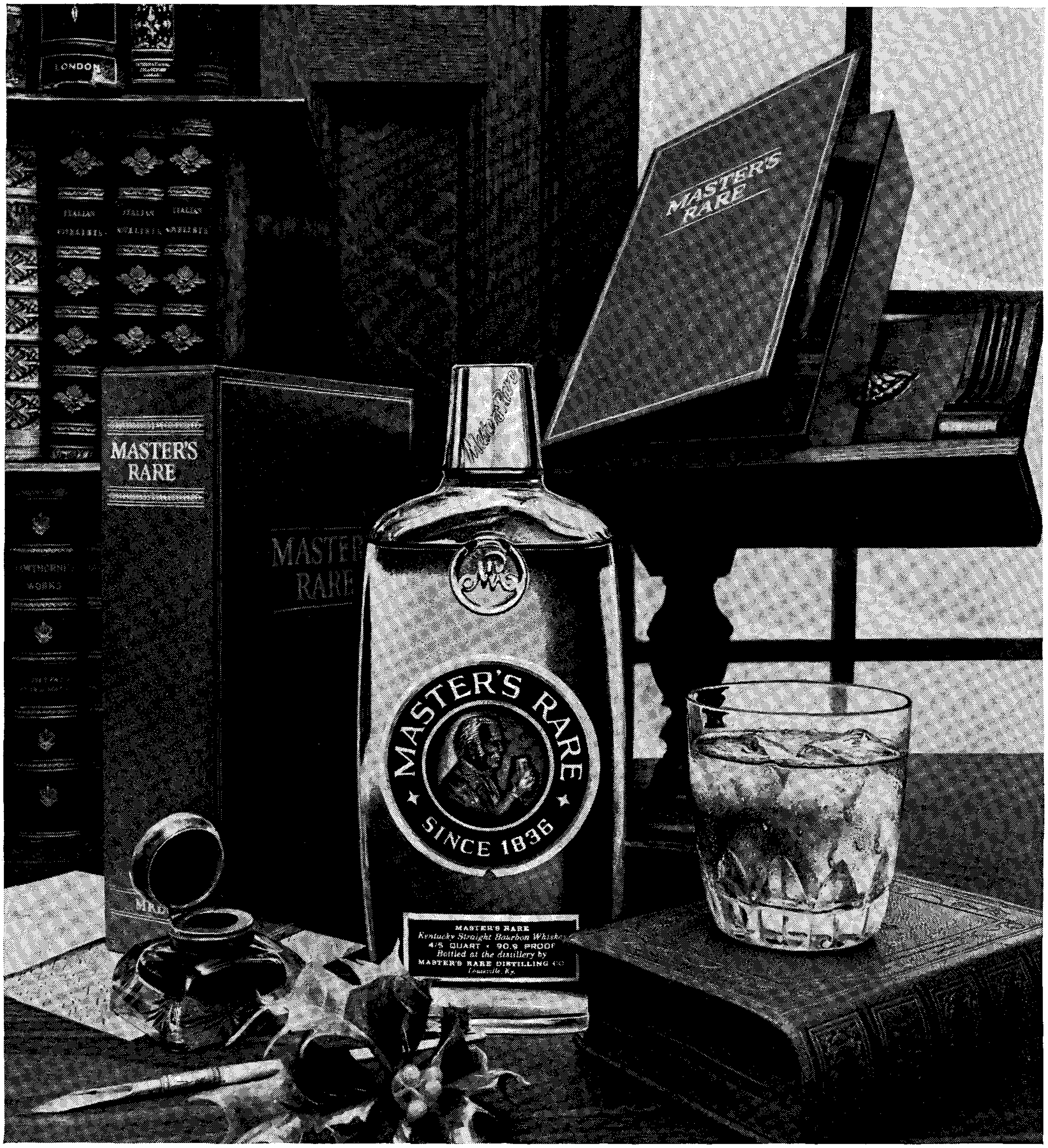
The Scots' Scotch.

The Scots themselves have made Bell's the best-selling brand of Scotch in all of Scotland—for taste, satisfaction and value. If this fact doesn't impress you, don't let it deter you. Try Bell's yourself. Also available in 8 and 20 year old.

Available in an attractive holiday gift carton.

The No.1 selling Scotch in Scotland.

The Scots' One. 86 proof Scotch Whisky. Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Imported by the James B. Beam Import Corp., New York, N.Y.


LONDON
MASTER'S RARE
MASTER'S RARE
MASTER'S RARE
MASTER'S RARE
SINCE 1836
MASTER'S RARE
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
4/5 QUART • 90.9 PROOF
Bottled at the distillery by
MASTER'S RARE DISTILLING CO
Louisville, Ky.

Give this classic to the well bred.

Master's Rare is made only for the connoisseur of full-bodied Kentucky Bourbon.

For the knowledgeable Bourbon man who can appreciate the bouquet of burnished bronze and honeyed leather. The taste of soft suede and charred oak. And the color of ambered ice and autumn twilight. He is the only man for whom a gift of Master's Rare is worth the price.

Now, one gentle reminder about Master's Rare Kentucky Bourbon: Not much of it is around anytime of year. Master's Rare is strictly a limited Bourbon. So don't delay.

It's like purchasing a limited edition of a very old classic. (Now handsomely bound and beautifully gift wrapped in a classic book edition at no extra cost to you.)

MASTER'S RARE
The Classic Kentucky Bourbon

A rare edition of 90.9 proof Kentucky Bourbon with the original sour-mash recipe of 1836.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

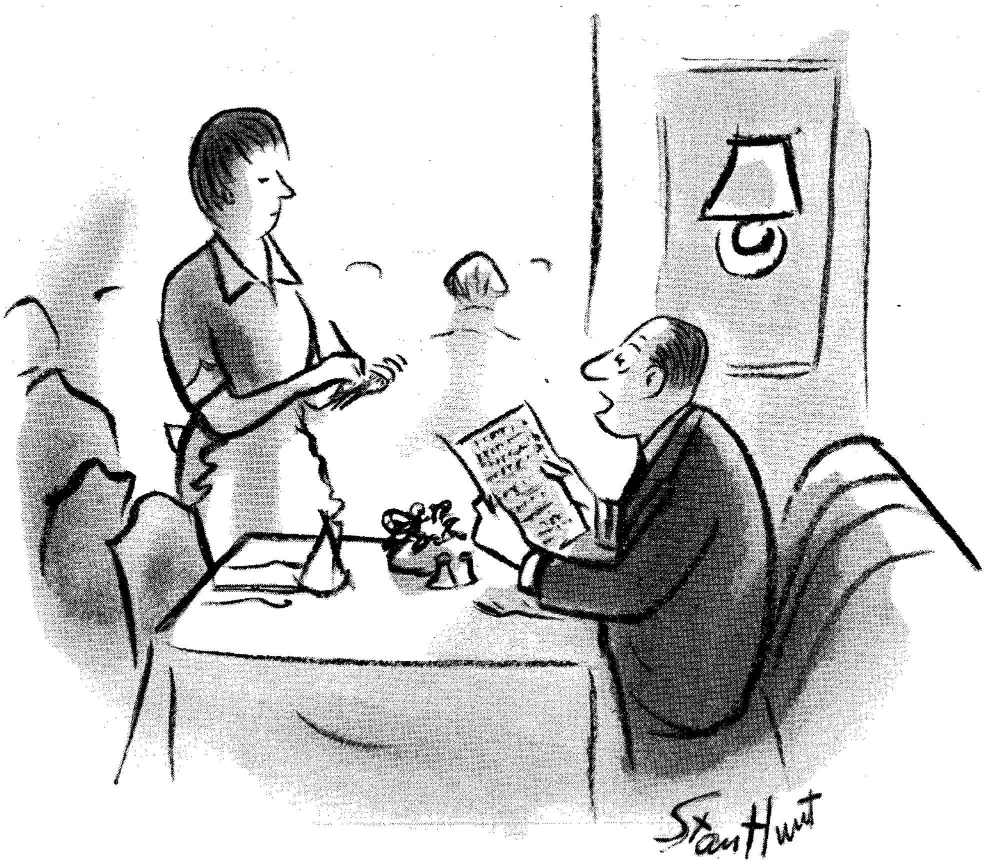
GIFTS FOR MEN

WE recently read in the *Times* about a group called Men's Liberation, Inc., whose aim is to free men from their traditional role of "all-powerful provider" and embolden them to cry, complain, feel sorry for themselves, and change their minds. The members of Men's Lib say they are tired of "having to prove our masculinity twenty-four hours a day" and believe that if their cause should prevail, "outmoded concepts would disappear in the face of reality." They point out that "some men would rather operate a vacuum cleaner than fix a faucet; some women have greater mechanical skills than their husbands," and maintain that "neither sex should be tied to traditional patterns." We'd like to shake (or kiss?) the hands of these free spirits, and only wish more men were so outspoken. It was beginning to look as if the stern feminist charges of male "oppression" and "exploitation" must be only too true, since no man stood up to answer them. But Men's Lib makes clear how little inclined men are to that sort of thing. While women have been noisily demanding men's traditional prerogatives, men have been wistfully coveting women's. While women want to work and run things, men want to vacuum and weep, and surely both should be permitted to fulfill their aspirations. Whether *anyone* will end up much happier as a result of his or her sociosexual transmogrification remains to be seen. But in one area of life, at least—that of Christmas presents—men unquestionably stand to gain from their emancipation. They will be spared the repellently "manly" presents that even wife-beaters pale at the sight of on Christmas morning, and gain access to the normal, useful, asexual gifts that even Redstockings and WITCHes receive without complaint.

A new vacuum cleaner has come on the market that is sure to please the liberated man who receives it for Christmas. It is made by a Japanese company named Sanyo, and it is an exemplary machine: powerful, compact, cleverly designed, easy to use, and not bad-looking. It is twenty-one inches long, six inches high, and four inches wide, and in profile it resembles a miniature station wagon. It has all the "features" we have come to expect in an up-to-date vacuum cleaner—a cord that retracts into the body of the machine at the click of a button, provision for vacuuming rugs and wooden floors with the same brush, and a compartment for extra attachments right in the machine, plus a kink of its very own: disposable vacuum-cleaner bags are not used in the Sanyo machine; instead, a permanent cloth bag can be lifted out, emptied, and slipped back into place with none of the difficulty that disposable bags cause. The procedure is so simple that the dial on top of the machine to warn the user when the bag is full seems unnecessary, because it's no chore to empty the bag after each vacuuming. The machine is called the Deluxe Model, and the price is $60 at Macy's. The Sanyo company also makes a small portable vacuum cleaner with a self-storing retractable hose and a shoulder strap. We're not altogether sure what a portable vacuum cleaner is in aid of. Perhaps to take along on trips to dirty foreign countries, or maybe to accompany a house-proud Don Juan on each of his short-lived love affairs. The portable costs $30 and is available at neighborhood hardware stores.

A left-handed chap who has trouble ironing because the cord is on the wrong side for him would appreciate a Proctor Silex steam iron with the cord on the left side that is available at a shop called The Left Hand, 145 East 27th Street, for $19.95. The Left Hand also has pens, scissors, teapots, corkscrews, golf clubs, watches, mugs, pot holders, baseball mitts, potato peelers, and boomerangs, all of which have been specially altered to suit the sinister. A recording of Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand and posters of such famous leftists as Rock Hudson, Tiny Tim, and David are also for sale at this unusual shop, whose owner, a young southpaw named June Gittleson, never lets the word "right" cross her lips.

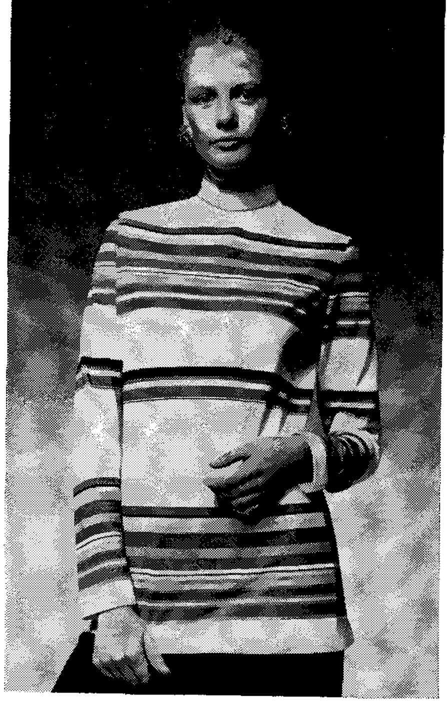
Mrs. Beeton's famous "The Book of Household Management," first published in 1861 in London, was recently reprinted in a facsimile edition by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($15), and would be a pleasant distraction for to-



"On the Special Luncheon, I'll have the single crabcake, coleslaw, French fries, rolls and butter, bread pudding, and coffee. No substitutions. Dot, dot, dot, dot, $2.65."

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Tangy stripings. Great sun fare in the easiest-to-care-for Dacron® polyester knit of white-red-navy-green-orange. Washable, natch, for 8 to 16 sizes, $20. Blouse Collections. Add 75c for handling mail, phone orders.



HOTEL EL CONVENTO IN OLD SAN JUAN. SWITCHED-ON SPAIN.

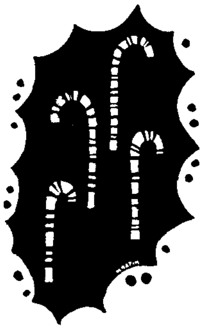
Listen. To the cool sound of laughter. The warm sound of fun. The sizzle of paella stirred in its chafing dish. The splash of a fountain in the courtyard. The tinkle of ice at cocktail time on the terrace. The soft rustle of attentive service. And the click of castanets. Tune in. Switch on. Come down. See your travel agent or call: in New York (212) TN 7-1450; in Los Angeles (213) 461-3541.

Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

day's busy *Hausherr*. It is customary for publishers to speak of books that no one reads all the way through as "social documents." Skimming through Mrs. Beeton's eleven-hundred-and-twelve-page social document—the bulk of which is taken up with recipes for substantial Victorian food—is as rewarding for a student of the ludicrous as it is for one of the Victorian Age, and we especially commend to the former's attention the passages concerning the morals of the animals that are used in the preparation of the dishes. "I have followed the animal from his birth to his appearance on the table," Mrs. Beeton reports in her preface, and after a recipe for roast duck she writes, "It is to be regretted that domestication has seriously deteriorated the moral character of the duck. In a wild state, he is a faithful husband, desiring but one wife, and devoting himself to her; but no sooner is he domesticated than he becomes polygamous, and makes nothing of owning ten or a dozen wives at a time." The pig is chastised for "the grossness of his feeding, the large amount of aliment he consumes, his gluttonous way of eating it . . . his slothful habits, laziness, and indulgence in sleep." The author approvingly cites the Mosaic stricture against the eating of the flesh of this reprehensible animal, but points out that "the Jews, with their usual perversity and violation of the divine commands, seem afterwards to have ignored the prohibition; for, unless they ate pork, it is difficult to conceive for what purpose they kept droves of swine, as from the circumstance recorded in Matthew xviii 32, when Jesus was in Galilee, and the devils, cast out of the two men, were permitted to enter the herd of swine that were feeding on the hills in the neighborhood of the Sea of Tiberias, it is very evident they did." Only the "lymphatic and contented" sheep and mosses ("Even in winter we find them enlivening, by their verdure, the cold bosom of Nature") win Mrs. Beeton's approbation. The chapters concerning servants are more chilling than entertaining ("The housemaid . . . will certainly be at her work by six o'clock in the summer, and, probably, half past six or seven in the winter months. . . . Earlier than this would, probably, be an unnecessary waste of coals and candle in winter"). In the section on medicine, this treatment for being struck by lightning is given: "Same as for drowning. It is not, however, of much use; for when death takes place at all, it is generally instantaneous."



THE almost indecent haste with which men are moving to abdicate their position of social superiority may have something to do with the nature of today's work, which makes most men feel anything but all-powerful. Most jobs are not personally satisfying, and many of the husbands who cook and clean and baby-tend after work and on weekends undoubtedly do so as much in order to achieve the sense of usefulness and wholesomeness that is lacking in their nine-to-five occupations as out of uxoriousness or egalitarianism. When women gain access to all the dull, frustrating, or contemptible jobs now open only to men, they, too, may see housework in a different light. But domesticity is only one outlet for the unused energies of American men. An even more popular solution to the problem of being gainfully but unhappily employed is to become a collector. In the last twenty years, a collecting boom has taken place such as this country has never previously seen. In the past, collectors were rich men; today they are clerks, salesmen, factory workers, bus drivers. And the democratization of collectors has been accompanied by the democratization of the things collected. Collections are no longer limited to rare and costly relics of the distant past, and what is considered collectible today may be anything from nineteenth-century fish-paste-jar lids to barbed wire. That there are more than a hundred and fifty thousand collectors of barbed wire in this country seems scarcely believable, but it is so, and after reading a book on the subject entitled "The Wire That Fenced the West," by Henry D. and Frances T. McCallum (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95), we are almost persuaded to start a barbed-wire collection of our own. The settlement of the West created a fencing problem so pressing that by the eighteen-seventies, according to the historian Walter Prescott Webb, "questions pertaining to fencing occupied more space in the public prints in the prairie and plain states than any other issue—political, military, or economic." The West lacked the natural fencing materials of the East and South (stones in the East and wood in the South), and experiments with trenches and multi-floral hedges proved impractical. Necessity seems to be the mother of multiple invention. Suddenly, in the seventies, scores of people simultaneously invented barbed wire. The legal and human dilemmas that followed upon the rash of patents filed for armored fencing occupy the McCallums in the first part of their work. Part II is concerned with the social and economic impact of the invention. Barbed wire exacerbated the conflict between farmers and cattlemen in the West, and hastened the end of the open range. The vicious and hurtful nature of early barbed wire (it was later modified to be more easily seen and more benign) and the insufficiency of grazing land caused by enclosure led to crises in the Western states as dramatic as those depicted in Western movies. "The Wire That Fenced the West" is not the best-written or best-organized book we've ever read, but it is one of those books in which a single special subject has been so sedulously worked up, and is such a patent source of interest and pleasure to the authors, that the reader can't help being beguiled and drawn into its world.

After reading "The Wire That Fenced the West," we set out to find some specimens of barbed wire for sale in town (over four hundred different kinds are believed to exist), and Sydney Strange's Antique Exchange, 855 Second Avenue (46th)—a shop that specializes in "antiques for men"—seemed a likely source. But on hearing our request Mr. Strange looked pained and shook his head. "I feel about barbed wire the way I feel about modern art and modern music," he told us. "I don't like it. I won't touch it." Mr. Strange drew our attention to a wall of his shop on which was displayed a handsome collection of antique tools, including woodworking, farming, surveying, nautical, and medical implements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the last few years, he told us, antique-tool collecting has changed from a small special interest to an extremely popular field, and prices have risen accordingly, and will probably continue to rise. In "A Museum of Early American Tools," Eric Sloane observes, "Like the nails on a beast's paws, the old tools were so much an extension of a man's hand or an added appendage to his arm, that the resulting workmanship seemed to flow directly from the body of the maker and to carry something of himself into the work." There is indeed something about the old tools that our plastic-handled implements lack, both in looks and in feel in the hand, and, besides their significance as relics of more craftsmanly times than

The gentle sun, the chalky soil of France's Côte des Blancs.

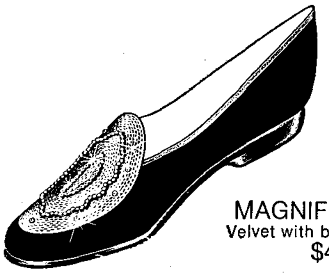
The delicate first pressing of only the most perfect white Chardonnay grapes.

Epluchage, the old world art of meticulously selecting each grape by hand to assure perfection.

This is Taittinger Blanc de Blancs Champagne.

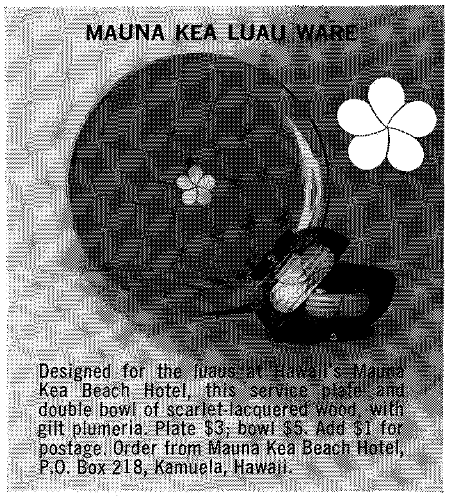
Incomparable
TAITTINGER CHAMPAGNE
FROM FRANCE, BY KOBRAND, N.Y.

Hand made
De Busschere



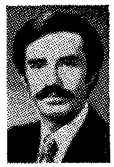
MAGNIFIQUE
Velvet with beading
$49.50

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.



MAUNA KEA LUAU WARE
Designed for the luaus at Hawaii's Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, this service plate and double bowl of scarlet-lacquered wood, with gilt plumeria. Plate $3; bowl $5. Add $1 for postage. Order from Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, P.O. Box 218, Kamuela, Hawaii.

Steaks renowned
'round the world
. . . the choice of
discerning gourmets
Bruno's
Pen and Pencil
Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660



John C. Bruno

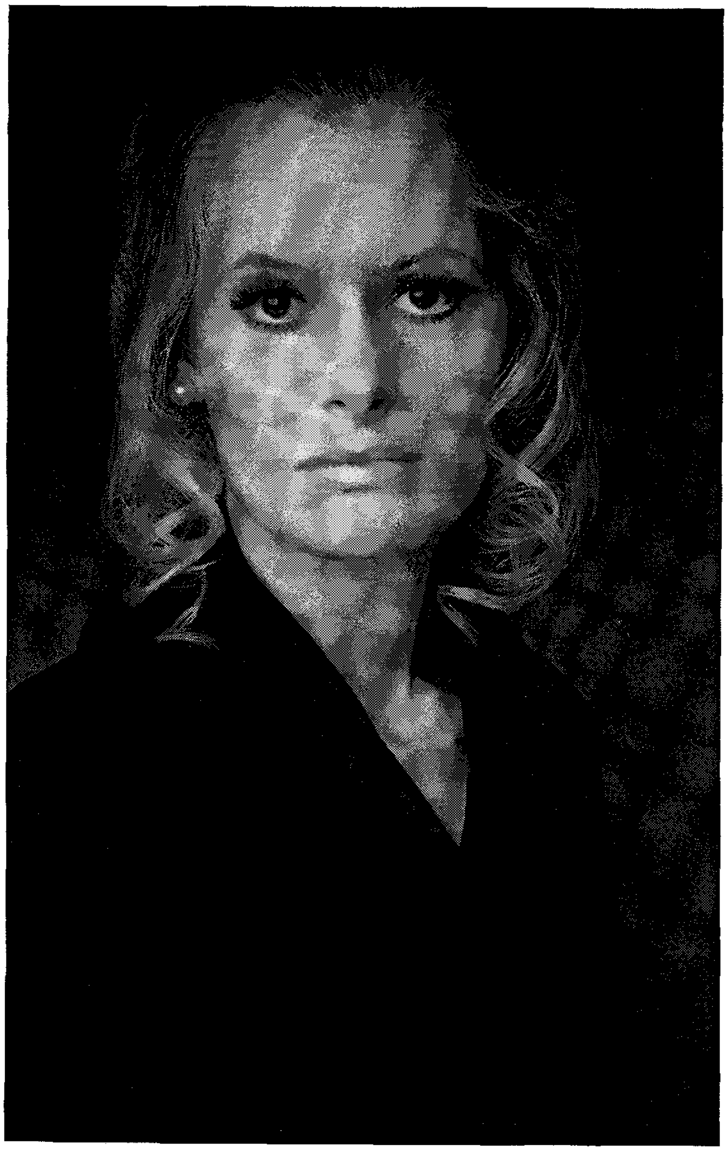
our own, these antiques satisfy today's functionalist aesthetic, and are often collected simply as beautiful objects. Mr. Strange has the largest collection of antique tools in town, and he will go to lengths to find rarities or items in particular categories that collectors are in quest of. Recently, he acquired a complete cooper's equipage, and everything needed to make a barrel is there. Other recent acquisitions are an 1842 jack for a Conestoga wagon that might conceivably be used today to change a tire on a Volkswagen, and a lovely, mellow hickory hay fork that puts one in mind of "American Gothic."

Mr. Strange was not always an antique dealer. He used to be a bandleader at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe and later played the saxophone with Lester Lanin and Meyer Davis, but he became "tired of grinding out music for people to dance to," and went into his present business, with which he is enormously satisfied. George Karger, another contented antique dealer who used to be less happily employed (as a magazine photographer), now owns a wonderful shop at 1145½ Second Avenue (60th), filled with objects that have in common only the fact that Mr. Karger finds them interesting. He pointed out a carved and painted wooden figure that looks a bit like Lincoln and is supposed to be the Scottish god of lightning. The statue, which served as a shop sign in the middle of the eighteenth century, wears a miniskirt and boots, and has a dour, glazed expression on his face; he stands fifty-nine inches high and costs $2,250. We next inspected a handsome nineteenth-century French wooden model of a horse devised for artists, which has movable parts that can be adjusted to show the animal galloping, trotting, rearing, standing, or whatever; it is twenty-two inches tall, is mounted on two brass rods, and costs $1,350. A solid-oak butcher block that looks like a parody of characterful authenticity—so bashed and warped and split and axe-marked is it—costs $300. A graceful, unusual implement whose long wooden handle terminates in a basketlike arrangement of steel prongs is an antique potato hook or clam shovel; it costs $120. A large, heavy piece of metal equipment called a book press was used in Victorian offices for copying letters into ledgers. The open ledger and the letter to be copied (which was written with a special ink) were moistened and placed between the device's two heavy plates and pressed together by means of a screw device on top. Mr. Karger's book press costs $240, and is a fine example of the nineteenth-century functionalism that was largely ignored during the period of reaction against historicism and, now that the design revolution is consolidated, is being rediscovered. Another such piece is a steel milk can (twenty-six inches high, sixteen inches across at the bottom, and twelve inches across at the top) with side handles, a brass crest, and a nameplate inscribed with the name of an English milk company; $375.

At The Hawk Antiques, 1312 Madison Avenue (93rd), several book presses are for sale, at from $150 to $400 (for one that comes with a stand). A handsome cast-iron scale, circa 1890, decorated with a British lion standing on his hind legs and leaning a paw against the motto "Justice and Strength," lacks its marble weighing pan, and is priced at $70. An early-nineteenth-century forged-iron griddle is thirteen and a half inches in diameter, and is very heavy, and ravaged, and appealing. It can be hung by its round handle, and the price is $32. The Hawk's cast-iron toffee hammer is a miniature hammer with a hole at the end for hanging, and the inscription "For Toffee" cast into its handle; $15.

At Le Vieux Monde, 94 Charles Street (near Bleecker), we found a light-mahogany box, seven and three-quarters inches long, five and a quarter inches wide, and two inches deep, lined with blue velvet and filled with drafting instruments. The box has a brass faceplate on the lid, and belonged to a nineteenth-century English draftsman; $40. A long and narrow oak box (six and a half inches by fourteen and a half), circa 1840, with a brass top handle and nothing in it, is offered for $35. It, too, is English, and so is a stained-pine slant-top writing box, fifteen inches long, seventeen inches wide, and eight inches high, made in 1816 and priced at $65. Le Vieux Monde's French sheep-branding irons are numbers set at right angles to a long handle; they are made of forged iron and cost $12. They would be handy for making *crème brûlée*.

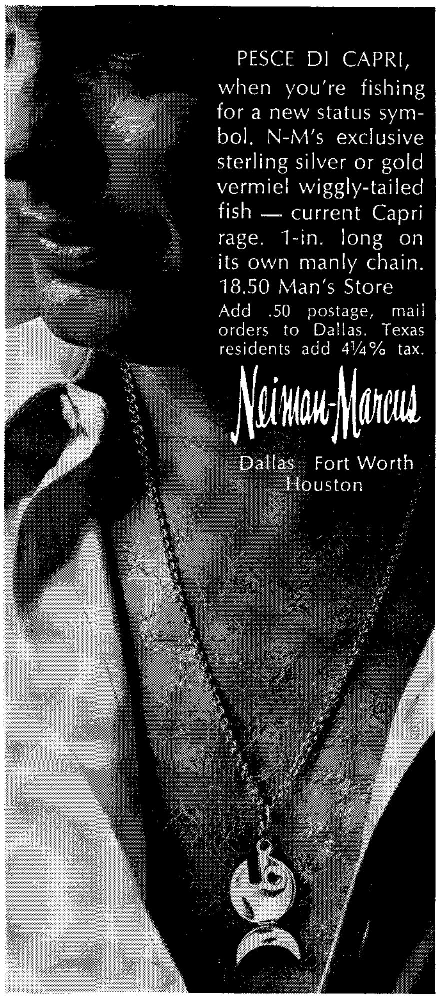
At Allan L. Daniel's apartment on Central Park West, we contemplated a delightful nineteenth-century primitive painting—an allegory on the relative merits of bachelorhood and the married state. The painting is split down the middle and shows two interiors, each of which has a clock on the wall that says 3 and a man who has just come in through the door. The bachelor is greeted by his terrier and the sight of an orderly, cheering apartment with pictures of complaisant nudes on the walls and a table set with glasses and a liquor bottle. The married man, holding his boots in his hand, is greeted by his shrewish wife, who is in a nightgown and is shaking her fist; behind her are a messy room and a sleeping baby. The painting is done in a dainty, naïve style, and has a kind of Surrealistic quality; the artist is J. Josephs, and the price is $1,200. Almost everything in Mr. Daniel's apartment is for sale. He is an antique dealer who has no shop and lets the American antiques and folk-art objects he purveys serve as furniture and decoration for the apartment that he shares with his wife, three small children, and an *au-pair* girl at 300 Central Park West (90th), where he can be seen by appointment. The phone number is 799-0825. When business is good, and the living room starts looking bare and bleak, Mr. Daniel drives out to his barn in the country and returns with more furniture and objects. At the time of our visit, the Daniels' living room was furnished with several Windsor chairs, an early Connecticut chest-on-chest, a primitive chest, several shop signs, weathervanes, and naïve paintings, and some small folk-art objects—all for the cash and carrying off, and each a distinguished antique. Mr. Daniel (who was studying for his Ph.D. in psychology when he decided he'd rather be an antique dealer) took a portrait of a pink-cheeked lady down from the wall and showed us a pencilled inscription on the back: "Painted by William M. Prior in one and one-half hours time, East Boston, 1834." Prior and many of the other non-academic American artists whose works now hang in museums were itinerant painters who charged by the hour, and had different prices for flat and for modelled portraits. The Prior portrait is a gouache on canvas, under glass and in an ornate gold frame, and is priced at $1,200. A remarkable anonymous mid-nineteenth-century painting, to which words like "primitive" and "naïve" hardly apply, shows the influence of Oriental art, and is an exquisite portrait of a lady with a thin, clever face, who wears an undulating red-and-green fringed scarf over a black dress, and simply ceases to exist at her waist. The painting has the flat, decorative quality of Art Nouveau, and its air of



If you steal away
from a Christmas party
to listen to the snow fall...
shouldn't your perfume be
Je Reviens?

PARFUMS WORTH PARIS

JE REVIENS PERFUME MADE BY PARFUMS WORTH PARIS. PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50. TO $5.00. FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. Y, 5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



PESCE DI CAPRI, when you're fishing for a new status symbol. N-M's exclusive sterling silver or gold vermeil wiggly-tailed fish — current Capri rage. 1-in. long on its own manly chain. 18.50 Man's Store
Add .50 postage, mail orders to Dallas. Texas residents add 4¼% tax.
Neiman-Marcus
Dallas Fort Worth Houston

Get all that Florida has to offer at the Lido Biltmore
The exclusive Lido Biltmore offers you —private beach, tennis, fishing, shuffleboard, 18-hole golf course...evening get-togethers, parties...luxurious accommodations, superb cuisine, service and hospitality—the best of Florida! Come to the Lido Biltmore.
For rates, reservations and color folder, see travel agent, or New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, New York, N.Y. 10020. Telephone: 212-581-6595
THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining...and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

mystery; the background is light green, and the price is $3,900.

At The Place on Second Avenue, 175 Second Avenue (11th), we found a nineteenth-century English jockey's weighing bench—a device that we are told is still in use at remote race tracks. It looks like a sturdy tea cart, except that where you expect to put the tea service there is a seat. When you sit in it and open a long, narrow box at its right-hand side, a scale within registers your weight in stone. The piece is made of oak and is extremely handsome. The chair has a low curved back with a center splat and resembles the piece by Hans Wegner known as his Chinese chair; altogether, the weighing bench has the look of furniture rather than of equipment. There are wheels (like perambulator wheels) at one end, and handles at the other, which hang down unobtrusively when not in use. The price is $550 as is, or $575 if you want The Place to upholster the arms. A quantity of antique cameras are for sale here at from $350 to $500, and many professional photographers collect such cameras, we're told. A Victorian dentist's chair caught our eye at Secondhand Rose, 549 Hudson Street (near Perry). It is upholstered in rich wine velvet, and the seat goes up and down by means of a hydraulic lift. The frame is gilded metal, there is a leg rest, and the chair tilts back; the price is $750.

"WHAT," Farkas wanted to know, "is all the excitement about?"

"Well," I said, "maybe Elvis has changed the world a little." Farkas raised one eyebrow. "Five years ago," I tried to explain, "I had an Ivy League haircut and I wore nothing but gray. Now my hair is long and I walk into a public place like this." I flipped my orange silk scarf and shot the puffed sleeves of my white crêpe shirt.

"What does that do for you?" asked Farkas.

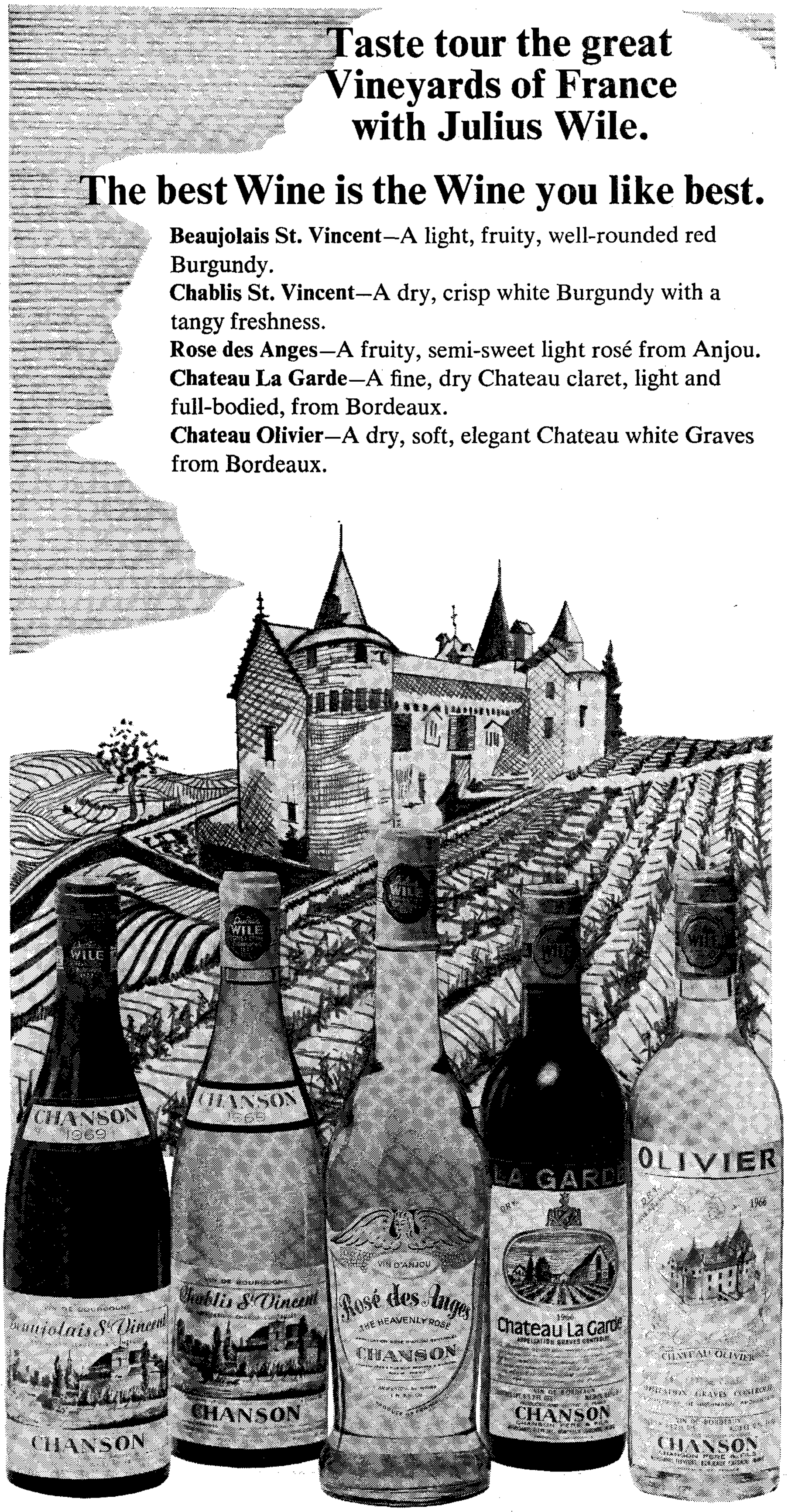
"Directly, nothing, I guess. But my wife . . . she likes me better this way. And that has its ramifications." I smiled and Farkas smiled.—*Robert Blair Kaiser in the New York Times Magazine, October 11, 1970.*

Although most of the men seen on the street today still dress more like Nixon than like Elvis, the stores, at least, are full of men's clothes that are as beautiful and seductive as women's—and if sexual equality means what it ought to this is only as it should be. Some of the most elegant, sexy men's clothes in town are to be found in Bonwit Teller's Men's Shop. Any woman who is in the fortunate position of being able to buy her husband a Paris-made Pierre Cardin suit for Christmas (it requires between $225 and $295 and written permission) will find a rackful to choose from at Bonwit's, in pin stripes, tweeds, jacquards, and solid colors, with double-breasted or three-button jackets, and center or side vents. All the Cardin suits, however, are cut close to the body and have wide lapels, rope shoulders, and straight pant legs, which are worn cuffed this year, and long, so that they cover the heels and sort of drip over the front of the shoe. "There's something about the cut of a Cardin suit that makes you stand up straighter," the handsome assistant manager who was showing us around remarked. He himself was wearing a Bill Blass suit, and was bent over double as a consequence, but he pointed out that the Blass suits, which are also available at Bonwit's, are excellent garments for men who aren't ready for European tailoring. The Blass suits are single-breasted, have a close but easy fit, no vents, and pants that flare slightly; fabrics are interesting, and prices range from $190 to $225. Cardin's version of the classic double-breasted, gold-buttoned navy-blue blazer permits one to see, undistracted by considerations of fabric, the beauty of the Cardin shape. Some of the new men's clothes fit the body like a bathing cap; the Cardin blazer fitted the assistant manager, who modelled it for us, like a bespoke garment. The price of the blazer is $150. A long, fitted coat by Cardin is made of beige wool and has a sensational back: a high half-belt interrupts three pleats that go from shoulder to hem, and a long center vent makes striding possible. There's a large, scalloped collar, a silk lining, and a price tag that reads $275. The V-neck cardigan sweater is a garment that, like the pastel-colored quilted housecoat, tends to make the wearer look defeated by life, and even Cardin's attempt to enliven the cardigan with a dashing geometric jacquard pattern may not be enough to save it from its unfortunate nature. The patterns are in red, orange, blue, or brown on a beige background, and the price is $40. Suède jeans, on the other hand, have a vital, aggressive character, and Bonwit's specimens, which hug the hips, flare at the bottom, and come in beige, brown, green, dark red, blue-gray, or lavender, are a good buy at $65.

Pierre Balmain, 795 Madison Avenue (67th), offers suits that have all the distinction and some of the tailoring features of the Cardin clothes. All the Balmain suits are wide-lapelled, rope-shouldered, and single- or double-vented, and have pant legs that flare ever so slightly. The jackets come in a choice of short, medium, or long, and look more nipped in at the waist than the Cardin jackets. Fabrics tend to be sedate and grownup-looking: gray flannel, beige cord, pin stripes, tweeds, and jacquards are offered. Prices hover around $220. Up the street at Le Dernier Cri, 813 Madison Avenue (68th), we inspected some suits made in West Germany according to the shop's designs. "Our clients are heavily into body awareness," the manager told us as he pointed out a typical suit's narrow fit, back belt, wide lapels, inverted pleats, and straight legs. Fabrics range from gentlemanly tweeds to caddish jacquards, and the average price of a suit is $185.

At Barney's, on Seventh Avenue at 17th Street, in the International Shop on the third floor, good-looking body-aware suits from France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, and Canada run from $110 to $200. A double-breasted blazer suit from West Germany comes in black with silver buttons or in navy blue with gold buttons, and costs $129. A nicely cut heathery-tweed suit from Denmark comes with a vest and with knickers instead of trousers. Knickers for men aren't such a bad idea if you consider it dispassionately. Men who bicycle to work and have shapely ankles would do well to wear them. The Danish knicker suit is $195. On the main floor, we admired a long, fitted, double-breasted herringbone-tweed coat designed for Barney's by Givenchy, which has a Russian-otter collar, a belted back, and an air of elegance. It costs $350. Also on the main floor is a handsome loose-fitting cable-knit pullover made in Ireland for the London firm of Kilgour, French & Stanbury. It comes in yellow, navy, or off-white and has a small, pointed collar superimposed on the crew neck; $22.

At Madonna, 306 East 53rd Street, the owner invited us to peer into his handbag and see how much it holds, and we were impressed. The bag is a beige canvas rectangle trimmed with strips of leather and equipped with shoulder straps. There are three internal compartments, and an outer snap lock that keeps the flap shut; $130. Madonna's small brown suède clutch has a kind of Renaissance look. The purse is decorated with a leather strip along the zipper and leather piping



Taste tour the great Vineyards of France with Julius Wile.

The best Wine is the Wine you like best.

Beaujolais St. Vincent—A light, fruity, well-rounded red Burgundy.
Chablis St. Vincent—A dry, crisp white Burgundy with a tangy freshness.
Rose des Anges—A fruity, semi-sweet light rosé from Anjou.
Chateau La Garde—A fine, dry Chateau claret, light and full-bodied, from Bordeaux.
Chateau Olivier—A dry, soft, elegant Chateau white Graves from Bordeaux.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

Shippers of Fine French Wines Since 1750
CHANSON
Burgundy and Bordeaux Wines

Creme de Menthe for kids?
Hardly.

Finally, a sophisticated hard candy for adults — flavors like Butter Rum, Coffee, Raspberry Rum, etc. Worth looking for.

Ann Raskas®

THE CANDY FOR GROWN-UPS

Ann Raskas OLD-FASHIONED CREME DE MENTHE CANDIES

Ann Raskas Candy Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD BEST MUSICAL 1970

COMPANY

"A TRULY SENSATIONAL MUSICAL."
—Gaver, UPI

ALVIN THEATRE
252 W. 52nd Street
New York, N.Y.
PL 7-8646

Mon.-Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $12; Boxes & Mezz. $10; Rear Mezz. $8.50, 7, 6, 4, 2. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15, 12; Boxes & Mezz. $11. Rear Mezz. $10, 8.50, 6.50, 4, 2. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $7.50; Boxes & Mezz. $6.50; Rear Mezz. $5.50, 4.50, 3, 2. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $9; Boxes & Mezz. $8; Rear Mezz. $7, 6, 3, 2.

"QUITE WONDERFUL! A RATTLING GOOD PLAY"
—CLIVE BARNES, N. Y. Times

CONDUCT UNBECOMING

Mail Orders Filled. Mon.-Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.50; Mezz. $7, 6, 5, 4. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9; Mezz. $8, 7, 6, 5. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $7; Mezz. $6, 5, 4, 3. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.50, 5.50, 4.50, 3.50.

ETHEL BARRYMORE 243 W. 47 St. 246-0390

down the sides, and the price is $30. Georg Jensen's shoulder bag is an eight-by-twelve rectangle of soft beige or brown leather with a top zipper opening, an encircling strap, and a photographer's-equipment aspect; $35. In Saks Fifth Avenue's Men's Boutique, the shoulder bag of choice is an absolutely plain and very elegant brown calf rectangle, thirteen inches long, with a loose flap; $50. The handbag at Washington Tremlett, 11 East 57th Street, is a flat, compact envelope, twelve inches by six and a half, made of rich-brown glazed calf; there is a strap handle on top and a strap that encircles the body of the bag and closes with a brass buckle; $35. Washington Tremlett's nearly square shoulder bag (twelve inches by twelve and a half) has two cigarette-package-size pockets on the outside. A strap encircles the flap, and beige, brown, or burgundy calf are the color possibilities; $50. A brown glazed-calf vest at the same store fits snugly, zips up the front, and is decorated with inoperable zippers on the darts and seams; $65. A long-sleeved leather jerkin dyed a color that the shop calls Beaujolais laces up the front through brass grommets and looks like the garment that serfs customarily wear in movies set in the Middle Ages. Washington Tremlett recommends the jerkin for little dinners rather than for tilling the soil, and suggests that it be worn unlaced to show a lot of chest; $125. The shop's muskrat peajacket ($495) is just that.

At Battaglia, 473 Park Avenue (57th), there are some body shirts of thin cotton knit that have vertical columns of small white flower patterns printed on blue, red, green, or navy backgrounds, and from a distance the shirts give the impression of being striped rather than sprigged; $29.50. The shirts can be worn in or out. Madonna's body shirts of knit raw silk can be washed but they aren't meant to be ironed; they can be wadded into a ball and will emerge without a wrinkle. They look good unbuttoned to the solar plexus, and come in black, gray, blue-green, brown, red, natural, or purple; $32.50. Madonna's wide crêpe-de-Chine ties are printed with concise, elegant patterns based on Art Nouveau jewelry. The color combinations are black, red, and white or navy and white; $12.50. D/R International has long-sleeved wide-striped sports shirts made of the vividly colored Marimekko fabrics used in D/R's famous dresses and pillow covers. Three- or four-color combinations are offered, some fairly sedate, others pretty bright; the latter would be good presents for men who vacation in the tropics and are under the impression that the colors of their clothes have to go up a few decibels. The shirts have long sleeves, stubby collars, and small round metal buttons; $14.50. Men who regard bright colors with frank distaste will be gratified by D/R's hand-woven alpaca ties from Bolivia—tweeds, plaids, herringbones, and solids that come in the tasteful browns, grays, beiges, whites, or blacks that sheep affect. The ties, either medium-wide or skinny, should be acceptable to both new- and old-style dressers; $5.

Jackie Rogers, 27 East 67th Street, provides twelve-dollar gift certificates for layered hair stylings and cuts at the boutique's barbershop, whose staff piques itself on what it can do for people with "the least amount of hair." We liked Jackie Rogers' wide-brimmed, high-crowned hats from London, available in beige, gray, brown, or white felt with black grosgrain bands; $35. Saks has introduced a hat it calls the Burgess Meredith. It is small and soft and has a thin band decorated with a metal buckle; brown, black, or navy, it costs $20. Saks' stylishly long and skinny crew-neck Shetland sweaters are ribbed, and come in brown, gray, or tan. They are supposed to be worn belted; $20. Bergdorf Goodman's ribbed cashmere pullovers are looser and shorter, and come in light gray, dark gray, blue, or pomegranate. They cost $60 and have a crew neck. At R. Meledandri, 74 East 56th Street, a hand-knit-alpaca specimen of the long, tight sweater is vertically ribbed, turtlenecked, and to be had in beige, rust, navy, or brown; $60. At Meledandri, we also noticed a wrinkled, scruffy-looking garment so unlike anything else in this elegant shop that we assumed it was clothing a repairman had left behind. But it turned out to be a tie-dyed safari jacket—a French import, and one of a group that includes zip-up body jackets, skintight bell-bottoms, and V-neck caftans, all made of cotton tie-dyed to give the effect of faded jeans splotched with rich-blue patterns. The price in each case is $25, except for the caftans, which cost $35.

These tie-dyed garments would be charming on very young men, but we don't recommend them for men over forty. You're only middle-aged once, after all. It seems a shame to waste these years on trying to make incredulous young people believe you're "one of them." Now we'd like to suggest some other clothes that very young men (pre, post, or in college) might be glad to receive for Christmas from their elders and abettors. A store named Hindu Kush Traders of Afghanistan, at 5 St. Marks Place, sells Afghanistani spring-lamb and karakul coats whose long-haired shaggy interiors go well with long, shaggy hair and whose colored wool embroidery has the "ethnic" look that is liked now. The coats are handmade—each takes two months to finish, we're told—and no two are exactly alike, though they all have an odd and not unpleasant smell, redolent of certain dried flowers. A long coat is $120, and short ones are $50 to $100. People wearing these coats tend to look a bit unbuttoned, perhaps because the coats have no buttons. Nor are they sized, so it may be a good idea to take some measurements before you go to get your boy an Afghanistani coat. The dark-eyed, olive-skinned manager of the store speaks in an accent that is more mellifluous than the usual subcontinental accent, and we asked him if he came from the Hindu Kush. He gave us a reproachful look. "I'm from Texas, honey," he said.

At Surma, 11 East 7th Street (it's just east of Third Avenue), Cossack tunics can be made up in a week's time in any number of colors, fabrics, and folk-design-ribbon trimmings. The tunics have high collars and full bloused sleeves, reach to mid-thigh, and are worn with a piece of rope around the waist, which Surma supplies. Materials offered are hopsack, velours, Dacron-and-cotton, wool, and crêpe, and the prices range from $15 to $30, depending on the fabric and trimming chosen. Shirt size and approximate height are helpful for Surma to know. At St. Germain Élysées, 1025 Third Avenue (61st), lovely, thin silk blouses from India are offered in exquisite muted pinks, greens, reds, blues, yellows, or browns, hand-embroidered in white thread around the neck and down the front. The underside of the embroidery is richer and denser than the right side, which is chaste and delicate; $18, and each shirt is a little different from the others.

Knapsacks are as de rigueur among the young as alligator handbags used to be among the matronly. Bonniers has a canvas combination roll-bag/knapsack that can be worn on the back or carried like a valise, by means of a pair of cloth straps. It is a bolster-shaped bag, twenty

ETHIOPIA
The detective game.

Ethiopian Airlines' Historic Tour is a detective game: The Land of the Queen of Sheba is veiled in mystery. A few facts are known, but from there on it's up to you. What primitive people, for instance, could have hand-carved out of solid rock the eleven subterranean churches of Lalibela? Who built the castles in Gondar? Who fashioned the towering obelisks at Axum? Who? When? How? *Relax.* In less cerebral moments, you'll enjoy the many-splendored landscape, the beautiful beaches, the wild game, bargain shopping, modern hotels, Ethiopian jazz, and Spring-like climate. A unique vacation. See your Travel Agent, or any international airline.

Boeing Fan Jet Passenger and Cargo Service
ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
Africa's Only FAA-certificated Airline
501 Madison Avenue, New York City 10022

Offices in
Boston • Chicago • Dallas • Denver • Honolulu • Los Angeles
Miami • Montreal • New York • Portland • San Diego • San Francisco
Seattle • Toronto • Vancouver • Washington DC

CELEBRATING OUR 25th ANNIVERSARY
WITH NEW SERVICE TO PARIS!

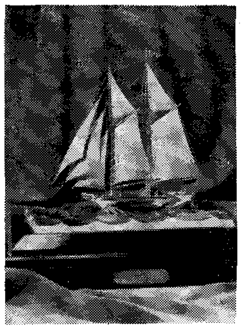
The obelisks at Axum

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
501 Madison Avenue, New York City 10022 NY

Please send me information about the excitement of travel to incredible Ethiopia and East Africa, with stopovers in Europe, on Ethiopian Airlines' Boeing Fan Jets departing from European Gateways.

Name ....
Address..
City.................................... State.............. Zip........

Limited Editions
in STERLING:
One or two
masted yacht,
Three masted
Clipper Ship,
Signed and numbered and hand
crafted in solid
Sterling Silver
and gold vermeil.
Enclosed in
lucite case.



Limited Edition by CYBIS:
"Beatrice" is among the seventy
different *Cybis* figures in stock.
Price on request and subject
to prior sale.

Burrows' collection:
25 N. Dean Street, Englewood, N.J.
201-568-0100
Visit or Order

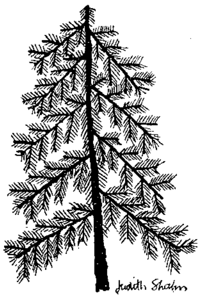
For people who have a thing about golf.

Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive). Gourmet wining and dining. Luxurious guest rooms. Executive Club Apartments. Meeting facilities. Scottish baronial atmosphere. Open year round. Near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure: Ralph McEntyre, General Manager, Palmetto Expressway at N.W. 154 Street, Miami Lakes, Florida 33014 or call Miami (305) 821-1150.

Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

inches long and nine inches in diameter, and it comes in beige, red, blue, yellow, or black, with black straps and trim. There is a top zipper opening and a zipper compartment on one side and at one end; the other end has an extra carrying strap. The price is $20. For purists, there is Abercrombie & Fitch's waterproof, cotton-duck, Army-green knapsack, nineteen inches by seventeen, with an outside pocket, for $8.50. In Bloomingdale's subterranean 59 Shop, we found a pile-lined navy-blue cotton-twill jacket to which a knapsack of the same material was already attached by means of straps and metal rings. (It's detachable, and so is the pile lining, which zips out.) The jacket is belted, zips up the front, and has gold-metal snap buttons on its pockets and cuffs. The price is $46. A new pair of Levi's might be appreciated by someone who wears nothing but; the 59 Shop has them for $7.50 in the traditional straight-leg model, and for $8 with bell-bottoms. Some middle-class young men like to show their sympathy for the underpaid by wearing work clothes such as are worn by gas-station attendants and apartment-house porters. But where many of them fall short of looking like real workingmen is in their failure to keep their clothes clean. Workingmen usually wear work clothes rented from places that pick up dirty uniforms and bring clean ones once a week, and a contract with such a service might be a good Christmas present for a radical boy with laundry problems. Most of these rental services deal only with companies, but we have found one that will deal with individuals—W. H. Christian & Sons, 22-28 Franklin Street, in Brooklyn—and offers a service whereby three sets of clean work clothes are delivered, and their opposites picked up, for $5 a week. A choice of gray, tan, blue, or spruce-green cotton shirts and trousers is available, and one can have one's name stitched over one shirt pocket and the name of an organization stitched over the other—like, say, "Bob" and "The Columbia School of Social Work," or "Franz" and "Juilliard." Christian & Sons delivers throughout Manhattan, and asks for an eighteen-month contract. Call 389-7000 and ask for William Christian, Jr.



WE have provided for the liberated, the fashionable, the young, and the socially aware, and now we have some suggestions for men who may be none of these admirable things, but if you prick them, don't they bleed, etc.? A man who plays tennis and does not yet own the latest thing in tennis racquets—one whose frame is fibre glass laminated with aluminum—might be supplied with one at Stephen J. Feron, 55 East 44th Street. The fibre-glass racquet has all the speed of a metal-frame one and all the control of a wood-frame one (so we're told). Three weights and various grip sizes are offered, and the price is $56 for the frame plus $19.50 for top-quality gut strings or $12.95 for nylon strings. The racquet is made by the Head Company and is called the Competition. A man who wears Brooks Brothers suits merits the Brooks Brothers Diary, a redoubtable combination of thirteen-month appointment calendar, atlas, and desk book of facts and statistics. Besides the calendar pages, there are fifty-four pages of information, thirty-two pages of maps, twelve pages for noting business expenses, and four pages for recording investments. The book is bound in grained blue cowhide, and the price is $13.50. Daniel Defoe's "The Complete English Tradesman"—a "collection of useful instructions for a young tradesman; which are the more necessary, as there never were so many bankruptcies or failures in trade as of late"—which was first published in 1726, and has been reprinted this year by Burt Franklin ($35), might take a businessman's mind off his troubles. Like Defoe's more famous how-to book, "The Complete English Tradesman" is not of much practical use but is fascinating to read. For a man who still shaves, we recommend the Wilkinson Sword company's new Bonded Razor ($2.95 at most drugstores), which shaves more smoothly and less dangerously than any other razor we've ever handled, and is good-looking. A man who has a sauna might appreciate a cake or two of imported Sauna Soap, which contains birch-leaf extract and has a lovely fresh, sweet smell; it is made in Finland, and sells at Bloomingdale's for $1.50 a cake. Altman's basket for kindling, made in Ireland of twigs woven together, looks as if it came from some medieval woodsman's rude hovel; it might please a man who cultivates simplicity in his rural retreat, and if it doesn't he can always use it *as* kindling. The price is $15. "Think Small, The Story of Those Volkswagen Ads," by Frank Rowsome, Jr. (Stephen Greene

Press, $4.95), would be a fitting present for a Volkswagen owner. It is nicely written and is illustrated with those ads. An opera lover who is still unreconciled to the Holiday Inn-like interior of the new opera house could be given a memento of the old Met in the form of an assemblage under glass in which an ornate pair of brass opera glasses, an ivory and ostrich-feather fan, a white lace glove, a program from the Met's November 30, 1885, performance of "Die Walküre," a jet ornament, a round gold-framed mirror, and a tissue-paper rose are artfully arranged on a red brocade background and set in a gilded frame. This charming piece of nostalgia, which is twenty-seven inches high and twenty and a half inches wide, is for sale for $145 at Performers' Outlet, 222 East 85th Street, and is the work of the folk singer Susan Reed. For a radio listener, we recommend a Vanguard stereo record (VSD 79268) entitled "Report from Hoople: P.D.Q. Bach on the Air," an amiable spoof of "good music" stations by Peter Schickele, the talented musicologist-humorist. (The list price is $5.98.) The funniest part of the record is Beethoven's Fifth Symphony played to the accompaniment of cheering-crowd noises and a football-sportscaster-like discussion between Schickele and Robert Dennis of what is going on in the symphony. ("Bob, do you know where this new theme comes from?" "Well, Pete, it probably comes from . . . No, I don't, Pete.") Other high points of the "Report" are Schickele's "Schleptet in E Flat Major;" a baroque commercial sung by a countertenor and called "Do You Suffer?;" and a parody of radio quizzes called "What's My Melodic Line?" The record has occasional lapses, but one doesn't mind them. Schickele has that always rare and now practically nonexistent quality—a sense of fun. The black comedy that pervades literature and films, and the desperate joking that passes for humor on television, have made many people mistrustful of everything that purports to be funny. Peter Schickele makes one laugh till tears stream down the cheeks, and (momentarily) makes it hard for one to feel solemn, even about the state of humor.

●

She received her master's degree in library science from the University of Iowa in February, and has been employed as a cataloger in the university library.

Mrs. Lindquist will receive a startling salary of $700 a month.—*Davenport-Bettendorf (Iowa) Times-Democrat.*

Just give the news, please.

Creating a better impression

Cross Desk Sets — single or double base with 12 Kt. Gold Filled or Sterling Writing Instruments. From twenty-five to seventy-five dollars each. At Better Stores Worldwide.

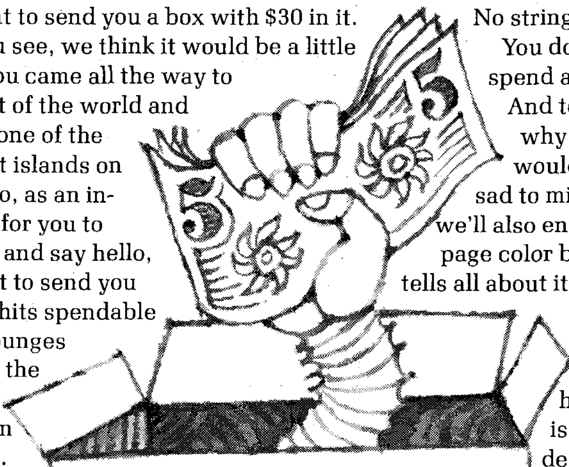
CROSS® SINCE 1846

©1969 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

FREE JACK IN A BOX.

We want to send you a box with $30 in it. You see, we think it would be a little sad if you came all the way to this part of the world and missed one of the prettiest islands on earth. So, as an incentive for you to drop by and say hello, we want to send you $30 in chits spendable in the lounges of six of the finest hotels on Antigua.

No strings attached. You don't have to spend a dime here. And to show you why we think it would be a little sad to miss Antigua, we'll also enclose a 110-page color booklet that tells all about it. Plus color brochures from each of the six hotels. Now is that a nice deal or what?



The Great Hotels of Antigua
Nice island. Nice people. Nice deal.

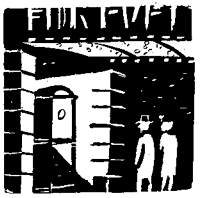
211 E. 43 St., New York, N.Y. 10017 B
Gentlemen: It does sound nice. Please send my free jack in a box, and the free brochures.

Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . .
State. . . . . Zip. . . . .

"We're in the 8th Continent of the world."

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Beyond Pirandello



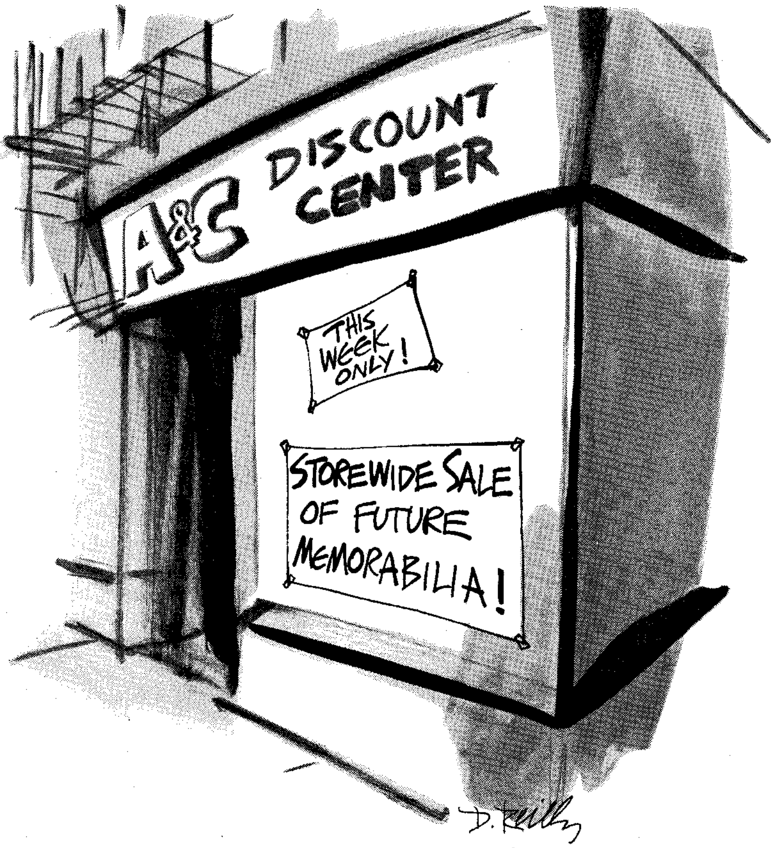
THE young movie audience will want to see Altamont on film, because even if it went bad it's still their scene. They will go to "Gimme Shelter" for Mick Jagger—the most incredible of all rock stars, the man you hate to love—and death on film. The cinematography is highly variable, but it's good enough to show what is going on. The editing of the images to the music is very good, but the film's structure is a bit confusing. The filmmakers, Albert and David Maysles and Charlotte Zwerin, obviously wanted the suspense factor of the violence to come at Altamont but also wanted to use their best stuff on Jagger from earlier concerts, so after you've been prepared to expect Altamont they've thrown numbers in without telling you where they were performed. However, you don't expect clarity in this kind of film, and you don't think to worry about where you are when you get tough little Jagger in a silvery Uncle Sam hat, or with a Marlene Dietrich-style breeze rippling his shining hair and his draperies. His effects are brilliantly insolent. Jagger's new form of show-biz can seem anti-show-biz because it's so openly corrupt it appears incorruptible. And what other movie has dozens of freak-outs and a death?

But how does one review this picture? It's like reviewing the footage of President Kennedy's assassination or of Lee Harvey Oswald's murder. This movie is into complications and sleight-of-hand beyond Pirandello, since the filmed death at Altamont—although, of course, unexpected—was part of a *cinéma-vérité* spectacular. The free concert was staged and lighted to be photographed, and the three hundred thousand people who attended it were the unpaid cast of thousands. The violence and murder weren't scheduled, but the Maysles brothers hit the *cinéma-vérité* jackpot.

If events are created to be photographed, is the movie that records them a documentary, or does it function in a twilight zone? Is it the cinema of fact when the facts are manufactured for the cinema? The Nazi rally at Nuremberg in 1934 was architecturally designed so that Leni Riefenstahl could get the great footage that resulted in "Triumph of the Will;" in order to shoot "A Time for Burning," William C. Jersey instigated a racial confrontation that split an Omaha church; the Maysles brothers recruited Paul Brennan, who was in the roof-and-siding business, to play a Bible salesman for the "direct-cinema" "Salesman." It is said to be a "law" that the fact of observation alters the phenomenon that is observed—but how can one prove it? More likely, observation sometimes alters the phenomenon and sometimes doesn't. In Gerald Temaner's and Gordon Quinn's "Home for Life," the principal character—a woman entering a home for the aged—is so disoriented that she may accept the camera as just one more factor in her confused situation; in parts of Fred Wiseman's "Law and Order," the police are in such routine but taxing situations that they may go on doing what they usually do. There is no reason to think the freaked-out people in "Gimme Shelter" paid much attention to the camera crews, but would the event itself have taken place without those crews? With modern documentarians, as with many TV news cameramen, it's impossible to draw a clear line between catching actual events and arranging events to be caught; a documentarian may ask people to reënact events, while a TV journalist may argue that it was only by precipitating some events that he was able to clarify issues for the public—that is, that he needed to fake a little, but for justifiable reasons. There are no simple ethical standards to apply, and because the situations are so fluid and variable, one has to be fairly knowledgeable not to get suckered into reacting to motion-picture footage that appears to be documentary as if it were the simple truth.

A *cinéma-vérité* sham that appeals to an audience by showing it what it wants to believe may be taken as corroboration of its beliefs, and as an illumination. Would audiences react to the Arthur Miller-Eugene O'Neill overtones in "Salesman" the same way if they understood how much of it was set up and that the principals were playacting? One should be alert to the questionable ethics in "Gimme Shelter," to what is designed not to reveal the situation but to conceal certain elements of that situation. "Gimme Shelter" plays the game of trying to mythologize the event (Altamont) and to clear the participants (the Rolling Stones and the filmmakers) of any cognizance of how it came about.

When Mick Jagger is seen in "Gimme Shelter" pensively looking at the Altamont footage—run for him by the Maysles brothers—and wondering how it all happened, this is disingenuous moviemaking. One wants to say: Drop the Miss Innocence act and tell us the straight story of the background to the events. What isn't explained is that, four months after Woodstock, Stone Promotions asked the Maysles brothers to shoot the Stones at Madison Square Garden. The


A&C DISCOUNT CENTER
THIS WEEK ONLY!
STOREWIDE SALE OF FUTURE MEMORABILIA!
D. Reilly

Maysles brothers had done a film on an American tour by the Beatles, and Albert Maysles had shot part of "Monterey Pop." When, as a climax to their American tour, the Stones decided on a filmed free concert in the San Francisco area, the Maysles brothers made a deal with them to film it and rounded up a large crew. Melvin Belli's bordello-style law office and his negotiations for a concert site are in the film, but it isn't explained that Porter Bibb, the producer of "Salesman," was the person who brought in Belli, or that Bibb became involved in producing the concert at Altamont in order to produce the Maysles film. The sequence in Belli's office omits the detail that the concert had to be hurriedly moved to Altamont because the owners of the previously scheduled site wanted distribution rights of the film. "Gimme Shelter" has been shaped so as to whitewash the Rolling Stones and the filmmakers for the thoughtless, careless way the concert was arranged, and especially for the cut-rate approach to keeping order. The Hell's Angels, known for their violence, but cheap and photogenic, were hired as guards for five hundred dollars' worth of beer. This took less time and trouble than arranging for unarmed marshals, and the Hell's Angels must have seemed the appropriate guards for Their Satanic Majesties the Stones. In the film, the primary concern of the Angels appears to be to keep the stage clear and guard the Stones.

The Hell's Angels, whose rigid, scary faces are already familiar movie faces from the wheelers—a genre they inspired and appear in—are made the villains in "Gimme Shelter," and though I don't wish to suggest that the Hell's Angels should have been made the heroes, the fact is that the Angels—who don't have any share in the profits of the film—are made the patsies, while those who hired them are photographed all bland and sweet, wondering how it happened. When the self-centered, mercenary movie queen of "Singin' in the Rain" talked about bringing joy into the humdrum lives of the public, we laughed. Should we also laugh at Melvin Belli's talk in "Gimme Shelter" about a "free concert" for "the people" and at the talk about the Stones' not wanting money when the concert is being shot for "Gimme Shelter" and the Rolling Stones and the Maysles brothers divide the profits from the picture? One of the jokes of *cinéma vérité* is that practically the only way to attract an audience is to use big stars, but since the big stars coöperate only

We made our first bottle of Brolio around the turn of the century. The tenth century.

Not only is Brolio nearly a thousand years old, but it's the world's original Chianti wine.

Chianti made now, as it was then, from the choicest grapes of the "classico" district. At Castle Brolio. In the very heart of the Chianti country.

And it's here that all the accumulated knowledge of ten centuries goes into our every bottle. To make the Chianti that is Brolio. Deep garnet in color. Velvety. Full-bodied.

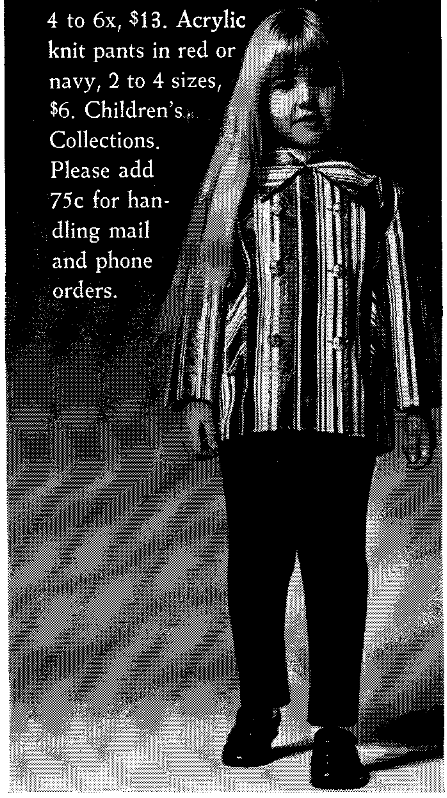
Today, we no longer have the original Chianti bottle. But we can still give you the original Chianti.

Brolio Chianti

IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our vinyl peacoat buttons right or left for girls or boys, is striped red-white-blue, lined with navy cotton flannel. 2 to 4 sizes, $12; 4 to 6x, $13. Acrylic knit pants in red or navy, 2 to 4 sizes, $6. Children's Collections. Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders.



If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

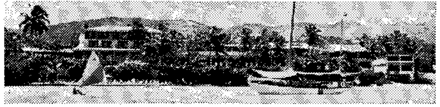
Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal tow path...and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

The real JAMAICA



Slow-paced, idyllic. Incredibly thoughtful Jamaican service. Silver Seas is the real Jamaica. More like a private club than a hotel. See your travel agent. Or write RR Hotel Representatives, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York 10036. Ask for the real Jamaica.

Silver Seas Hotel. Ocho Rios.

if they get financial—and, generally, artistic—control of the film, the *cinéma-vérité* techniques are used to give the look of "caught" footage to the image the stars are selling.

Mick Jagger, the most polymorphous-perverse star since Marilyn Monroe, is hypercharged and narcissistic; when he performs he's close to sadistic in the way he holds audiences and dominates them. Even those who loathe him—and it is said that many young girls do—acknowledge that he's a spellbinder. One half expects him to be sacrificed to the audience at the end of the concert. Offstage, he seems tranquillized and wan and pale. A hip, Mod zombie, he pouts prettily, and smiles with the meaningless sweetness of an earlier type of popular singer—not unlike the skinny young Sinatra, whom he resembles. In this movie, as in "Performance," when Jagger is offstage it's as if he were offscreen; he doesn't have an actor's presence—he becomes a private, non-communicative person. It makes sense that someone who performs so totally burns himself out onstage, but the near-catatonic figure of Mick Jagger wearing saucy little hats and mumbling mild platitudes gives plausibility to the view of him as demon-possessed when he sings in that harsh, abrasive voice and prances like a witch doctor.

This film has caught his feral intensity as a performer (which, oddly, Godard never captured in "One Plus One," maybe because he dealt with a rehearsal-recording session, without an audience). It has also captured his teasing, taunting relationship to the audience: he can finish a frenzied number and say to the audience, "You don't want my trousers to fall down now, do you?" His toughness is itself provocative, and since rock performers are accepted by the young as their own spokesmen, the conventional barriers between performer and audience have been pushed over. From the start of "Gimme Shelter," our knowledge of the horror to come makes us see the Rolling Stones' numbers not as we might in an ordinary festival film but as the preparations for, and the possible cause of, disaster. We begin to suspect that Mick Jagger's musical style leads to violence, as he himself suggests in a naïve and dissociated way when he complains—somewhat pettishly, but with a flicker of pride—to the crowd that there seems to be trouble every time he starts to sing "Sympathy for the Devil." He may not fully understand the response he works for and gets.

The film has a very disturbing pathos, because everybody seems so helpless. Many of the people at Altamont are blank or frightened but are in thrall to the music, or perhaps just to being there; some twitch and jerk to the beat in an apocalyptic parody of dancing; others strip, or crawl on the heads of the crowd; and we can see tormented trippers' faces, close to the stage, near the angry Angels. When Grace Slick and then Jagger appeal to the audience to cool it, to "keep your bodies off each other unless you intend love," and to "get yourselves together," they are saying all they know how to say, but the situation is way past that. They don't seem to connect what they're into with the results. Mick Jagger symbolizes the rejection of the values that he then appeals to. Asking stoned and freaked-out people to control themselves is pathetic, and since the most dangerous violence is obviously from the Hell's Angels, who are trying to keep their idea of order by stomping dazed, bewildered kids, Jagger's saying "Brothers and sisters, why are we fighting?" is pitifully beside the point. Musically, Jagger has no way to cool it, because his orgiastic kind of music has only one way to go—higher, until everyone is knocked out.

The Smiths
SS.

Mick Jagger's performing style is a form of aggression not just against the straight world but against his own young audience, and this appeals to them, because it proves he hasn't sold out and gone soft. But when all this aggression is released, who can handle it? The violence he provokes is well known: fans have pulled him off a platform, thrown a chair at him. He's greeted with a punch in the face when he arrives at Altamont. What the film doesn't deal with is the fact that Jagger attracts this volatile audience, that he magnetizes disintegrating people. This is, of course, an ingredient of the whole rock scene, but it is seen at its most extreme in the San Francisco-Berkeley audience that gathers for the Rolling Stones at Altamont. Everyone—the people who came and the people who planned it—must have wanted a big Dionysian freak-out. The movie includes smiling talk about San Francisco as the place for the concert, and we all understand that it's the place for the concert because it's the farthest-out place; it's the mother city of the drug culture. It's where things are already wildly out of control. The film shows part of what happened when Marty Balin, of the Jefferson Airplane, jumped off the stage to stop the Angels from beating a black man and was himself punched unconscious. After that, according to reporters, no one tried to stop the Angels from beating the crazed girls and boys who climbed onstage or didn't follow instructions; they were hit with leaded pool cues and with fists while the show went on and the three dozen cameramen and soundmen went on working. There were four deaths at Altamont, and a cameraman caught one. You see the Angel's knife flashing high in the air before he stabs a black boy, who has a gun in his hand. You see it at normal speed, see it again slowed down, and then in a frozen frame. But is it simply a news event? In the bright stage lights, surrounded by cameras, Mick Jagger is the apotheosis of star. He's the new Mr. Show Business—a moth sizzling in his flames. However, the Maysles brothers' approach to moviemaking is much too callow to cope with the phenomenon of people who are drawn to Mick Jagger's music in order to lose control—except at the level of attracting them and then exploiting the disastrous consequences.

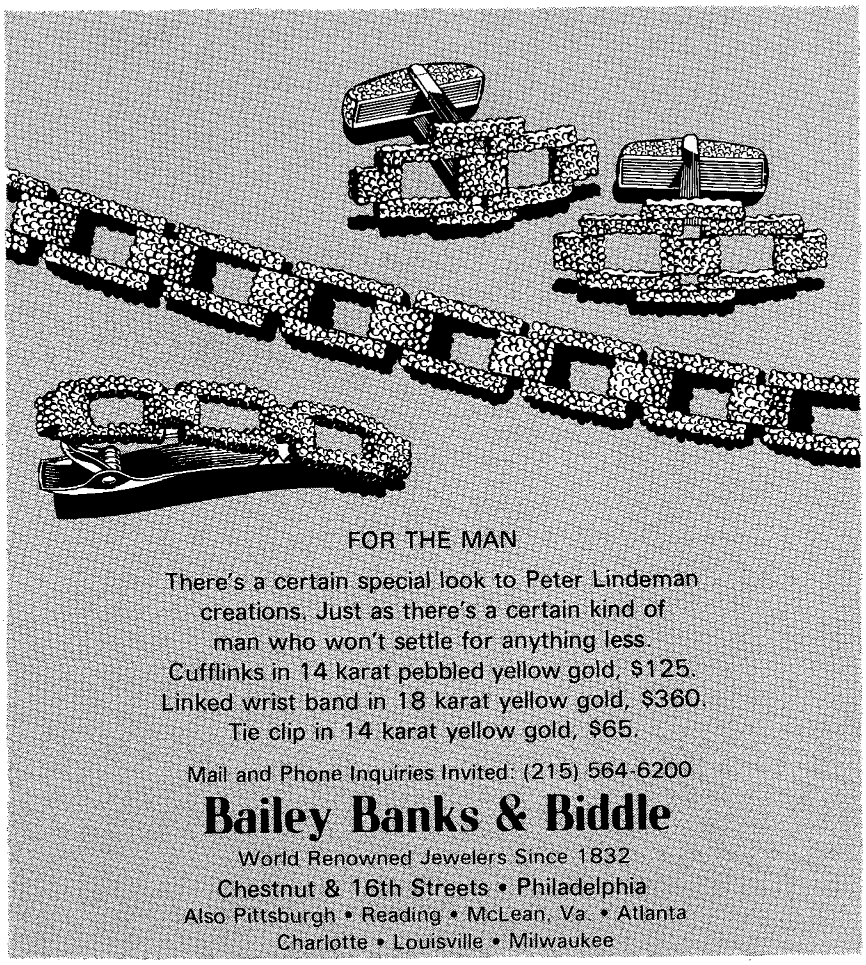
It's impossible to say how much moviemaking itself is responsible for those consequences, but it is a factor, and with the commercial success of this kind of film it's going to be a bigger factor. Antonioni dickered with black groups to find out what actions they were planning, so that he could include some confrontations in "Zabriskie Point." M-G-M's lawyers must have taken a dim view of this. A smaller company, with much to gain and little to lose, might have encouraged him. Movie studios are closing, but, increasingly, public events are designed to take place on what are essentially movie stages. And with movie-production money getting tight, provoked events can be a cheap source of spectacles. The accidents that happen may be more acceptable to audiences than the choreographed battles of older directors, since for those who grew up with TV careful staging can look arch and stale. It doesn't look so fraudulent if a director excites people to commit violent acts on camera, and the event becomes free publicity for the film. The public will want to see the results, so there is big money to deodorize everyone concerned. What we're getting in the movies is "total theatre." Altamont, in "Gimme Shelter," is like a Roman circus, with a difference: the audience and the victims are indistinguishable.

—PAULINE KAEL

When we open our new Florida home this winter, of course the shoemanship of Alan McAfee will be there.

Neiman-Marcus

Bal Harbour
Opening January 4



FOR THE MAN

There's a certain special look to Peter Lindeman creations. Just as there's a certain kind of man who won't settle for anything less.
Cufflinks in 14 karat pebbled yellow gold, $125.
Linked wrist band in 18 karat yellow gold, $360.
Tie clip in 14 karat yellow gold, $65.

Mail and Phone Inquiries Invited: (215) 564-6200

Bailey Banks & Biddle

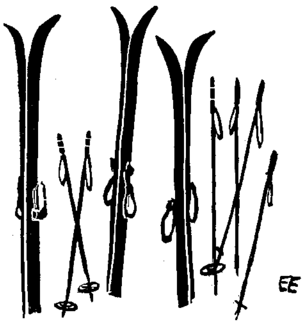
World Renowned Jewelers Since 1832
Chestnut & 16th Streets • Philadelphia
Also Pittsburgh • Reading • McLean, Va. • Atlanta
Charlotte • Louisville • Milwaukee

LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

SAIGON, DECEMBER 9

UPON returning to Indo-China after a month in Paris, during which it seemed, for a brief and deceptive moment, that the start of serious peace talks might be possible, I have come to realize all over again how far off and complicated any settlement of this nightmarish war is bound to be. While negotiations under way in Laos could at least limit the war there, and might eventually contribute to a broader solution, events in both Cambodia and South Vietnam offer firmer evidence than ever that the North Vietnamese are prepared to go on following their strategy of protracted warfare to the limit of their capacity—which remains such that neither Vietnamization nor Cambodiazation is likely to deter them. The American effort to persuade—or force—Hanoi to negotiate seriously by the widely publicized raid on the Son Tay prison camp on November 21st and the almost simultaneous heavy bombing of an area below the Nineteenth Parallel was officially applauded by Cambodians and South Vietnamese alike, but, off the record, both expressed doubt about the wisdom and efficacy of the moves, and, particularly, about their having the desired effect on Hanoi.

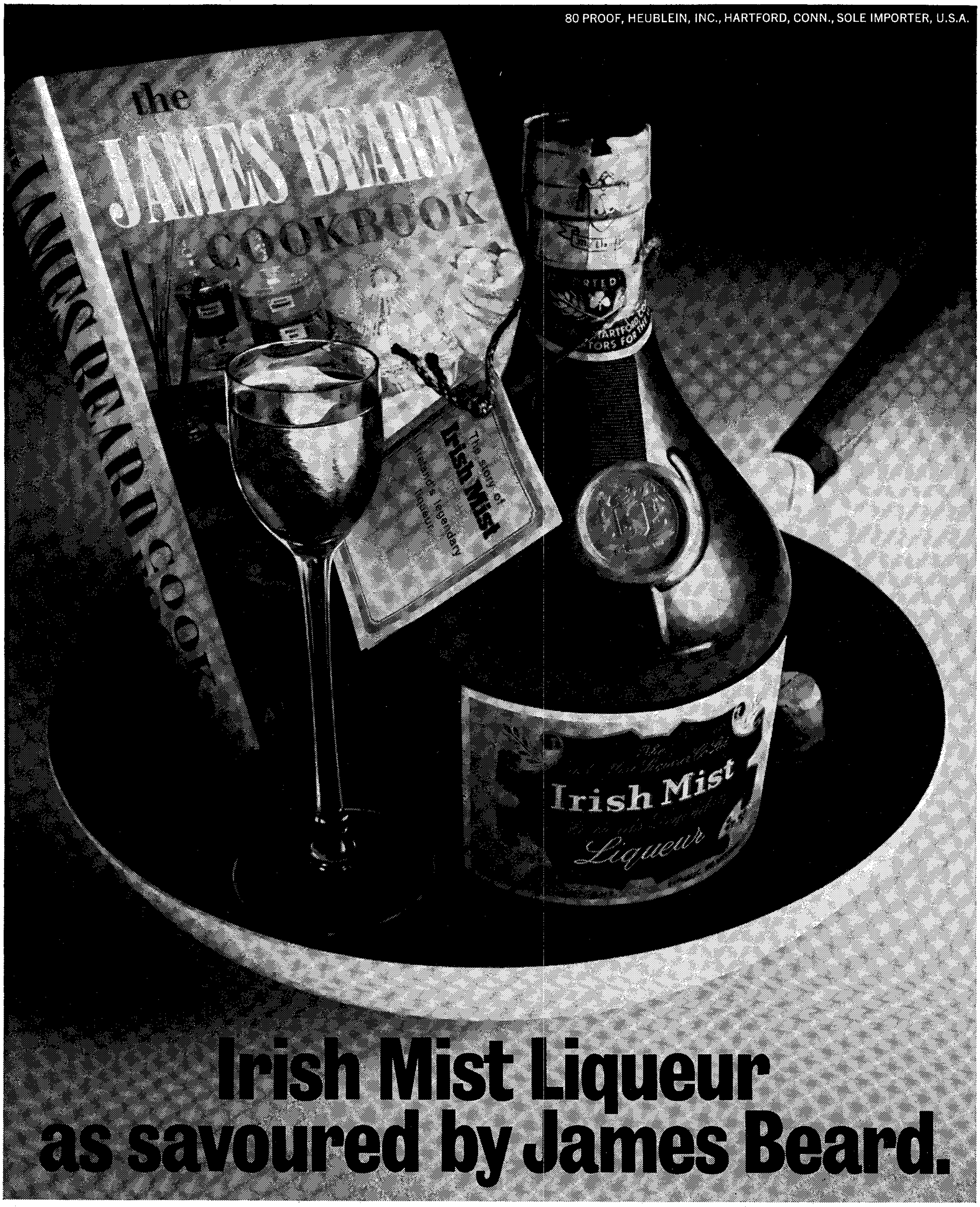
The bombing raid—of the two hundred or more planes that set out only half got through, because of bad weather—was planned on the basis of intelligence indicating that a month's supply of matériel destined for South Vietnam and Cambodia was bogged down along the upper reaches of the Ho Chi Minh Trail because the rainy season this year had lasted several weeks longer than usual. If the attack had succeeded completely, it would have been a severe blow to the Communists, but because of the bad flying conditions not more than twenty-five per cent of the supplies were destroyed. One theory that has been advanced here is that the bombing assault and the Son Tay raid were calculated chiefly to make the North Vietnamese think they were about to be invaded and to get them to reveal their secret defense plans and installations. And, indeed, there were missile firings from five previously undetected sites, but missile sites are as movable as prison camps. It seems probable that all the American prisoners, who have regularly been moved from place to place anyway, have now been shifted to the northernmost provinces of North Vietnam, so it will be extremely difficult to rescue them in subsequent raids—something that President Nixon and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird have hinted we might try to do. About three hundred and seventy prisoners, almost all of them pilots, are known to be alive, and, of the remaining eleven hundred or so men officially listed as missing, it is optimistically assumed by the Pentagon that half or more are still alive in various camps. Regardless of their numbers, to go on raising hopes about freeing them by force is to deal crassly with their tragic condition and with the emotions of their families, however brave the Son Tay attempt may have been.



The Vietnamese are fond of devious theories, and one that is being privately voiced here in Saigon is that our Son Tay effort may have been inspired by a combined come-on and put-on by Hanoi. One high-ranking Vietnamese gave me this analysis: "It seems to me conceivable, despite what your own intelligence revealed, that you were fed false information about Son Tay through foreign visitors to North Vietnam, who may have been purposely misled. Hanoi took the Americans out of the camp in advance, expecting the raid." Referring to a matter on which our military will not officially comment, he went on, "Even the few North Vietnamese guards you captured may have been left there to feed you more false information. If the prisoners were gone, what were the guards doing there anyway?"

He added that "although the raid may have served to draw fresh attention to the prisoner issue in America and to let the Communist negotiators in Paris know that you are going to do everything you can to liberate these poor men, it seems to me that Nixon lost this round. First, the Son Tay attack and the bombing raid left him open to the charge of re-escalating the war and rearoused anti-war feelings in the States. Second, the attack stiffened the morale of the North Vietnamese—which was higher during the days of constant bombing than it is now—by making the people aware of the danger of an invasion. The leaders in Hanoi have fought this war through three American Presidents. In order to win it, they are willing to go on fighting it through three more and to lose a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand more men, if they have to. And they are prepared to use any combination of psychological warfare tricks and battlefield tricks to achieve their goal."

His theory about Son Tay may be farfetched—though, as far as I am concerned, almost nothing is unbelievable in this war. In any event, the South Vietnamese, who have been known to lie even more spectacularly than the Americans, are now wondering aloud why the Americans lied about some aspects of the Son Tay raid—initially denying, for example, that diversionary air attacks did take place near Hanoi, as Agence France-Presse reported from there before Washington made the original announcement of the prison-camp operation. The over-all feeling here is that both the bombing and the attempt to force the prisoner issue (even if more bombings are likely to be justified on one pretext or another) reflect a misreading of Hanoi's attitude. It has now become clear that the North Vietnamese "peace initiative" set forth on September 17th by Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, the head of the Provisional Revolutionary Government's delegation in Paris—the initiative that gave rise to President Nixon's five-point plan—was part of a scheme to (in the Communists' own words) "coördinate armed, political, and military proselyting activities with the Paris conference." According to a document that was captured in Binh Tuy Province, on the coast just east of Saigon, and that bears the same date as Mme. Binh's speech, members of the provincial Communist Party organization in South Vietnam were told, "We must understand the substance and significance of [our] new diplomatic offensive, which is designed to coördinate and create favorable conditions for struggles in various cities, to win the support of intermediate social classes, and to drive the Thieu-Ky-Khiem [group] into a high degree of isolation. This diplomatic offensive is also designed to coördinate with the American people's [anti-war] movement, to facilitate our revolutionary tasks, and to turn the tide in favor of our Revolution. . . . It is not designed to solve the problem of ending the war and bringing about peace in Vietnam. The conflict between the enemy and us is to be solved mainly on the battlefield. . . . For this reason, we must neither underestimate the significance of this new diplomatic offensive nor entertain the illusion that peace will be


80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.
the JAMES BEARD COOKBOOK
The story of Irish Mist Ireland's legendary liqueur.
Irish Mist Liqueur
Irish Mist Liqueur
as savoured by James Beard.

My travels in behalf of excellent cuisine have taken me to places as dissimilar as North Africa and the Pacific Islands.

How enchanting to discover in a discreet Irish Pub, and now here, the crowning glory of the liqueur-makers art.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. Ireland's legendary liqueur.® An elegant jewel of Irish wit that successfully sustains its original promise of warmth, of charm, of conviviality laced with haute cuisine. Rarely have I sensed the vivacity and lyricism of Irish regionalism merged so happily with worldly sophistication. First concocted, I understand in the 14th Century, it can't be quietly kept on ice much longer, except if you will, in a glass. And this, I highly recommend.

Bon Appétit.

A Florida hideaway resort where the sun rises in the Atlantic. And sets in the Gulf of Mexico.

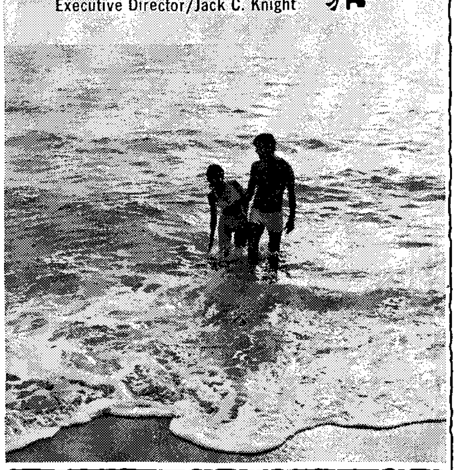
In the unbelievably beautiful Florida Keys, 75 miles south of Miami. Amid the elegant, informal accommodations of Indies Inn & Yacht Club. In the exclusive setting of Duck Key.

Duck Key. America's most unique hideaway.

Great golf. Beautiful beach. Large fresh water pool, and extra-large salt water pool. Fully equipped marina (rental and charter boats available). Finest tarpon, bone, permit and sailfishing in the world. Trap shooting. Championship tennis courts.

And one of the country's finest hotels.

Indies Inn & Yacht Club
Write for our brochure.
Or see your travel agent.
Or our representatives,
Hetland & Stevens Inc.
Duck Key, Florida 33050
Executive Director/Jack C. Knight



Marlborough GRAPHICS

Our own original, limited and signed editions by such leading European and American artists as Gottlieb, Hepworth, Kitaj, Kokoschka, Lipchitz, Moore, Motherwell, Nicholson, Pollock, Pomodoro, Rivers and Sutherland. Many others. From $70 to $7000.

For illustrated catalogue—$2 (Incl. Postage)—address:

Marlborough Graphics Inc
41 East 57th Street New York 10022
PL 2-5353

Visit the Marlborough Graphics Gallery on the fifth floor.

The Ultimate in French Cuisine

Café Chauveron

Your host ROGER CHAUVERON

FOR RESERVATIONS PLaza 1-6480 139 East 53 St., N.Y.C.

achieved through the Paris peace talks."

Although neither side has been loath to use black propaganda techniques, including phony documents and broadcasts, I am inclined to believe that this represents an accurate statement of the Communists' position. Certainly it confirms what the Hanoi and P.R.G. delegations have been doing in Paris; namely, refusing to discuss privately either Mme. Binh's declaration or Nixon's in an effort to seek a compromise solution. On the contrary, they have reëmphasized their determination to destroy the present Saigon regime and negotiate only with a coalition government or a new "peace cabinet."

Another thought being broached here by Americans and South Vietnamese is that Hanoi feels it must have at least a partial victory in South Vietnam (which is to say a coalition government as a first step leading to a full take-over later) because otherwise it cannot risk bringing back to the North its more than a hundred and sixty-five thousand troops from South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia—who, in defeat, and embittered by the loss of so many comrades, could present a serious threat of internal rebellion. Hanoi has frequently indicated its need to sustain a war psychology. The obsessive theme of survival and inevitable ultimate victory comes through in every one of its major statements, including an interview that Prime Minister Pham Van Dong gave last week to *Le Monde*. In the long run, a growing number of Americans here privately believe that a Communist victory will indeed take place—though the official American attitude here these days is that while Cambodia remains a shaky proposition, the war in Vietnam is finally being "won" through the various forms of Vietnamization. Whether Vietnamization is working or not, the North's combined fears and compulsions remain a huge imponderable factor. That this is so was demonstrated recently in some remarkably tough new decrees handed down in Hanoi to combat "crimes against Socialist property" by establishing a tighter "inspection system." There seems no doubt that the North Vietnamese are having extremely difficult management and cadre problems, and that the maintenance of discipline, in particular, has been giving serious trouble.

HOWEVER Hanoi sees the war these days, there has seldom been such a confused political and military pattern in the whole Indo-China area. In Cambodia, the government of General Lon Nol has gained confidence in itself by sheer dint of having survived for nine months, but self-confidence has led to a certain complacency—which is now in the process of being severely jolted by the recent Communist offensives. By cutting the main highways around Phnom Penh and by isolating a number of provincial capitals as well, a force of only eight or ten thousand North Vietnamese, Vietcong, and Khmer Rouge (Cambodian Communist) troops has managed to immobilize six or seven times as many Cambodian government troops, who still seem incapable of mounting successful offensives or counterattacks. There is ample evidence that the Communists lack sufficient arms and ammunition to sustain their offensives, but while they are waiting for supplies from the North that might enable them to mount a dry-season attack in either Cambodia or South Vietnam, they are employing interim tactics that are obviously successful. Phnom Penh could now be easily cut off from the southern port of Kompong Som, and thus be left dependent on vulnerable supply routes up the Mekong and along Highway 1 from Saigon—the only artery not cut during the recent Communist attacks. A sudden series of terrorist incidents in Phnom Penh, including the explosion of a *plastique* charge at the American Embassy, has proved that the capital itself has been thoroughly infiltrated. Most observers doubt whether there will be an effort to capture it, though—at least until the Communists have enough strength to hold it.

What really seems astonishing—especially since the Communists are having trouble recruiting support among the peasants, and there are fresh indications of friction between the local Khmer Rouge partisans and the North Vietnamese Communists—is the Lon Nol government's continuing inability to extend its fiat into the countryside. The disruption of communications, which is the Communists' principal aim right now—they are busy blowing up bridges and setting up roadblocks—is undoubtedly designed to keep the still essentially garrison-bound government forces where they are. There have been some instances in the last few weeks of government troops' moving out to meet the Communists and to repair damage to the lines of communication, but the government troops have invariably been ambushed and have suffered numerous casualties. Even when the Communists, outnumbered, have retired, they have stayed nearby and have sooner or later resumed their attacks. Given the fact that (with the exception of a small number of genuinely pro-Sihanouk and pro-Communist elements among the peasants) the vast majority of the Cambodian people are both anti-Communist and anti-Vietnamese, the government's failure to use the intelligence reports and sources available to it is almost unbelievable. Such intelligence comes not only from Khmers who were originally impressed by the Communists and have lately been drifting back to the government side in increasing numbers but also from ordinary peasants who move quite freely back and forth across the lines every day, selling meat and other products in the provincial towns. According to what I was told in Phnom Penh, scarcely any effort is being made to gather and correlate the vast amount of information about where the Communists are and what they are doing, with the result that groups of twenty or so Communists are able to carry out sabotage missions right under the noses of government troops. For instance, early in November such a group blew up a key bridge on the road to Kompong Cham, eighty miles north of Phnom Penh. It is this important area, where the Mekong swings west, that the Communists particularly want to control, so that they can bring supplies down from the north more easily along the river route.

So far, South Vietnamese troops have managed to keep the former Communist sanctuary areas in eastern Cambodia near their borders fairly well under their control. The South Vietnamese are also making occasional forays farther into Cambodia, to unblock roads or to uncover arms caches. (A huge one, containing some two hundred and fifty tons of tank ammunition, was recently found in Ratanakiri Province, in the northeast.) But the Cambodians are not anxious to rely on the South Vietnamese any more than they have to, and would be just as happy to have them out. The South Vietnamese, of course, argue that they are defending themselves when they come into Cambodia—an argument they tend to forget when they suggest, as they did last month, that the Phnom Penh government should pay four billion piastres (about fifteen million dollars) annually for what the Saigon troops are doing to "save" the country. Ultimately, if anybody is to save it, it will have to be the Cambodians themselves, and, for that reason, they are planning to increase their Army from the present hundred

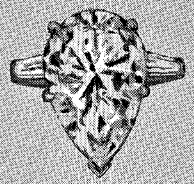
Dive-ettes

the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better... by specialists. Lots of dots and dash... our pleat-skirted twopiecer in lime or pink with white. 7 to 14, about $8. 4 to 6X, about $7. Ruffly coverup in white with matching sash. S-M-L, about $7. Both Kodel® polyester and cotton.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

At Lord & Taylor, New York; Filene's, Boston; Maas Bros., Tampa; Jacobson's, Michigan; The Popular, El Paso; and all their branches; and other fine stores or write Dive-ettes, Inc., 112 West 34th Street, New York 10001.



we're in SHOW business

We help you show warmth. Concern. Joy. Sentiment. Love.
We help you show it with panache. Style. Flair. Showmanship.
Show someone how much you care with our 10.40 carat flawless, top color, pear shaped diamond ring. Platinum mounting with two tapered baguettes, more than ½ carat each.
For pricing information and private appointment, please contact Mr. Henry Lambert or Mr. Victor Lambert, (212) 838-6000.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Fine Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York
Also Smith Haven Mall • Smithtown

The Innocent Island

Somewhere in the Atlantic, not very far from Nassau and Freeport, there's an island where wild horses still run free. ✖ An island with absolutely great people on it. And one of Dick Wilson's great golf courses, with hardly any people on it. ✖ An island where the beach is so long it disappears out of sight. Into a forest so cool and quiet and haunting you can't shake it out of your mind. ✖ An island with maybe the most delightful hotel in the Bahamas. And maybe the most delightful guests in the world. ✖ You really should read our brochure.

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel and Villas
Abaco, Bahamas
See your travel agent, or mail the coupon.

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel & Villas L
P.O. Box 3941, Main Office,
Miami, Florida 33101

Gentlemen: Please send your brochure.
Name
Address
City
State Zip
Treasure Cay Beach Hotel is represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc MON. 6:00 to 11:00 P.M.
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. · PL 3-3787

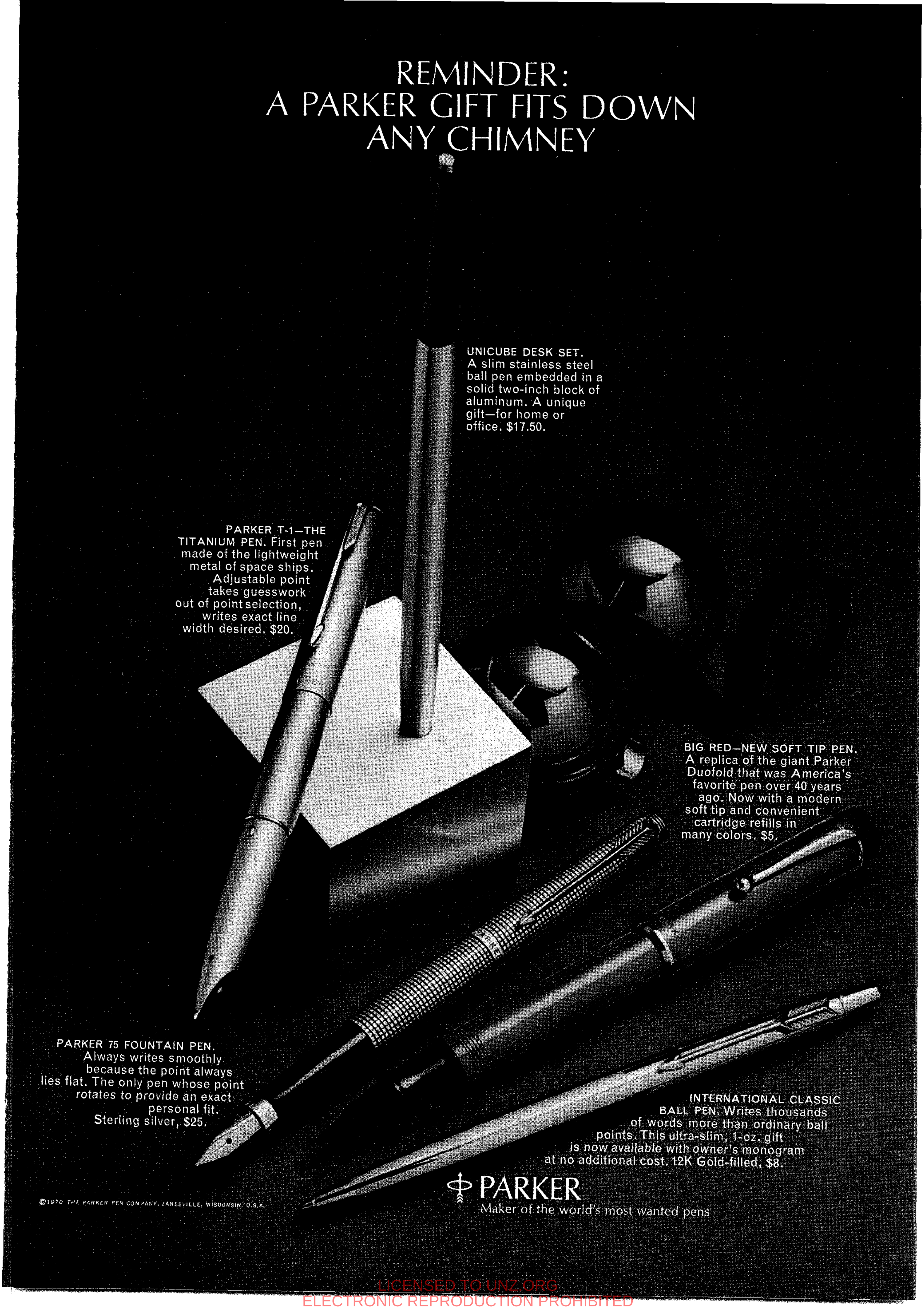
and fifty thousand (of whom about a hundred thousand so far have arms) to two hundred and ten thousand. This force will be armed with a mixture of AK-47 Communist guns, American carbines, and more modern American M-16s. Even if the Nixon Administration obtains from Congress the entire hundred and fifty-five million dollars it is seeking for Cambodia in fiscal 1971 (on top of a hundred million already spent out of 1971 appropriations or borrowed from funds that had been earmarked for Turkey, Greece, and Taiwan), the "modernization" of the backward Cambodian Army will still be only begun.

Of the amount our Congress is currently being asked to earmark for Cambodia, eighty-five million is to be spent for military supplies, mostly ammunition, and seventy million to sustain the economy. The latter has traditionally depended on rubber exports, and though the local French planters are trying to return to their plantations, most of them have not been able to, despite their willingness to pay off all sides. The government is operating under a budget deficit of about four billion riels a year (the riel is officially valued at 55.54 to the dollar, and the black-market rate is eighty-five to the dollar), and to meet this deficit a half billion riels a month of new money is being printed, amounting to about a hundred million a year. There is no serious inflation as yet, though some prices have risen, and foreign experts, including Americans and representatives of the International Monetary Fund, feel that if the government tightens its belt, and if it gets the foreign help it anticipates, it will be able to hold its own financially. Other nations—most notably Japan and Australia—have so far given a total of only six or seven million dollars to Cambodia; one hears talk, though, that the Japanese may give or lend more. What happens to the Cambodian rice crop that is about to be harvested will have important consequences both economically and militarily. Last year, Cambodia exported a hundred and eighty thousand tons of rice—mostly to Africa—and it hopes to do as well or slightly better this year, although the Communists will obviously try to collect and store for themselves as much of the rice as possible.

THE fact remains that, with the best of intentions, the Lon Nol government has moved far too slowly. If the Republic of Cambodia is to accomplish more than the removal of Sihanouk's royal crest from public buildings and the sponsorship of vague arguments about whether to establish a presidential or a parliamentary system, it will have to do much more than it has to gain not only the sympathy but the organized support of the Khmers and of the ethnic minorities in the country. The latter include the so-called Khmer Loeu—highland people with ties to the Vietnamese Montagnards—in the northeast, and the Muslims and the Chams. The Khmer Krom, some half million of whom live in the Mekong Delta of South Vietnam, cannot strictly be called an ethnic minority, since they are racially Khmers, but in the past they have been torn between Cambodia and South Vietnam, and many of them have intermarried with Vietnamese. Some twelve battalions of Khmer Krom troops have so far been mobilized by the government, and they are probably the best fighters in the motley Cambodian Army. Colonel Les Kosem, who is of Cham descent, is trying to rally some of the other racial groups, but he hasn't had much success so far. What Colonel Kosem envisions is a mixed highland-guerrilla force in the area where the borders of Cambodia, Laos, and South Vietnam join, and similar guerrilla groups, made up of Chams and some Malay minority elements, in the central part of the country, around the Mekong and the Tonle Sap, and, to a lesser extent, in the west.

The Cambodian Army is now growing at the rate of a battalion a week, with most of these units being trained in South Vietnam for periods ranging from five to eight weeks, while others are training in Thailand, and some in Cambodia itself. The Army's main problem is a lack of good junior officers and noncoms. Four special battalions totalling about two thousand men are to be trained at an old American Special Forces camp in southern Laos, near Pak Song, on the western side of the Bolovens Plateau, which is perilously close to where the North Vietnamese are now attacking. Only about half of these recruits have as yet been sent to the camp, and in mid-October one battalion, after a minor revolt because the men, all volunteers, had not been told where they were going or what they were going to do, had to be flown back to Cambodia and disbanded. "Poor leadership and organization" were given as the reasons for the revolt, in which the men began firing their guns into the ground and into the air one night. These special battalions were initially to be used for duty in southern

REMINDER: A PARKER GIFT FITS DOWN ANY CHIMNEY



UNICUBE DESK SET. A slim stainless steel ball pen embedded in a solid two-inch block of aluminum. A unique gift—for home or office. $17.50.

PARKER T-1—THE TITANIUM PEN. First pen made of the lightweight metal of space ships. Adjustable point takes guesswork out of point selection, writes exact line width desired. $20.

BIG RED—NEW SOFT TIP PEN. A replica of the giant Parker Duofold that was America's favorite pen over 40 years ago. Now with a modern soft tip and convenient cartridge refills in many colors. $5.

PARKER 75 FOUNTAIN PEN. Always writes smoothly because the point always lies flat. The only pen whose point rotates to provide an exact personal fit. Sterling silver, $25.

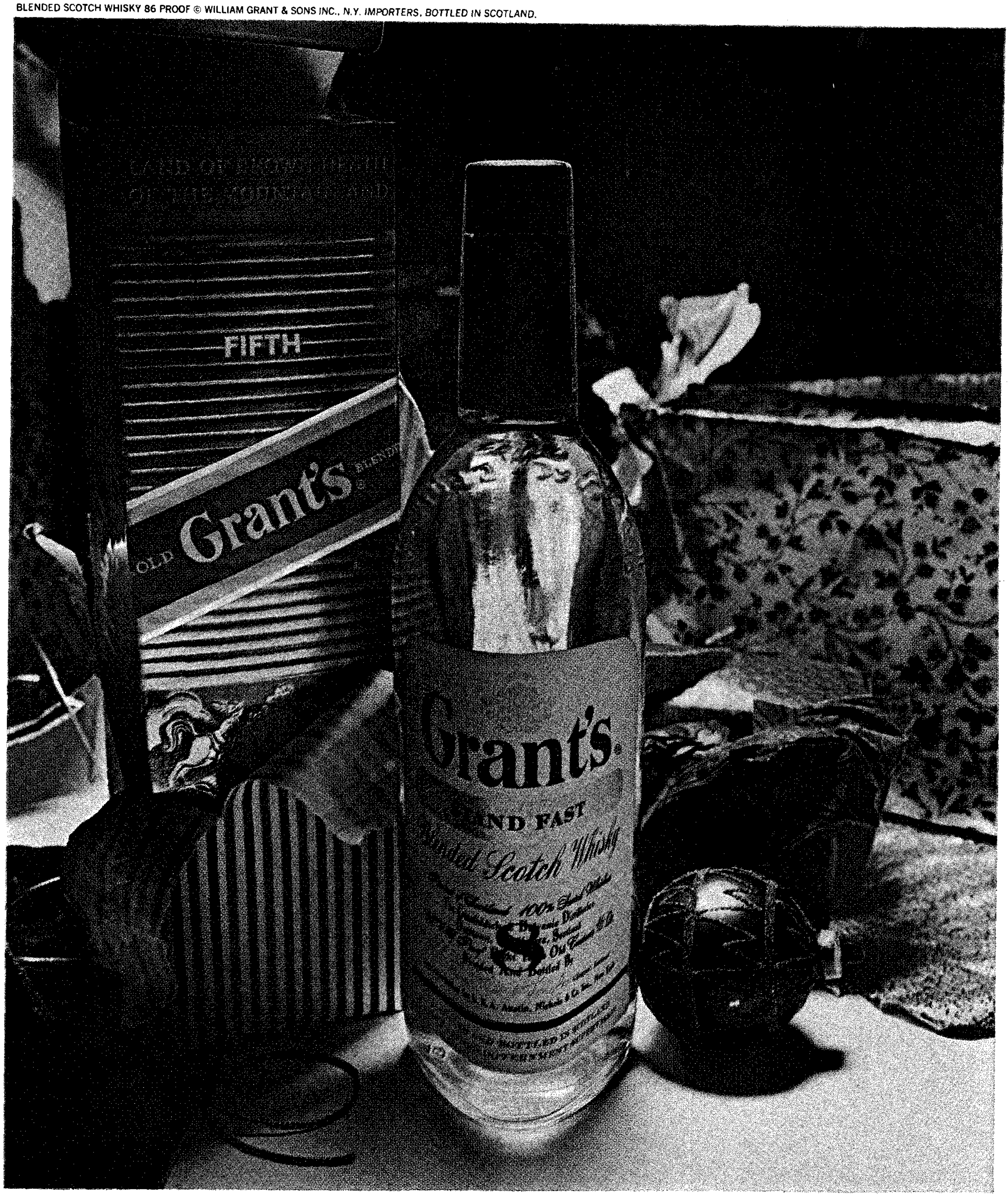
INTERNATIONAL CLASSIC BALL PEN. Writes thousands of words more than ordinary ball points. This ultra-slim, 1-oz. gift is now available with owner's monogram at no additional cost. 12K Gold-filled, $8.

PARKER

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

©1970 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © WILLIAM GRANT & SONS INC., N.Y. IMPORTERS. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.


FIFTH
OLD Grant's BLENDED
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8

Is your gift as good as Grant's?

This year, give your favorite people a gift you know they'll open and enjoy—Grant's 8 Scotch. It's aged for 8 full years . . . brimming with rich, smooth, honest Scotch flavor. And while you're at it, enjoy a little of the holiday Spirit yourself.

Grant's® 8 Scotch...as long as you're up.

Laos, where they would presumably help stem the flow of Communist supplies into Cambodia.

What are said to be tremendous amounts of Communist supplies stored in southern Laos are being subjected daily to some of the heaviest B-52 bombardments of the war, but it remains doubtful, as always, how much can be accomplished in such a situation by air power alone. Nevertheless, Hanoi is facing its worst logistical problems of the entire war in moving supplies into Cambodia and South Vietnam. Many military experts predict that unless the North Vietnamese improve their supply routes they will be forced to use such care and caution in these movements that no sustained offensives can begin until late in this dry season—perhaps in May or June—or perhaps not until 1972.

IF there is no major offensive this year, the Cambodians will have gained time in which to improve the organization of their government and their armed forces, but they have a long way to go with both. One Cambodian Army commander with more ability and verve than most is General In Tam, who is also head of the National Assembly but who has recently spent most of his time in the field with his soldiers, defending his besieged native town of Kompong Cham. On the other hand, General Lon Nol, as premier and defense minister, has made only two or three trips around the country, and is scarcely known to most of his officers and men. In contrast to Sihanouk, who travelled around constantly, making long, rambling speeches to his "children," the peasants, Lon Nol has remained very much in the background. He is, furthermore, a mystic, and regularly consults a number of monks of the Mohanikay Buddhist sect (the predominant religious group in Cambodia), who claim to have the ability to divine the future. I had a talk with perhaps the most important of these advisers, a thirty-nine-year-old bonze named Mam Prum Momi, or the Venerable Momi, who, when asked how long the war would last, said he had worked out his forecast as follows: As of October 19, 1970, the first phase would last seven months and twenty-six days, and then a "smaller" phase would last six months and twenty-six days. At the close of the second phase, Cambodia would, "of course, be victorious."

My visit to the Venerable Momi left me somewhat bewildered about the prospects for both the war and Cambodian politics, and I was not particularly enlightened about either by talks I had with a number of youth leaders, who have been feeling their oats since Sihanouk's departure and have been busy putting out magazines and proclamations decrying corruption and vaguely demanding the development of political parties. They are no doubt a healthy influence in that they try to prod the government into moving more quickly, but their visions of the future seem extremely fuzzy—as everything else does in Phnom Penh nowadays. With the Communists all around the city, and inside it, too, this scarcely seems the time to argue about whether Cambodia ought to have two or three or five or six political parties. Some fifty thousand young men who call themselves Salvation Youth have been organized into so-called commando groups to assist in the defense of the capital and a few other towns. Their leader is Chhuk Meng Mao, who is president of the Teachers Association of Cambodia and a friend and ally of Son Ngoc Thanh—who, with Sihanouk, was largely responsible for winning Cambodia's independence from the French after the Second World War, and who, after breaking with Sihanouk and spending years of exile in Saigon, is now back in Phnom Penh as a Deputy Prime Minister. Thanh is currently rallying the Khmer Krom, but, presumably with Mao's help, he will probably eventually head a political group, while Lon Nol or his younger brother, Lon Non, will head another. Lon Non commands an Army brigade, which is said to be a sort of private-guard formation to protect Lon Nol in case dissident elements in the Army try to take over.

Deputy Prime Minister Sisowath Sirik Matak, who supervises most daily administrative matters, recently suffered the embarrassment of having his younger brother, Sisowath Methavi, defect from the Cambodian Embassy in Paris and make his way to Peking, where Sihanouk's government-in-exile, the National United Khmer Forces, is based. The Prince still talks of returning to Cambodia, but it is becoming more and more apparent that the National United Khmer Forces is simply a propaganda apparatus designed to win over as many Cambodian peasants as possible. Meanwhile, the Khmer Rouge, a mixture of Cambodian Communist elements dating back to Second World War days, is waging its own guerrilla

Where
you find
elegance
in the
accustomed
(AND UNACCUSTOMED)
places

Why do many of the world's most distinguished and discriminating people prefer The Colony? They enjoy elegant living. The Colony, in the most fashionable part of Palm Beach, is the center of social life, both day and night.

By day, socialize on a sun-drenched patio. Tan beside the shimmering pool. Drink in the shade of The Pool Patio.

At night, dine in the sumptuous Pool Room, the most fashionable gathering place in all Palm Beach. Enjoy superb French cuisine and rare wines. Dance 'til dawn to a famous orchestra.

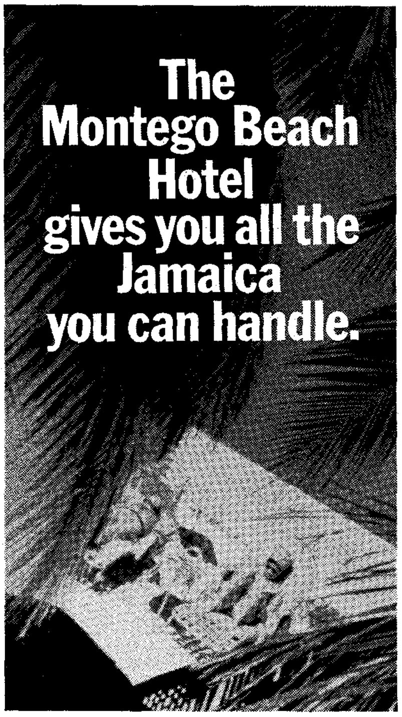
If you enjoy true elegance, especially in unaccustomed places, like palm tree extension phones to keep in touch with home or office and impeccable service that absolutely respects your privacy, then you will enjoy The Colony. *Why not stay where everyone ends up?*

THE
Colony
HOTEL
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
A McConnell, Wetenhall
Prestige Property
Tel. (305) 655-5430. Cable: Prestige, Palm Beach
Contact your Travel Agent or
Ledyard D. Gardner, Vice President

There are some people who always insist on the best.

At the Sheraton-Plaza they don't have to.

Sheraton-Plaza Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
COPLEY SQUARE,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 617-267-5300


The Montego Beach Hotel gives you all the Jamaica you can handle.
Reservations through your travel agent or
Ray Morrow Associates, 51 E. 42nd St.,
N.Y., N.Y. 10017, (212) 697-2340.

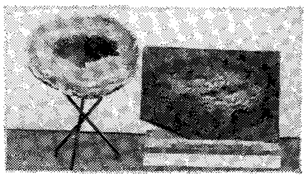
Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153

war, mostly in the south and southwest. Its nominal leader, Sihanouk says, is Hou Youn, who—with Khieu Samphan, supposedly Acting Prime Minister of the underground in Cambodia—is a former National Assemblyman. The present Cambodian government maintains that both men were murdered in 1967 on Sihanouk's personal orders, but Sihanouk, in his Peking broadcasts, insists that he and his aides are in regular touch with the alleged corpses.

LIFE in Phnom Penh, despite imminent threats, goes on at an outwardly serene tempo, and when one returns to Saigon the contrast is sharp. The Vietnamese capital is becoming noisier, dirtier, and more uncomfortable every day, and the delayed start of the dry season has left the air so heavy with moisture, kerosene and gasoline fumes, and over-all smog that it is almost impossible to breathe. The political atmosphere is just about as thick, with the usual intrigue and suspicion increasing, if anything, as the 1971 Presidential election draws closer. President Thieu is making occasional remarks about not running again; for example, in a speech he made in Binh Dinh Province, on the central coast, a fortnight ago, he said, "If I give up my position without having accomplished anything very significant for the people, I have at least demonstrated my fervent desire and determination to end the war," adding that "in four years one cannot do everything." But it is becoming clear that such sententious grass-roots rhetoric is simply another manifestation of what Thieu considers "Americanization," and that he has no intention of quitting, though he conceivably could lose the election. Big Minh—General Duong Van Minh, the head of the military junta that overthrew President Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963, and Chief of State in 1965—has made it clear, without saying so outright, that he, too, will run, and many Vietnamese believe that if the election were held today, with just those two candidates, Minh would win. They also believe, however, that by next September or October (the exact date of the election has not yet been fixed) Thieu will probably have brought the current set of generals into line and consolidated his forces sufficiently to insure his reëlection—even if, as some of them cynically add, he has to buy it. To a certain degree, Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, just back from what he considers a highly successful American tour, holds the balance of power.

Discover the Pleasures of Lillet.

Quelle Joie!
Before meals—at cocktail time or any time after the sun sets.
LILLET
Blanc & Rouge
APERITIF DE FRANCE
By Dreyfus-Ashby & Company, New York

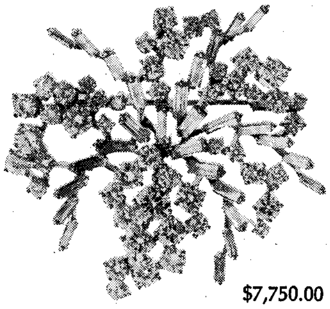
GEODE HALF ON GOLD-PLATED STAND, $15.00
40 MILLION YEAR OLD FOSSIL FISH $45.00

SEND 25c FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG OF MINERALS, INDIAN ARTIFACTS, SHELLS, FOSSILS & BOOKS
Dover Scientific • 32-58 30th Street
Long Island City, N.Y. 11106

OPA!
Hurry for the new musical sound of the Mykonotes.
MYKONOS
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
349 W. 46 ST. (W. OF EIGHTH AVE.) Tel. 265-1590

the only highrises in sight once spouted lava.
HOTEL Hana Ranch
MAUI, HAWAII
see your travel agent

If Ky runs—and he has told his friends he will—he might possibly draw enough votes away from Thieu to throw the election to Minh. There are even rumors that he will be Minh's Vice-Presidential candidate, but what seems more likely is that he will end up as Thieu's running mate again, in the interests of "unity"—a word that has very little meaning in this torn-apart country. Should there be a third or fourth ticket, presumably composed of civilians, anything could happen, including a runoff between the two top vote-getters.

November 1st, the anniversary of Diem's overthrow, has become an occasion for party-giving and social festivities here, and a couple of weeks ahead of this year's anniversary, Tran Van Don, a retired general and former senator who was the real organizer of the coup against Diem, made an effort to bring Thieu and Minh together. At the last minute, Minh undid the plan. In all likelihood, Don's efforts as a peacemaker will continue unsuccessful, for since Minh returned from exile in Bangkok two years ago, he has been acting and talking more and more as if he were again Chief of State. On November 1st, while Thieu was giving a party for his top generals, Minh gave one for some of the former coup leaders, to whom he spoke vaguely of a need to prosecute the 1963 revolution to its conclusion. Although Minh displays a commendable desire to forge unity, particularly among the various religious groups (Buddhists, Catholics, and Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects), he has so far been able to achieve very little—largely, he maintains, because he is hamstrung by the government police. Ideally, he should have a central or northern Catholic as his running mate in the election, since he himself is a southern Buddhist, but it may be hard to find a good man with these qualifications. Minh's trouble is the same one he had when he headed the 1963 junta—he is a poor organizer, and, in his desire to be a kind of father figure, he allows himself to be used by too many groups. Many people believe that the Communists, who have hinted in Paris that they might be willing to make a deal with Minh if he should stand for "neutrality," will try to use him as a "peace candidate" in order to obtain the kind of coalition settlement they want, even though Minh has opposed a coalition government as such. In any event, given the voters' tremendous desire for peace and Minh's personal popularity, his candidacy must be taken serious-


$7,750.00

18 Kt. white gold brooch set with 49 full cut brilliants 5.51 ct. and 28 baguettes 2.90 ct.

Distinctively

GÜBELIN

3 West 57th Street, New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue
Our softest hug, close to your body beneath all kinds of skirt and pants looks. Our sleeveless romper is navy polyester jersey with a white front zipper and white stitching crisscrossing the pocket, for 6 to 14 sizes, $22. Sport Separates Collections. Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders.

TRIC-TRAC

Louis XV
Games Table
From Our
Collection
of Unusual
Furniture

For Your
Leisure
Hours

Elegant Tric-Trac table that warmly accents any room in your home . . . whether it's English, French or any decor. Meticulously crafted in mellow, antiqued fruitwood (acajou), with the look of an inherited antique. 4 drawers. Reversible top . . . inlaid with rosewood and satinwood for chess on one side . . . and green felt for cards or writing on the other. Table well contains inlaid backgammon surface. A perfect table for bridge. Measures 24" x 34". $450

Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $25 crating charge beyond delivery area.

A visit to Lloyds is an exciting adventure in shopping. Here, in the best "first stop" in town, you'll find an extensive and unusual collection of antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and fine estate pieces. Browse to your heart's content with your own good taste to guide you. You'll be delighted.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 PL 9-7313

ALMOND FLAVOR LIQUEUR!

Amaretto di Saronno. Il liquore alla mandorla! Amaretto. Dall'Italia. Non è un succo di frutta. E nemmeno una mistura. E' puro sapore di mandorla. Un distillato di pregiatissime mandorle selezionate (ecco perchè costa un tantino di più). Nelle migliori bottiglierie e nei ristoranti italiani à la page. Chi lo ricorda una volta, non lo dimentica più: Amaretto. From Italy. Not fruity. Not mixed up. Pure almond taste. From rare select almonds. Costly, but nice. At knowledgeable liquor dealers. And *au courant* Italian restaurants. Remember it once, and you'll never forget:

AMARETTO
di SARONNO
Foreign Vintages, Inc., N.Y.C. 56 proof

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

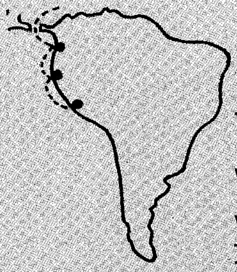
ly. The latest of a series of slogans epitomizing American policy over the years reflects this: "Sink or Swim with Ngo Dinh Diem" was the phrase before the United States helped overthrow Diem and his family; then it was "See It Through with Nguyen Van Thieu," which summed up Nixon's desire to Vietnamize and get out without upsetting any more applecarts; and now, though the official American policy remains very much one of support for Thieu, a new slogan is being repeated by many Vietnamese and by some of the younger and more dissatisfied Americans—"Hoa Binh with Duong Van Minh." "*Hoa binh*" means "peace."

There certainly continues to be a good deal of discontent with the Thieu government—particularly with its secretive methods and with the fact that it has done next to nothing about the ever-worsening corruption. (There are more and more stories of land-grabbing and timber profits in the Vietnamese highlands, while minor varieties of corruption, such as policemen's stopping the cars of foreigners for little or no reason and threatening to issue summonses unless they receive payoffs of five hundred piastres, have become more common than ever.) Thieu, ignoring the all too apparent moral collapse of Vietnamese society, insists that ninety-nine and one-tenth per cent of the country is now secure, and has said that the situation will be even better by the end of February, when the 1971 pacification program, based on village self-sufficiency and village development, will come into effect.

There has undoubtedly been progress, but continued shellings of cities, sapper attacks, and sporadic fighting demonstrate the foolishness of maintaining that the country is almost secure. Though many gains have been made in pacification and in establishing village and hamlet governments and elected provincial councils, all of which are demonstrating a healthy tendency to make their own decisions, the Communists are scarcely on the verge of defeat. As their main forces have been dispersed and driven into more remote jungle hideouts, they are concentrating more intensely than ever on rebuilding their infrastructure, partly by creating new movements among students, teachers, and workers. The stress is now on building new cells in the cities. Since they are continuing to place agents within the legal government apparatus—they speak of "legalizing" as many as half their cadres—they are obviously getting ready either for a cease-fire or for the day when American withdrawal will make it easier for them to resume a guerrilla offensive. A cease-fire is considered the less likely of the two eventualities, though many South Vietnamese are spreading stories, which appear to be true, that the Communists are ordering people in the rural areas to make Vietcong flags secretly at the same time that the government is ordering the people to paint government flags on the walls of their houses. This "battle of the flags" is supposed to be a preparation for the day when a cease-fire takes place, the idea being that each side, by flying or showing the flags, can claim to be "in control" of a particular area. In parts of the Delta, such as Kien Hoa Province, long a Communist stronghold, the new stress on "legalization" is probably responsible at least in part for the fact that several hundred people a week are turning themselves over to the government as *hoi chanh*, or returnees from Communist areas. In other parts of the Delta, where government troops are now pushing Communist units back into such traditionally Communist-held base areas as the U Minh forest, in the southwest, Vietcong political power has tended to collapse with the disappearance of its troop support. Throughout South Vietnam, according to government figures, the total number of cadremen in the Vietcong Infrastructure, or V.C.I., dropped from eighty-four thousand in July, 1969, to sixty-three thousand in October of this year, and of these over half have now been identified by name and rank. This does not mean, however, that innocent people are no longer picked up and wrongly accused, or that some of the legitimate cadremen captured have not been buying their freedom from corrupt government officials.

As long as the Communists' capacity to wage war in the South is limited, as it is at the moment, they are likely to confine their major activity here to the northern provinces, where they are still strong and can reinforce themselves more readily, and, at the same time, can seek to undermine the Saigon government politically. Given their logistical problems, what looms is a new race against time, in which the Communists have certain clear goals and the Saigon government has less sharply defined ones. One of Saigon's goals is obviously strengthened security, but more important is the goal of strengthening the new institutions of government, such as village self-help programs and the new relationship between the elected provincial councils and the vil-

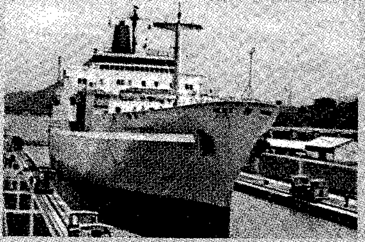
The other half of South America. Only the Santa Maria takes you there.



Cruise through the Panama Canal to the west coast of S.A.

There's a South America waiting for you that you've never seen in the travel folders. And Prudential-Grace's 26-day tour will take you there.

You'll follow the route of the Conquistadors on the Santa Maria or one of our other three beautiful sister ships to places unspoiled by hundreds of clicking cameras and crowded souvenir stands.



Santa Maria passing through the Panama Canal.

You'll stop at Kingston, the capital of exotic Jamaica; Cartagena, the famous Spanish treasure port and Cristobal, the gateway to the Panama Canal. You'll sail through the Canal—one of the world's great sightseeing experiences.

Then to the lush tropics at Guayaquil, the Spanish palaces at Lima; and Machu Picchu, the lofty Inca city.

Machu Picchu, Peru, one of history's wonders.

One of our sister ships (Santa Mariana, Santa Maria, Santa Magdalena or Santa Mercedes) sails from New York every Friday.

On board you'll enjoy magnificent classical cuisine and staterooms with all the comforts of a deluxe hotel but the personal service of a private country club.

South America is ready. Are you? For more information see your travel agent or mail this coupon.

Santa Mariana, Santa Maria, Santa Magdalena, Santa Mercedes.

Every Friday to the Caribbean and South America.
At least 26 days. At least $885. At most 117 people.

Prudential-Grace Lines, Inc.
One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004
(212) 344-6000 Dept. NY 12/19

Please send me a full-color brochure on:

☐ Your 26-day cruises to the Caribbean and South America via the Panama Canal.

☐ Your 13-day cruises to the Caribbean and South America with fares from $495.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State________ Zip______

My Travel Agent is____________________

Country of Registry: U.S.A.

Golden Recipes.

The same blending of flavors that makes Galliano the perfect after-dinner liqueur makes it the perfect mixing ingredient: versatile enough to bring out other flavors, but never overpowering.

GOLDEN CADILLAC

1 oz. Liquore Galliano
2 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream

Place with small quantity crushed ice in blender. Use low speed for short time. Strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST

Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liquore Galliano over ice and squeeze ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

HARVEY WALLBANGER

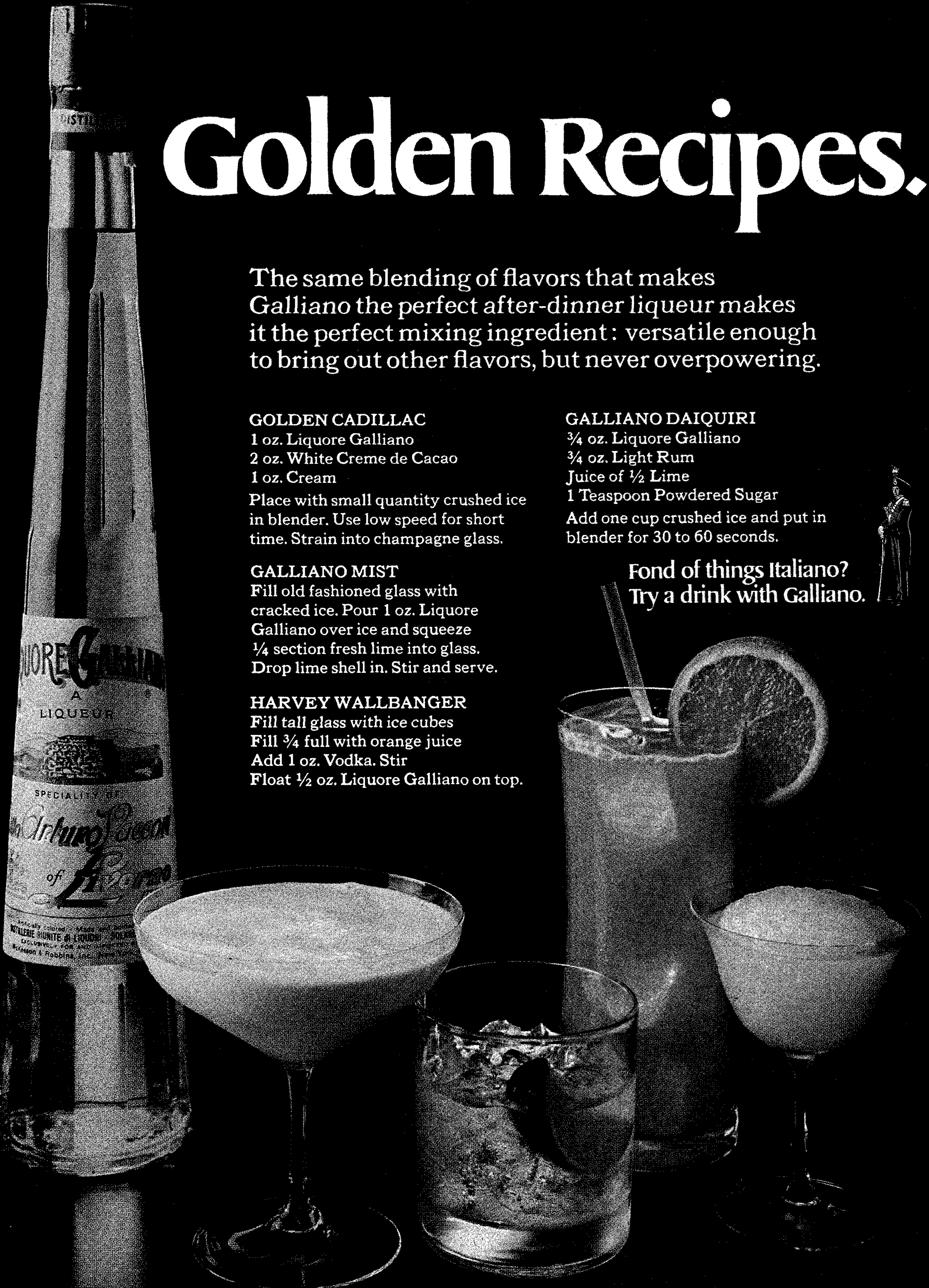
Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill ¾ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float ½ oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

GALLIANO DAIQUIRI

¾ oz. Liquore Galliano
¾ oz. Light Rum
Juice of ½ Lime
1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar

Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

Fond of things Italiano?
Try a drink with Galliano.



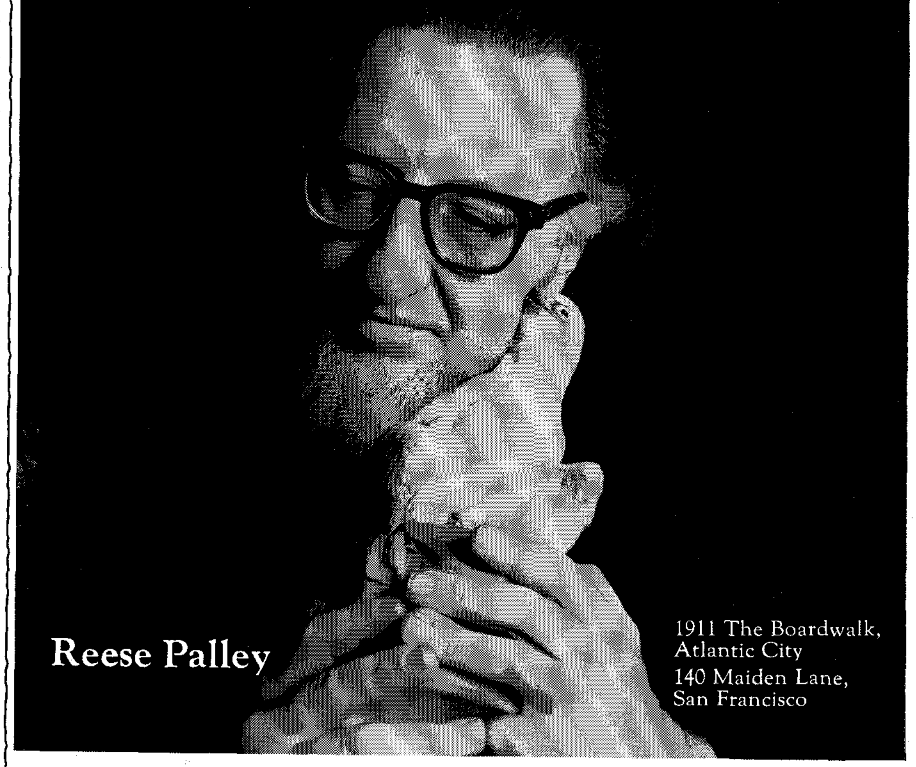
80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO., 1970

lage councils. Without clearer political guidelines and far sounder leadership, I doubt whether the government will easily win this struggle, because winning depends on the ability to build viable new administrative institutions on a weak, or even nonexistent, political base. It is all very well to maintain that the province chiefs today are "better than they were a year ago" (an assertion I have been hearing for ten years), or that what are called "provincial profiles" are being drawn in order to chart carefully just how much money is being allotted and spent where and for what, how much is given by the central government and how much is being raised locally, and whether or not "legitimate" local needs are being met. All this may be useful in further computerizing government activities in Vietnam, but, even so, the new institutional democracy that the Americans are so proud of is going to have a hard time sustaining itself—especially amid a continued atmosphere of rampant corruption—against a trained Communist apparatus, overt and covert.

The only way the government could ultimately win out would be to build up a strong and unified cadre system of its own—a solution that some Vietnamese have proposed—using frank and tough political means to do it. But that requires just the drive and zeal and sense of sacrifice that are still so widely lacking and that President Thieu has so notably failed to inspire. One still listens to haunting pleas for "authentic nationalists" to emerge, as if from hiding. There are some of these nationalists, to be sure, but they are boxed in, as always, by events and circumstances, and if they overassert themselves they are cut down. The other day, I asked a Vietnamese friend, with some degree of exasperation, for a definition of an "authentic nationalist." After a pause, he replied, with a grin, "My nine-year-old son."

One tentatively hopeful sign is a recent improvement in the Vietnamese economy. The stabilization of the piastre begun several months ago by Economics Minister Phan Kim Ngoc has so far gone well, and even with the new accommodation exchange rate for United States personnel of two hundred and seventy-five to the dollar (the old rate was a hundred and eighteen), the black-market rate has stayed at about four hundred to the dollar. Though the prices of some commodities have continued to rise, in 1971 a system of controlled inflation, designed to restrict the average rise to between

DDT kills baby eagles.
The Fledgling Eagle. Edward Marshall Boehm.
$750. (Sold out.)



Reese Palley

1911 The Boardwalk,
Atlantic City
140 Maiden Lane,
San Francisco

Afrique.
Questions and answers

1 "What's the difference between Africa and Afrique?"

Afrique is the best of Africa: the exotic French and English-speaking nations along Africa's lush West Coast. Afrique is also the part of Africa that's closest to the U.S. It costs $292* less to get there and back than to the remote East Coast; yet the jungle is just as exotic, the food and climate are much better, and the cities are among the world's most cosmopolitan.

2 "This is my first trip to Afrique. What do I need to take?"

You don't need to take all sorts of elaborate bush gear. Pack as you would for any trip. Take plenty of light, informal wash and wearables. Pack lots of film and get yourself an all-purpose filter for extra strong sunlight. Bring a flashlight with extra batteries. You might want to take plastic bags, scotch tape, rubber bands and a few ball point pens. They come in handy and are sometimes difficult to find. Last but not least, take Air Afrique. We know more about Afrique than any other airline.

3 "How do you get to and around Afrique?"

You get there on Air Afrique's new Afro-Jet Spécial. On board, we'll give you a superb sampling of things to come: gracious African-robed hostesses, delicious Afro-French meals and the always-exciting ambiance of Afrique itself.

There are a lot of ways to get around Afrique. From a jeep trek to one of our air-conditioned bus tours. (Take our Comprehensive Afrique Tour for $565, plus air fare.) And if you prize convenience above all else, you can fly Air Afrique. We go to 33 major cities on the continent.

Afrique RK-NY-12-19
Air France, Box 747, New York, New York 10011
I have more questions. Please send me the answers.
Name
Address
City State Zip
My travel agent is
AIR AFRIQUE
Air France, General Agent

Starting January 2, Air Afrique's Afro-Jet Spécial.
Nonstop flights from New York to Dakar and beyond.

*Based on 14/35 day economy excursion fare from New York to Dakar vs. New York to Nairobi.

Your $10 Christmas gift will provide up to $240 worth of meat, milk and bread for hungry families

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so poor and so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry. Who are these families? Tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers . . . some with no income at all . . . living in old broken down shacks, spending winters huddled around fires trying to stay warm.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its third year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, 50¢ buys as much as $12 worth of Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids — can mean $240 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may you have a joyous Holiday.

*NAACP Emergency Relief Fund**
Dept. N70, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund —tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

twenty and thirty per cent, will enable the Vietnamese to keep afloat financially—at least if American economic aid continues at the present rate of about seven hundred and fifty million dollars a year. (Military aid, it is anticipated, will go down next year from about fourteen billion dollars to about ten billion, and by 1972 to three or four billion.)

On the minus side, there has lately been a sharp increase in hooliganism, some of which is perhaps Communist-inspired but most of which is simply attributable to the sociological imbalances caused by the long war, by declining wages and buying power, and by sheer xenophobia. This week there has been severe anti-American rioting in the central coastal city of Qui Nhon, precipitated by the shooting there of a Vietnamese teen-ager by an American soldier. And in the past several weeks, I myself have witnessed two incidents on Saigon streets in which Americans were jumped and beaten up by three or four teen-agers armed with sticks. The Vietnamese, deeply enmeshed as they are in their own corruption, and bitter about the American-created inflation, naturally tend to blame the Americans for everything that goes wrong. In any event, until there is real economic growth, these stresses and strains and tensions are bound to continue, not only in the urban areas, where social and economic stress is most felt, but also in the countryside, where the restlessness has so far been largely latent but is nevertheless apparent. The fact that land reform is moving very slowly, and is being generally resisted by small landowners, has a good deal to do with it.

AGAINST the steady tumult of what is taking place in Cambodia and Vietnam, what can be heard from Laos is comparable to background music, but that music is getting louder. As always, the war in Laos must be divided into two separate spheres—the bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, which is heavier than ever (the North Vietnamese sent three times as much matériel into the trail complex in October as they had sent in October of 1969, and this November they sent four times the amount they'd sent in November of last year), and what is occurring in the rest of the country. Talks of some sort between the Communists and the Vientiane government of Prince Souvanna Phouma are almost sure to take place in the next few months, at first in Khang Khay, on the Plaine des Jarres, and then in the royal

BOMBAY
DRY GIN
DISTILLED LONDON
IMPORTED
For the naked martini

A glass. Ice. **Bombay Gin.** Imported from England.

CARILLON IMPORTERS, N.Y. 10022 • 86 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

THE HOTEL Dorset

A Place To Relax While You Dine Very Well

Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

The finest ice in the Grenadines

The perfect hideaway resort hotel, a 113-acre private island, south of St. Vincent, north of Grenada. Charter cruise yachtsmen make a beeline here for . . . the finest ice in the Grenadines.

For reservations, see your Travel Agent, or call our New York office: (212) 986-4373. Petit St.Vincent Resort

BROADWAY JOE

"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"

open 4:30 P.M. to 12 P.M.

315 W.46 ST.NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

Are you still holding up the U.S. mail?

You are if you don't use Zip Code!

ADVERTISING COUNCIL **advertising contributed for the public good**

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Telephone (202) 483-6400
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

Peter's BACKYARD
OPEN 7 DAYS
64 W. 10th ST.
Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS
LOBSTER
Now open for lunch, Mon. - Fri.
Res. suggested: GR 3-2400

Great Golf Holiday
Play 7 days / 6 nights on two great Robert Trent Jones golf courses. Matchless accommodations near Phoenix. Write for illustrated brochure and rates.
Reade Whitwell, V.P.
THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona • 602 935-3811
Tetley / Fawcett / Warner represented

TOM'S Shangri-La
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street
CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING
3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample Parking after 7 P.M.

capital of Luang Prabang. Details of working out neutral "safe" corridors for communication between Khang Khay and Sam Neua, the Communist capital, and from Vientiane or Luang Prabang to Khang Khay, are now being discussed.

If the Communists can make an arrangement whereby the war in both northern and southern Laos will be stopped or limited, and talks can be begun about the formation of a new coalition government, Hanoi may accept the blunt fact that the bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail is, as Souvanna says, a separate matter to be discussed between the North Vietnamese and the Americans. Even though Souvanna has been under considerable pressure—both from older right-wing elements and from younger groups willing to accept the Communists in a new government—to end as much of the war as possible, he remains extremely wary. If there is to be a "two-war situation," he says, it has to work to the benefit of both sides. For the Communists, limiting the war might mean that they would be able to accomplish a widening of the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex leading into Cambodia, even though the narrow trail lines in the northeast would remain vulnerable to American bombers. And Hanoi would also benefit from ending the seesaw battle in and around the Plaine des Jarres, which has become as costly to its forces as it is to those of Laos. Hanoi could, further, get a solid foot in the door of the Vientiane government and set a new precedent for a coalition in Vietnam. In propagandistic as well as realistic terms, this could serve their interests, and even a tentative settlement in Laos could have an effect on the Paris talks.

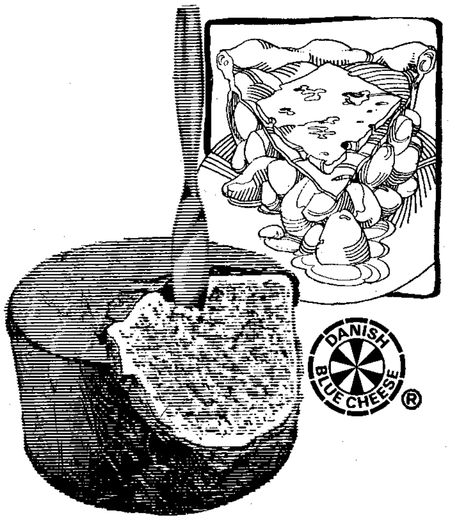
It was ten years ago that President Kennedy began the real American buildup in Vietnam by sending in the first of some sixteen thousand advisers. At just about the same time, teams of our Special Forces advisers were being introduced into Laos. Today, on the eve of the Year of the Pig in Vietnam, one can only hope against hope that all the parties concerned will stop feeding on the further destruction of Indo-China. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

LASSIE—Lassie's efforts to find her own identity bring renewed hope to a lonely young girl and leads the valiant collie, an amnesia victim, into a harrowing race for survival. Part 3 of a four-part adventure. 7 p.m. (7)—*Tacoma News-Tribune.*

Tune in next week for the schizophrenia bit.

The Danish Blue Directory
This is just for openers. Create all kinds of good things with tangy Danish Blue cheese: salads, snacks, Daneburgers. So guide yourself accordingly: right to your nearest market.



Imported
Danish Blue Cheese
ONE OF THE WONDERFUL CHEESES FROM THE FAIRYLAND DAIRYLAND OF DENMARK

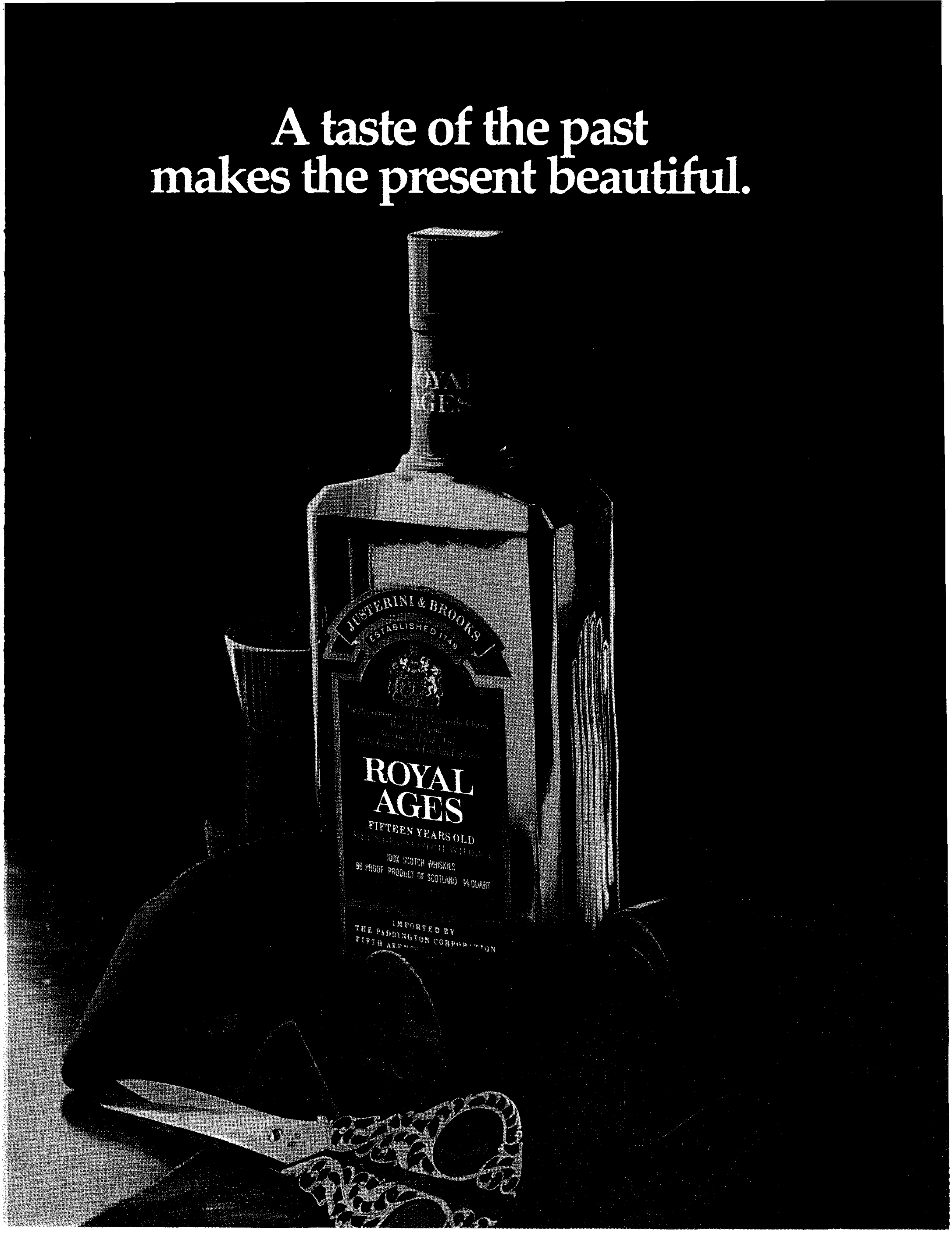
VERDICCHIO

If you think saying VERDICCHIO is tough, wait till you try saying FAZI-BATTAGLIA
It's not easy. But to enjoy the full flavor of Verdicchio wine at its finest, order by its full name: FAZI-BATTAGLIA Verdicchio. White, dry, superb. Serve well-chilled.
Imported by: Mediterranean Importing Co., Inc. Long Island City, N. Y. 11101

People who stay at the Colonial Inn feel like they've never left home.

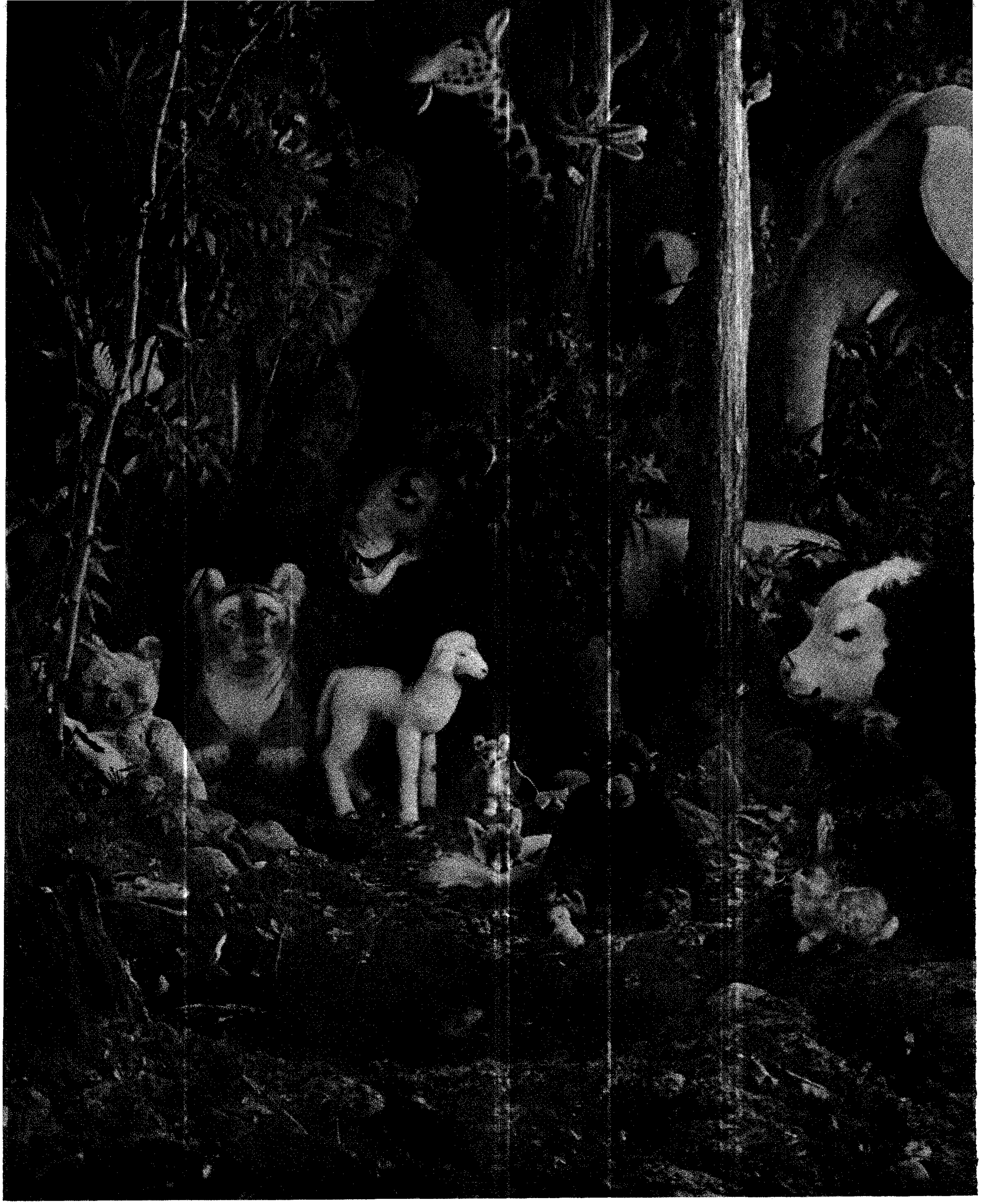
The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

Parisienne & French Provincial
Cuisine Par Excellence
Le Chateau Richelieu
48 East 52nd St. Res: PL 1-6565
Owner-Host: Peter Robotti


A taste of the past
makes the present beautiful.
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
ESTABLISHED 1749
ROYAL AGES
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND 4/5 QUART
IMPORTED BY
THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION

In a world that continually strives for the new, the changed, the expedient, we are pleased to present a Scotch made the way Scotch was made in another day and age. Royal Ages. Fifteen year old Scotch.

15 Years Old 86 Proof Blended Scotch Whiskey. Bottled in Scotland and Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Inc., NYC 10020.



© REEVES INTERNATIONAL, N.Y.C.

THE LOVABLE KINGDOM
by
Steiff
From $1 to $600

MUSICAL EVENTS

Top

A MUSIC critic makes his rounds week after week, often thinking to himself, "My, what a lot of good conductors, good pianists, good singers, and good violinists there are!" And then something extraordinary comes up which demonstrates that everything he has been taking so much satisfaction in is not really that good at all—that, in fact, it is rather mediocre. This happens seldom—perhaps once or twice a year. It happened last Monday night when Georg Solti brought the Chicago Symphony to Carnegie Hall and performed Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. The concert was not well attended, but it was one of the supreme events of the music season. The symphony is one of Bruckner's greatest, and its adagio—to my mind, at least—is possibly the finest slow movement in the whole symphonic repertoire. Mr. Solti, as has been remarked here before, is a splendid conductor. He is also a curious one. He hasn't a trace of self-consciousness, and from the audience he resembles an awkward, flapping bald eagle. His elbows stick out. He bends his body, eager to draw some particular effect from the orchestra. He rears backward in order to caution a player or group of players. In general, he gives the impression of being a man who doesn't care how he looks as long as he gets the sounds he wants. You will say that this is exactly the thing I have been criticizing Leonard Bernstein for. It isn't. Mr. Bernstein gives the impression of being a man performing before an audience. Mr. Solti does not appear to know that the audience is there. His manner of interpreting the Bruckner symphony is emphatic—that is to say, he stresses strong elements and lets the transitional ones fall into lower relief. This is not the only way of interpreting the Eighth. Herbert von Karajan, for example—the only other conductor I have heard perform it with equal expressiveness—is a much smoother conductor, with elegant gestures, and he brings forth a smoother performance. But Solti's way with this symphony is enormously exciting. One hears elements of the score that one has never noticed before, and there is a tempestuous atmosphere about his reading that brings out the passion and masculinity underlying what ordinarily seem to be passages of philosophical or religious resignation. Not that he distorts the work in any way. He simply presents a version of it that is more vigorous and, for want of a better expression, more heavily punctuated than usual.

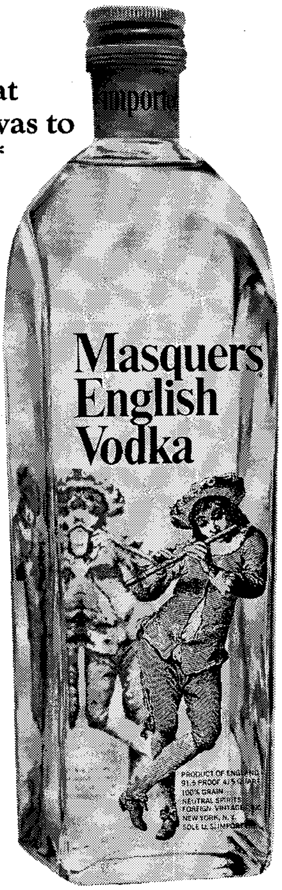
People have told me that the Chicago Symphony is not always as good in Chicago as it is in New York. Maybe so. In that case, it ought always to perform in New York. The unanimity, dedicated energy, clarity, and accuracy it displayed in this symphony were absolute. In comparison, our own New York Philharmonic often sounds like a group of scrambling schoolboys. When the Chicago brass section makes a fortissimo entrance in this work, you might think that the heavenly hosts were striding forward, all in perfect step and with an awesome air of dignity. There were no inaccuracies in the horns the other night, and the first horn player, as I have noted before, is a virtuoso of prodigious skill. The woodwinds are equally dependable. It is possible that the strings lack some of the particular polish that we get from those of the Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra. This is a point difficult to establish, because different conductors elicit different qualities of tone from an orchestra. But in the matter of artistic conscientiousness, the players of the Chicago string section are—or, at any rate, were in this performance—models of accuracy, enthusiasm, and sensitivity down to the last man in each section.

The symphony was preceded by Marvin David Levy's Concerto No. 1 for Pianoforte and Orchestra, with that thundering virtuoso Earl Wild contributing the piano solo. Everything was done that could be done with this dominantly twelve-tone work. I noticed that the program notes quoted me as writing that Mr. Levy is "a composer of uncommon eloquence." Well, that was a long time ago, and "eloquence" is the last word I would apply to Mr. Levy's concerto. It is one of those hopeless compositions, written in a style invented by Schoenberg around 1920, that merely ask the tolerance of an audience. I should recommend either its cremation or a discreet burial at the "avant-garde" Donau-Eschingen Festival, where such interments are ceremoniously carried out every year.

THE following night (Tuesday), the Chicago Symphony made a second appearance in Carnegie Hall, with Mr. Solti again wielding the baton. Again the performance was memorable for its clarity and inspiration. But the odds were against it. The evening was devoted to Mahler's Seventh Symphony, and, fervent Mahlerite though I am, I have always considered this to be one of Mahler's two second-rate symphonies, the other being the Eighth, which usually makes a big splash because of its huge choral movements but which is not really characteristic of Mahler at all. The Seventh Symphony produces a peculiar impression. It is as if Mahler were happy when he wrote it (a bad thing for Mahler's creative undertakings) and were merely acting out the role of the miserable, neurotic Mahler, making the appropriate sounds but making them without conviction. There is little contrast in this work, and there is some writing that is downright extroverted; the last movement, for example, opens with a theme that might almost have been taken from "Die Meistersinger." The Scherzo and the following Andante Amoroso are, to me, the best movements, but even the Scherzo seems a bit forced. Generally, the themes are commonplace—not in the usual Mahlerian sense of taking a commonplace theme and making something wonderful of it by distortions and inimitable orchestration, but just plain ordinary.

LAST Friday night, I attended a joint recital in Philharmonic Hall by the young New Jersey soprano Marisa Galvany and the veteran tenor Giuseppe Campora. I had heard Miss Galvany once before, during a production of Simone Mayr's "Medea in Corinto," with the Clarion Concerts, and Mr. Campora served at the Metropolitan some time ago. The program was entirely operatic. In arias by Puccini, Bellini, and Verdi, Miss Galvany threw a powerful, warm, lyric voice across the footlights. She does not have much agility, but she is a striking lyric soprano for the standard Italian repertoire. Mr.

English Vodka is to vodka what Sadlers Wells was to Russian ballet.*



The inspiration for Masquers English Vodka comes from the Slav original.
But what the English do when they're inspired! They distill and revise and civilize. They transform. (Just think how the English elevated gin.)
Masquers English Vodka (91.5 proof) is vodka transformed.
Rich-tasting (as vodka was meant to be) so as not to get lost when you mix with fruit or mineral.
But cool and elegant withal so that served chilled or on the rocks Masquers solo makes the perfect martini.
The Masquers' Martini. And no obtrusive after-presence.
The price of Masquers English Vodka is somewhat higher than the price of U.S. vodkas.
However, once you've experienced the pleasure of Masquers...you may be surprised the price is not even higher.

*The Sadlers Wells Ballet Company founded by Ninette de Valois in 1931 transformed many a classic Russian ballet into a characteristically English phenomenon before (in 1957) becoming the present-day Royal Ballet.

Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., New York City 10020. Distilled from Grain 91.5 proof

6 ways to dress up a naked cigarette.

Or cigar. Or pipe.
Just adorn them with a fashionably elegant Consul butane gas lighter.
Any Consul. They're all always in style. Wear one, and you will be too.

CONSUL®

If all you want is flame, get a match.

M3 from $11. ROYAL from $20. CORONET from $14. CLIP from $8. CROWN hand-cut CRYSTAL $32.50. MINI $15.
Imported exclusively by Peterson's Ltd., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Charlescraft Ltd., Toronto 14.

Campora was most successful in "Tombe degl' avi miei," from "Lucia." Elsewhere, though he is a singer of polished style, his top notes tended to be dry or flat or both.

FRIDAY morning, I attended a screening of the N.E.T. Opera Theatre's production, to be broadcast on December 27th, of "Hansel and Gretel," that fairy-tale opera by Engelbert Humperdinck (perhaps it should be explained to younger readers that this is the post-Wagnerian German composer and not the current rock performer). It is sung in English by a Canadian cast, and, aside from a sequence by the Canadian National Ballet (the angels who appear while the kids are asleep), which seemed to me rather unimaginative, it is effective, with charming singers singing the charming old score. I have no idea how "Hansel and Gretel" strikes today's youngsters, but to elders who remember their own youth it seems good. Among the cast are Judith Forst (Hansel), Christine Anton (Gretel), Maureen Forrester (Witch), Arlene Meadows (Mother), Cornelis Opthof (Father), René Rosen (Sandman), and Danielle Pilon (Dew Fairy). The conductor is Mario Bernardi.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

If one can dismiss Camus's explanation of his intentions in "The Stranger," why should one accept at face-value Simone De Beauvoir's disingenuous assertion that "the mandarins" was not a Roman A Chef?—*Helena (Mont.) Independent-Record.*

When everyone knows it was about Julia Child.

•

Mrs. Gabrielle (Gabby) Oriol flew back to New York, N.Y., Monday after a weekend visit with her mother, Mrs. Brenda Ueland. She joked that she is "gainfully unemployed" when asked what she is doing. She added in a serious note that she has something up her sleeve that hasn't yet jelled.—*Margaret Morris in the Minneapolis Tribune.*

Must be damned inconvenient.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From the Times]

Later this year, a candy store that will offer four pounds of Belgian-style chocolates in a velvet box adorned with pheasant feathers for $50 will open at 821 Madison, north of 68th Street. The 500-square-foot store, to be decorated with crystal sconces, will be the third outlet here of Godiva Chocolatier de Belgique, a division of the Campbell Soup Company.

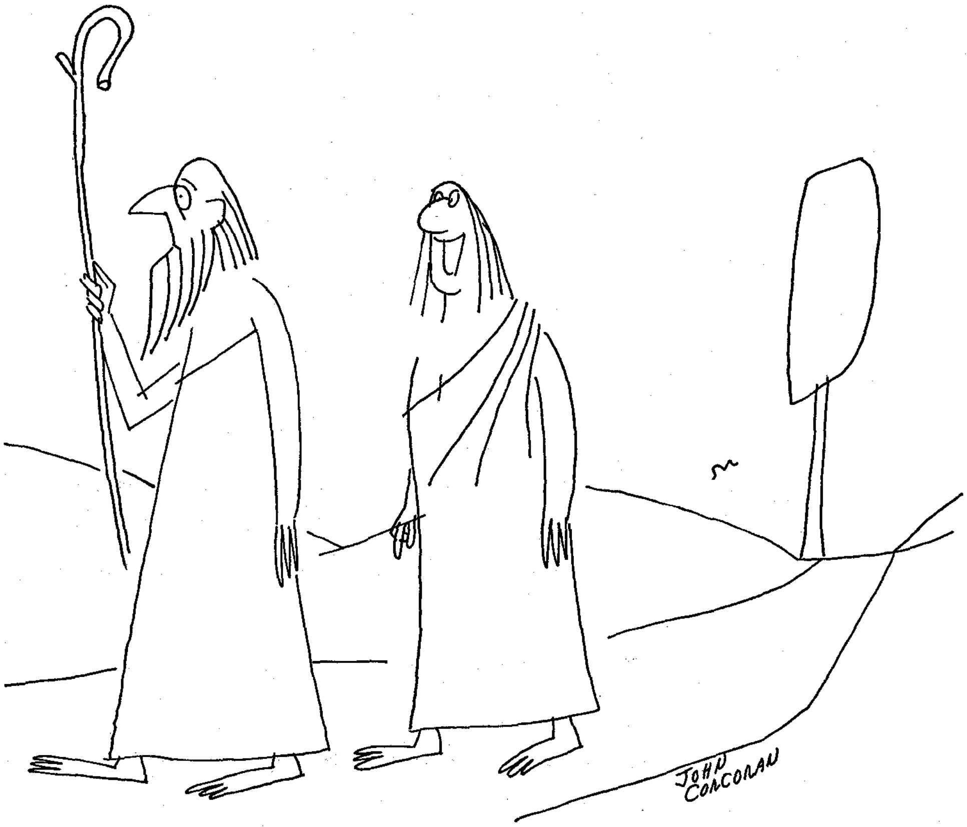
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 11

IN the course of his news conference last night, the President made some astonishingly categorical responses to a number of questions. Reminded that earlier in the day the Secretary of State had told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the Administration had no "present" intention of sending American combat troops back into Cambodia, Nixon was asked whether he could foresee "any circumstances whatever under which we would use ground forces in Cambodia." "None whatever," the President said, and went on to take a question about the economy. A while later, he was asked if he would again do what he did this year in the New York senatorial election and support a "third-party candidate" against a Republican nominee "who may disagree with some major points of your policies." "Under no circumstances" was the President's full reply. And shortly after that crisp and sweeping answer he was asked if he thought that "United States security is threatened at all by Soviet military activity in the Caribbean, including the submarine base in Cuba." "No, I do not," he said, and looked about for another interrogator.

It is not unusual for a President to say one thing and do another—or to say today precisely the opposite of what he said yesterday. But on matters of major importance most politicians are generally careful to work in escape clauses, so that they may keep even their rhetorical options open and make the work of demonstrating contradictions difficult for the exegetes. No one here would bet his bottom dollar that nothing could ever induce Nixon to re-enter Cambodia, or that he will never again encourage the defeat of a Republican he doesn't like, or that he is not disturbed by the possibility—for that is now all it appears to be—of a Soviet submarine base in Cuba. Nevertheless, it is surprising that he answered these three questions with such emphatic and unqualified negatives, and surprising not only because he was making a public record that he might later regret but also because he appeared, in at least two of the instances, to be acknowledging mistakes of considerable magnitude—the Cambodian incursion of last May and the scuttling of Senator Goodell in the recent campaign. If it was morally and politically defensible to go into Cambodia a few months ago, it would be morally and politically defensible to go back any time a military need was perceived. And one doesn't require military or C.I.A. briefings to be able to conceive of circumstances in which the case for an offensive would be once more as strong as it seemed to the President last May. His enthusiasm for the Lon Nol regime seems undiminished; he defended his military-aid policy for Cambodia at some length in the news conference. Therefore, taking him literally (and there is hardly any other way of taking "None whatever"), one can only conclude that he recognized the earlier policy as a political mistake, which is unremarkable, and that he was admitting it, which is most remarkable. He yielded hostages not only to his critics at home but to the adversary he described as an "international outlaw," whose leaders are unlikely to take his words literally but would no doubt enjoy throwing them in his face if ever he changes his mind.

Nixon's brusque answer to the question about supporting any and all Republicans was amplified during the session in his reply to a question on a different but related subject. "I personally expect to support all those Republicans who may be running for the United States Senate in 1972, if they want my support," he said. "And some of them are, as you know, members of what is called the liberal wing of the Party. But they are Republicans. We welcome them. We want them." There is no way of reading these words and the assertion that "under no circumstances" would he again assist a third-party candidate except as an admission that the damage done by withholding support from Senator Goodell outweighs the benefits of having James Buckley in the Senate. It seems rather odd that Nixon should have come to this judgment so early in the day. After all, Senator Goodell was an opponent—and quite an effective one in some ways—of most of Nixon's major policies, and Senator-elect Buckley will no doubt keep his promise to support the Administration on key issues. In national politics, a Senate vote is a thing of substance; hurt feelings are important, too, but they do not necessarily lead to reprisals, and there are ways of making amends. Moreover, it might be supposed that, even if the President had become convinced that he had made a tactical error in dumping Goodell, he was doing himself no good by publicly airing this bit of hindsight. It had been assumed here that one of the main arguments for supporting Buckley was to throw the fear of Nixon and Agnew into the hearts of Republican senators who, like Goodell, have been oppositionists. The intended message seemed to be "Shape up! What's happening to Goodell could happen to you. Merely



"I still can't get over your being a sage. You didn't know beans when I married you."

An experienced staff is waiting to serve you at Houston's traditional host.

The Rice Hotel has an experienced staff dedicated to making your stay in Houston a pleasure. Most of our staff members have made serving you their careers . . . and have been with The Rice for years. In fact, The Rice has one of the lowest personnel turnovers in the hotel industry. And that has helped The Rice become Houston's traditional host.

THE RICE HOTEL

Main at Texas, Houston (713) CA7-2111

Gloucester House

SEA FOOD AT ITS BEST

37 EAST 50 ST.-N.Y. 755-7394
BETWEEN PARK & MADISON

the loudest noise you'll hear is the roar of a waterfall.

HOTEL Hana Ranch
MAUI, HAWAII
see your travel agent

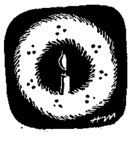
Takeda's IRORI

AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS & SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Sushi Bar . . . Fresh Sashimi

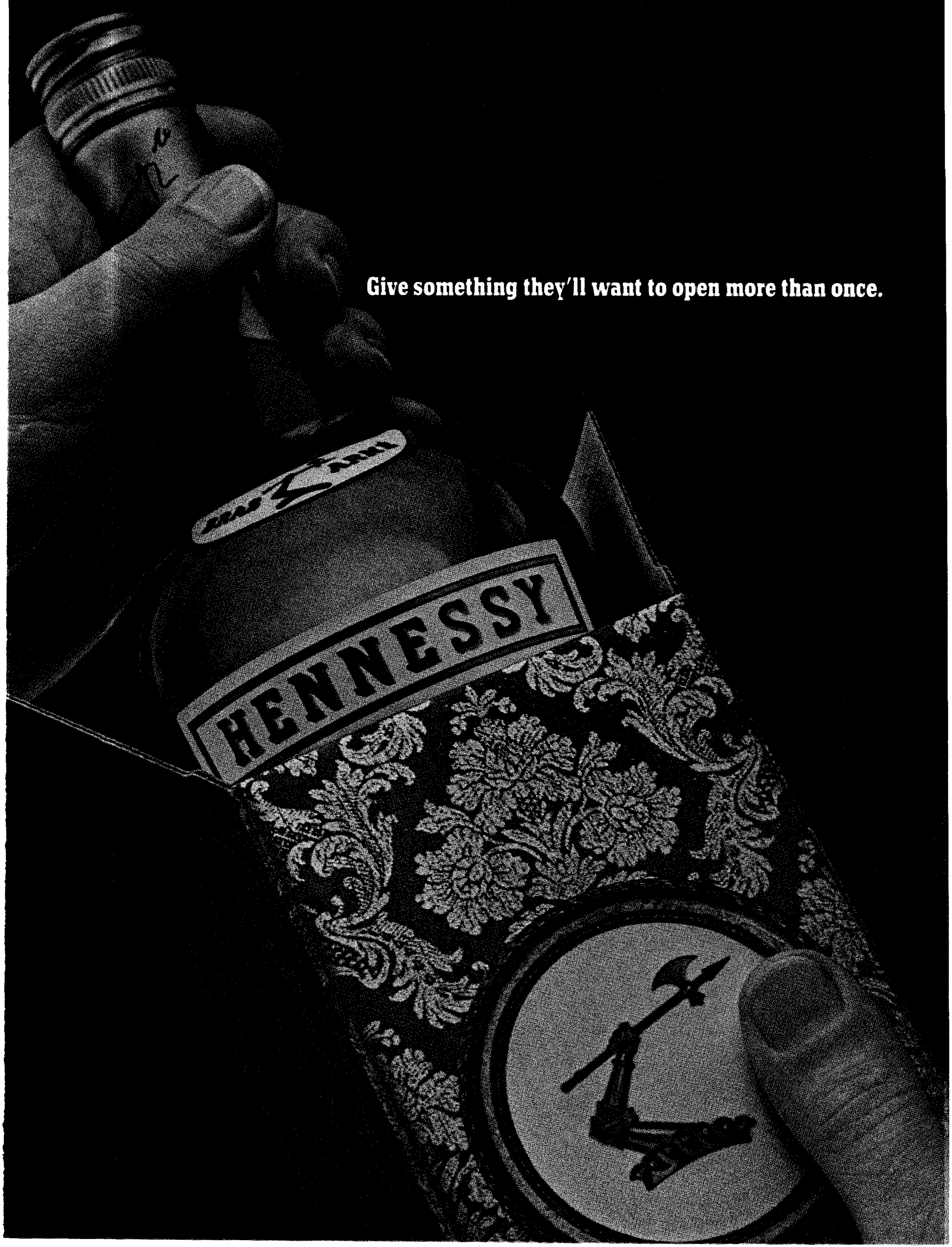
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

calling yourself a Republican isn't enough." This kind of arm-twisting has been of demonstrable utility in the past, and one would have expected Nixon to have at least given it a try. But the message last night seemed a go-ahead for wayward Republicans: "Vote your consciences as you will—I will support you in any case." (To be sure, the President could live up to what he said and still threaten opposition in Republican primaries and nominating conventions. But incumbent senators, like incumbent Presidents, have a way of getting party nominations when they want them.) Similarly, what the President said must be the cause of some distress to those conservatives who are known to be thinking of organizing Buckley-type campaigns in other states. Without the kind of assistance the White House gave the New York Conservatives, such efforts are fairly certain to be futile.

THE news conference as an institution has undergone many changes, some the product of technology, some the product of changing Presidential styles. As a means of communication, it has in recent years—particularly since it has been nationally and internationally televised—been far more useful to Presidents than to the press. One weakness that has always been inherent in the institution, however, is the custom, by now an article of protocol, that restrains correspondents from pursuing questions that seem to have been answered incompletely or unsatisfactorily—sometimes even from what the correspondent may feel is the President's point of view. The custom has its uses for all concerned. The President is a kind of king, and lèse-majesté a kind of crime; he gives brief audiences and limited rights of questioning to a number of people, and it is understood among the questioners that no one should attempt to hog time. Besides, very few people care to appear as pests or hecklers before an entire nation, and even those who would not otherwise worry about the stigma must bear in mind that their future depends on a civil relationship with their colleagues and continued access to the corridors of power. Nevertheless, the ban on "follow-up" questions can be not only misleading but dangerous. Surely the President—perhaps the most "security"-minded one in recent history—cannot be unconcerned about a Soviet military presence in the Caribbean. He is known to be worried about the Russians in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Surely if he had been asked to reflect on his answer, and reminded of his concern about the Soviet Navy in the more remote bodies of water, he would have modified and amplified his language. If, as he said, he sees *no* threat in a Soviet buildup on this side of the Atlantic, then logic would compel him to say that he was junking the Monroe Doctrine and that we had no further need for a Navy. Fortunately, it is not very likely that the Russians will infer any of this from their reading of the transcript. Nor will they or anyone else hold Nixon to the promise he made in discussing the case of the Lithuanian defector returned by the Coast Guard to those from whom he had sought refuge. "I can assure you that it will never happen again," the President said. Not even kings can make such assurances in perpetuity.



Neither in Nixon's news conference nor in his other post-election statements has there been any suggestion of important changes in Administration policy. He intends to go on with troop withdrawals and "Vietnamization," facilitating both processes with B-52 raids here and there. He will promote integration in the suburbs—and presumably elsewhere—"only to the extent that the law requires." He is still, in the main, a free trader, though he is sympathetic to the imposition of further quotas on textile imports. He will continue to rely principally on persuasion in holding down wages and prices. There is nothing new in any of this—except perhaps in his increased and possibly ominous return to a reliance on air power in Indo-China. Yet in the news conference, and also in last week's speech to the National Association of Manufacturers, several notes were sounded that have not been heard before—or, at any rate, not recently. The apparent acknowledgments of error on Cambodia and in the Goodell affair were accompanied by statements that allowed at least the possibility of mistaken judgment, on his own part or on the part of his chosen associates. Asked about J. Edgar Hoover's accusation of the jailed Berrigan brothers as being parties to a conspiracy of political kidnapping, he referred to the previously unassailable head of the F.B.I. almost as if he were a figure of the past ("I believe that he has rendered very great service to this country") and then went on to say that the Justice Department was looking into the allegation and would take action "if the facts justify it." It is not a matter of record that any earlier President has wanted anyone else's verification of Hoover's "facts"—and,


Give something they'll want to open more than once.
HENNESSY

HENNESSY COGNAC. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

Hennessy **Because there's a little connoisseur in everyone.**

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form
Special Christmas Rates

$10.00 for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

$7.00 for each additional one-year subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—
Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
other foreign $3.00 per year

Please Enter A Subscription For

Your Name ________________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To ________________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ________________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ________________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ________________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

0113

indeed, for the Justice Department to perform such a research role is very odd, since the F.B.I. is itself the research agency of the Justice Department. The President made a stab, though a rather awkward one, at generosity in discussing the firing of Walter Hickel, saying that there might be some connection between his loss of confidence in Hickel and the probability that Hickel "lost confidence in me. . . . I have great admiration for him."

The question of an unsatisfactory relationship between the press and the White House was delicately raised, and the President was willing to take his share of what blame there might be. "I, as President, have a responsibility to help you do your job," he said. (It is not thus written in the Constitution or any statute, and there are members of the press who think it might be better all around if Presidents felt no such responsibility, which implies a certain unwelcome reciprocity in their helping a President do *his* job.) He said he had under consideration several approaches to more agreeable arrangements. Asked if he thought he had not endangered the rights of defendants in criminal cases currently *sub judice*—specifically, in the My Lai court-martial, the Sharon Tate killings, and the case of Angela Davis—by public comment on the alleged acts and the defendants, he said, "I think that's a legitimate criticism." And he came closer than he has ever come in the past to repudiating the Vice-President. It was recalled to him that while he had as yet made no comment on the report of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest, headed by ex-Governor William Scranton, Spiro Agnew had been quick to describe it—if that is the word—as "pablum for permissiveness." "Well, I've read it, and it's certainly not pablum," the President said, meaning at the very least that it challenged the intellectual digestive process. He added that his "views in detail" had been set forth in a letter to Scranton, which would be released as soon as receipt of it was acknowledged; it is understood that this letter accepts much of the analysis but rejects most of the recommendations—especially those calling upon him to take some new initiatives of a conciliatory nature.

Most people who have observed Nixon at close range over the past two decades have been impressed by his willingness—in private, if rarely in public—to make candid assessments of his liabilities as well as his assets. Whatever his faults, self-deception has seldom been one of them, and it would seem that two years in what many regard as the isolated, insulated atmosphere of the White House have not lessened his capacity for facing up to his own vulnerabilities. And if he has been more successful in identifying his problems than in eliminating them, this is attributable not to lack of effort on his part but in some cases to the intractability of the problems, in others to limitations of vision, and in still others to past commitments. It is clear now that he has read the election returns and other recent omens with as much insight and thoughtfulness as anyone, and that he knows what he must do, though he is probably as uncertain as most others here about whether he can ever do it. He must liquidate the war as rapidly as possible. He must restore unity in his own party and seek support among Democrats. He must bring governmental power to bear on inflation and unemployment. He must attempt, in his phrase, "to mute . . . differences" between races and generations and classes. But no matter how acute his analysis may be, or how earnest his intentions, there seems little he can do—given the limitations he sets upon himself and certain further limitations inherent in his authority—to achieve his purposes. He says he must end the war "in a way that will justify the sacrifices of this generation of young Americans." Probably any President would have to come up with some such formulation. But the war is hated and hateful precisely because there is no way to "justify" the killing, and the more he tries to gain acceptance of his strategy by talk of "saving American lives" the more hateful it becomes, because the end—or at least the means—is so clearly a "trade-off" of other people's lives for our own, in a cause that will not be improved simply by the departure of some of our troops. No doubt the great majority of Americans would be gratified by our withdrawal from a combat role, even if only on the ground, but if that must await the kind of justification he speaks of, it will be a long while in coming. It is possible, to be sure, that the cynical side of the President's nature prevails, and that both the rhetoric and the increased bombing are merely means of concealing a great retreat. Both are dangerous, though, for the rhetoric, if it is revealed as nothing more than that, will further diminish confidence, and the bombing may destroy all hope of settlement.

There is some hope here that the South Vietnamese will rescue us and

Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

. . . renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $25.00.
Doubles from $33.00.
Includes one pick-up and one delivery.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

Country Inns and Back Roads
"THE ONLY BOOK OF ITS KIND" 2.95 ppd.
Crisp mornings, country breakfasts, woodland rambles, crackling fires, hearty dinners, good conversation, snug beds, shunpiking, history, nature—all of these are yours, vicariously or in reality, with this happy, personal narrative that visits 65 real operating country inns from the escarpments of New England to California's shores. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?
Tarry In Our Book Stall
The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
BOX 191

if the world is too much for you.
HOTEL Hana Ranch
MAUI, HAWAII
see your travel agent

themselves by bringing down the Thieu-Ky government in next year's elections and installing a regime that will thank us for services rendered and tell us they are no longer required. Unless something of this sort happens, Nixon will have neither the political support nor the economic resources to deal with any of the other problems. He will be unable to restore unity in his own party, because the disunity centers on Vietnam, as does opposition from the Democrats, large numbers of whom are not above frustrating domestic programs they would otherwise approve in order to weaken him politically. On a few issues—such as welfare reform, for which he now seems to be fighting with genuine vigor—he may be able to put together a bipartisan coalition, but it seems improbable that appeals to responsibility will be heeded as long as members of both parties feel that the Administration is engaged in the ultimate irresponsibility in Indo-China. Something may be accomplished by speaking in a more attractive voice, by showing a willingness to concede error up to a point, and by displaying increased tolerance and generosity. In his post-election performances, the President has seemed a considerably pleasanter man than in his preëlection ones, and he may thus have added a bit to his reservoir of good will—though by no means enough, one would think, to make it measurably easier for him to lead the country. Something more may be accomplished by personnel management—such as bringing into the White House the director of the Office for Economic Opportunity, acquiring political strategists not enamored of the Southern strategy, and, if it is still possible, putting the Vice-President on a short tether. But even if these did not appear to be offset by other moves—the dismissal of Walter Hickel, and the appointment of an obscure and recently defeated Texas politician with no diplomatic background as Ambassador to the United Nations—they would benefit the Administration only marginally, if at all. The difficulties are less with the people than with the policies, and while it is an old political axiom that to change the policies one must change the men in charge of them, there is no present reason to suppose that the Administration intends any changes of major policies. It is not that the people in high places do not question their efficacy—many, no doubt including the President, do—but, rather, that they are stuck with them because they are stuck with themselves.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

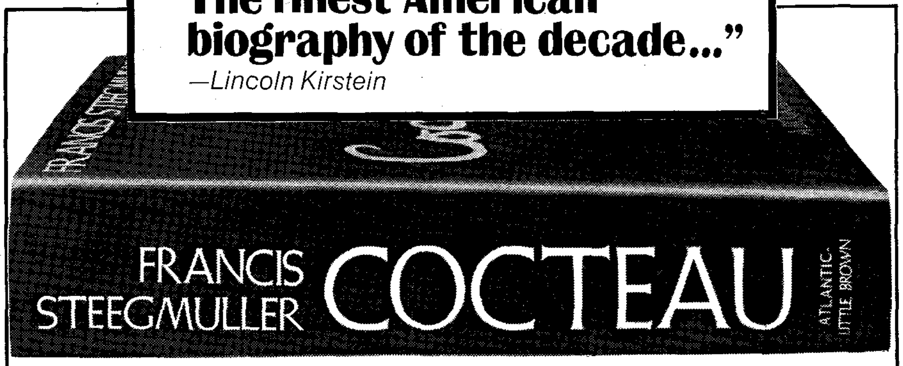
Give it
if you can get it.

MASTERPIECE
IMPORTED
CANADIAN
Masterpiece
LORD CALVERT
CANADIAN BLENDED WHISKY
CALVERT OF CANADA LTD.

At around $9.00 a fifth how could a store be out of it? Because some stores can't get it, and those that do can't get much. It takes a long time to produce a bottle of Masterpiece. And that slows us down. So the best we can do is just keep it coming in from Canada in trickles. If you find some, it will make a fine gift. Especially in that plush red gift box. We're sorry it's so hard to get. But after all, what makes Canadian Masterpiece great is what makes it scarce.

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND • 80 PROOF
IMPORTED BY CALVERT DIST. CO., N. Y. C.

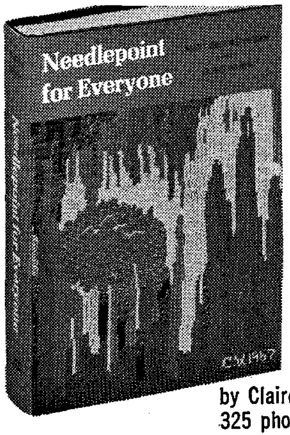
"The finest American biography of the decade..."
—Lincoln Kirstein



Illustrated, $12.50 at bookstores **Atlantic-Little, Brown**

Fielding's
guide to the
Caribbean
plus the Bahamas
1971

"The best" *(Washington Star)* is now completely revised and updated, with new maps, 200 pages longer, and all the latest on cruise ships and island shopping. $7.95
Fielding Publications/William Morrow



NEEDLEPOINT FOR EVERYONE by Mary Brooks Picken and Doris White is truly encyclopedic — crammed with practical, tested advice and instruction. Preface by Russell Lynes. Layout and 120 drawings by Claire Valentine. 325 photographs. At all bookstores, $12.50

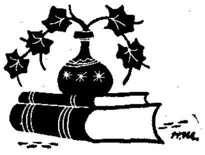
Harper & Row
1817

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Kinds of Love, by May Sarton (Norton). We watch with fascination as Miss Sarton builds her huge portrait of a joyous and generous spirit who is doomed, even in old age, to suffer the pain of bewildered love. Christina Chapman, seventy-five, is heiress to all the privilege that wealth, social position, beauty, a consequential family, and an equally consequential marriage can confer, but she is shut away forever from her heart's desire because she lacks the common touch that makes all men kin. Christina wants to be loved, not only by her own people—those of her family and of her clan—but by everybody in sight, and, what is more, she wants proof of love from everybody, in sight and out of sight. The proofs are given easily enough, but in Christina's keen intelligence there is enough self-doubt to enable her to sense the reservation between herself and many of those she would like to call her own, and this sense of alienation afflicts her most sharply when she and her husband, Cornelius, return to their big summer establishment in Willard, New Hampshire, and prepare to spend their first winter there. Willard is a tiny community of a few hundred souls, most of them people who have spent their lives there and who have a hard time earning a living in the place, half paralyzed as it is by discouraged or indifferent hearts and by the pressures of the times. With complete success, Miss Sarton portrays Willard under a double spell—first, the spell cast by the spectacular winter weather, and, second, the spell of Christina's longing, a longing that never tires and that continues to hold her story in tension after the ice and snow are gone and forgotten.



GENERAL

The Last of the Giants, by C. L. Sulzberger (Macmillan). A gigantic thousand-page report on the world's political personalities who flourished or withered over the years 1954-63. During that period, Mr. Sulzberger, a *Times* foreign correspondent, became a columnist, but there was no letup in his peregrinations. He went everywhere and seems to have met everybody, from Abbas, Ferhat, to Zorlu, Fatin Rustu. The work is personal, detailed, gossipy, and often gay as well as thoughtful; though Mr. Sulzberger certainly takes world affairs seriously, he enjoys, as he records them, the jokes and incongruities that accompany the procession of crises. Of all the era's statesmen, Mr. Sulzberger probably knew de Gaulle best, and he reports on their long talks, many of them all or partly off the record. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

A Peck of Salt, by John T. Hough, Jr. (Atlantic-Little, Brown). America's young have been slyly and sometimes crudely disparaged by the country's prominent and not so prominent older citizens. This book by a young conscientious objector gives an account of what it is like for a well-educated white man of comfortable circumstances to work as a member of Vista among black children in an urban ghetto. The author demonstrates how tough and worldly an innocent and idealistic young person like him can come to be, given the opportunity to learn from others—the so-called "disadvantaged." He also lets us know that there is good reason for some people in this nation to fear (hence attack with insults) him and his kind. He and his kind are young Americans who want to change this nation in dozens of ways, and they are willing to act on their deeply felt principles, rather than talk themselves and others into a smug, morally complacent political inertia.

Man About Paris: The Confessions of Arsène Houssaye, translated and edited by Henry Knepler (Morrow). Arsène Houssaye came to Paris as a young poet in the early eighteen-thirties and shared lodgings with Théophile Gautier and Gérard de Nerval. It was the world of "La Vie de Bohème." The days were devoted to drawing and writing, the evenings to seducing grisettes. Unlike the Goncourts, Houssaye did not keep a journal (at least he never published one), but in his sixties, when he had long been a littérateur about Paris and the director of the Comédie Française, and had known everyone, he poured out his "con-

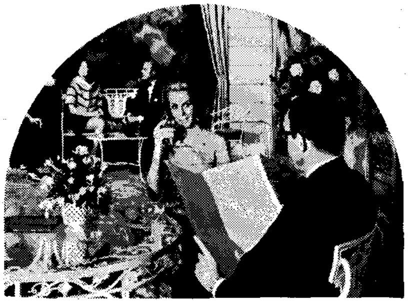
Golf Cottages
on a
Pete Dye-Jack Nicklaus
eighteen $65,000.

Or rent one for
$60 a day.

Delightful 2-bedroom cottages overlooking a championship golf course. Attractively furnished by Eleanor Schneider, A.I.D. Purchase for $65,000 or lease at $40 per day through November 30th; $60 a day December 1-February 14; $75 daily February 15 - April 15. For further information write Box 860-4, R.R. #2, Vero Beach, Florida 32960 or call 305 567-7147.

john's island

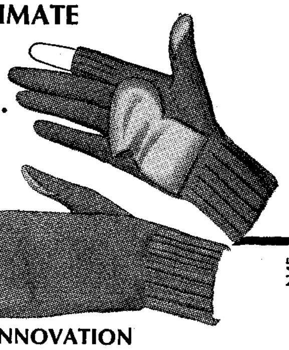
A property of Lost Tree Village Corporation
AD-2308C



The Pierre
Is a World of its own
Welcome.
5TH AVE. & 61 ST. • N.Y.C. • 212-838-8000

SUPPORT YOUR MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH

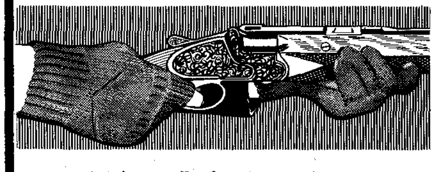
SHIP PAINTINGS
An unexcelled collection of 18th and 19th century original watercolor and oil paintings of ships and nautical subjects.
THE FLAYDERMAN GALLERIES
New Milford, Conn. 203-354-5567



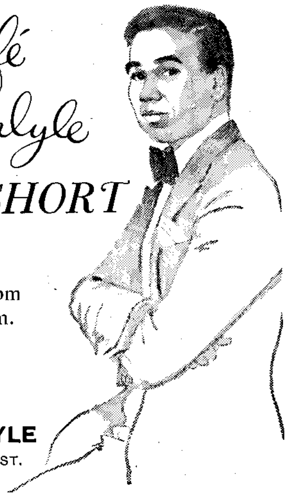
OUR ULTIMATE
WINTER
SPORTS
GLOVES...

N45

BOLD INNOVATION
Made in Europe; so different, it's patented. Mitten warmth with glove mobility. Mitten portion flips back for complete finger freedom; first joint of trigger finger is bared. Inner hands and finger tips chamois trimmed for firm grip. Lofty wool knit . . . ideal for hunting, driving, skiing, skating, ice fishing, stadium. Great photographer's glove! Forest green; sizes S, M, L, XL for men and women. Specify size and left or right hand model.
$11.95 per pair Add 75¢ on Mail Orders
N.Y. Res. Add Tax



© SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022



Café Carlyle
BOBBY SHORT
Dinner served
to 9:30 p.m.
Entertainment from
9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Cover $3 p.p.
from 9:30
Minimum $3 p.p.
HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. at 76th ST.
TEL. 744-1600

Fine Foods
Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

PAINTING IN PROVENCE
6-week Summer course & Workshop. June 22-Aug. 1 for adults. $525 includes tuition, room, demi-pension, field trips to Avignon, Arles, Nîmes and Marseille. Special arrangements & charges for private accommodation. Charter flight extra.
Write airmail N. Bayley-Benney
Director, Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27 place de l'Université, 13—Aix-en-Provence, France
All levels of painting with recognized artists in the countryside of Cézanne, Van Gogh and Picasso in an ancient French University town.

fessions" in six volumes. Mr. Knepler's selections from them are brief, lively, and, if seldom profound, nearly always delightful. The story of Houssaye's appointment to the Comédie Française, championed by Mlle. Rachel, as good a manipulator as she was an actress, is a condensed comic novel; the story of his marriage is a condensed romantic one. But it is the glimpses of the important literary figures of the period that will mean most to those interested in French nineteenth-century Romanticism: the young Gérard de Nerval being calmed from a state of exaltation and convinced to go to Montmartre instead of Mount Olympus by a young girl with "big, blue, astonished-looking eyes," encountered by chance on the street; the already famous but heavily in debt Balzac offering Houssaye a lunch that consists of three raisins, two penny rolls, coffee—into which the great writer puts not only milk but tea—and a lecture on how to be a novelist; Alfred de Musset in a Feydeau situation with a princess, her husband, and her milliner in adjoining private rooms in a restaurant. Practically all the great figures of the theatre appear, too: Patti, Grisi, Taglioni, and even Cora Pearl, to whom, although she neither danced nor sang (not for her living, anyway), the Duc de Grammont-Caderousse gave a silver bathtub filled with champagne. Fifteen dollars.

•

THE ACADEMIC LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[*From the Sacramento Bee*]

FRESNO (AP)—The chairman of the department of English at Fresno State College was fired late Friday and campus police immediately rushed in and bolted entrances to the department.

Police also were stationed on the roof of the building, the entrance landing and inside the main offices, communicating via walkie-talkies.

Locks were removed from the doors of Dr. Eugene Zumwalt's main department offices where records are kept. Boards were placed behind the doors of adjoining offices and bolts and metal plates were used to seal the quarters.

The precautions were taken until the locks could be rekeyed, a school spokesman said. He termed the action "normal procedure when a new administrator takes over."

•

There is no doubt that Rocky is a talented showman and the Republicans who are going to Albany after Jan. 1 can thank Rocky for running for they went in on his cocktails.—*Eastwood (N.Y.) Recorder.*

Standing up, we trust.

There are beleaguered parents (and exhausted offspring) who want sympathetic accommodations as they explore the possibilities of New England schools.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

GRAND TETON WEDGWOOD WARE
Teton scenes in black, on white Wedgwood plates designed for Jackson Lake Lodge. Titles: *Jackson Lake Lodge, Chapel of Transfiguration, Snake River, Mount Moran.* One plate $6.50; set of 4, $24. Order from Grand Teton Lodge Co., 209 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 94108.

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All *authors, subjects.* Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-70B.
BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

the only pollutants in our air we weave into fragrant leis.
HOTEL Hana Ranch
MAUI, HAWAII
see your travel agent

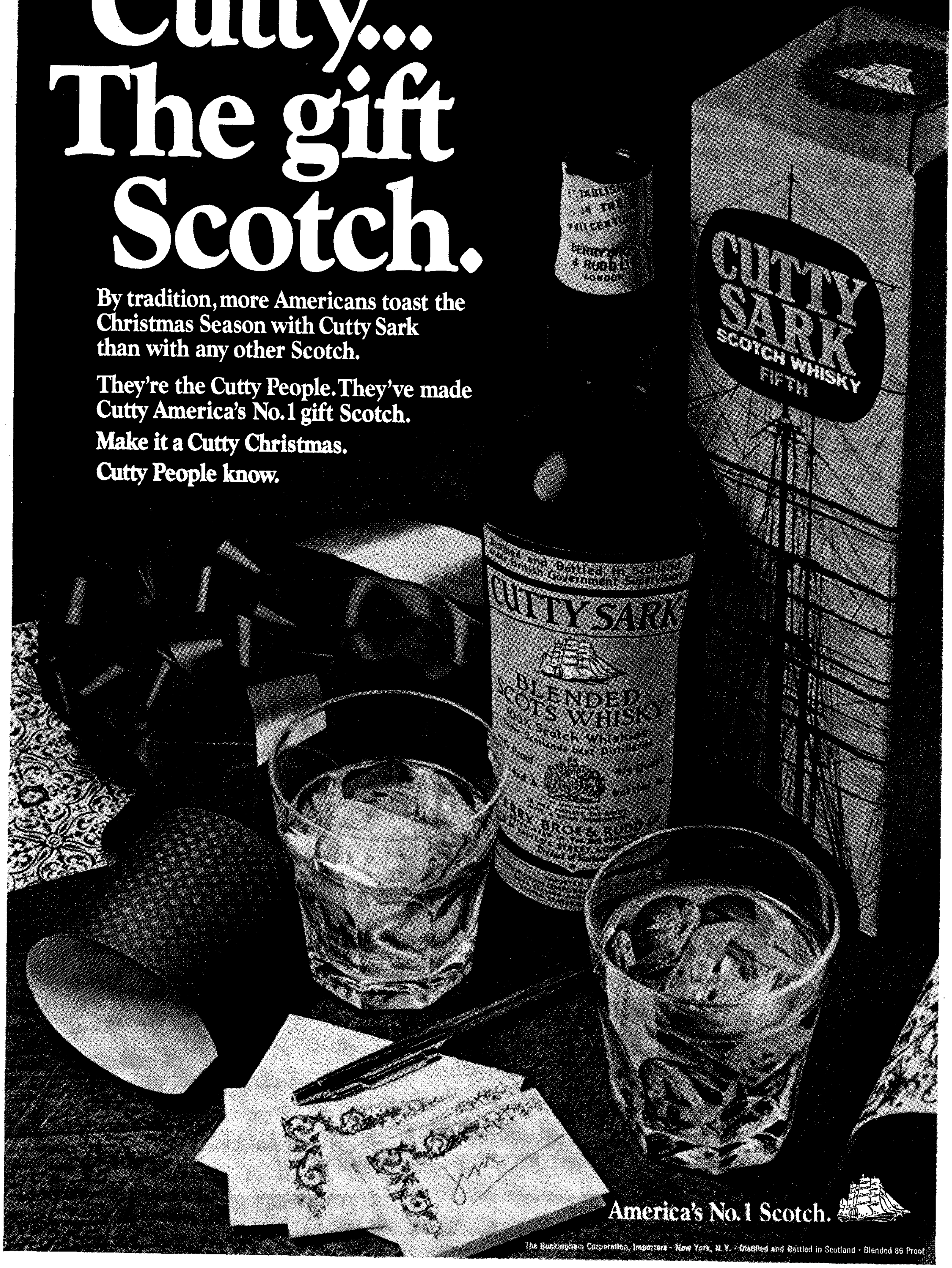
Cutty... The gift Scotch.

By tradition, more Americans toast the Christmas Season with Cutty Sark than with any other Scotch.

They're the Cutty People. They've made Cutty America's No. 1 gift Scotch.

Make it a Cutty Christmas.

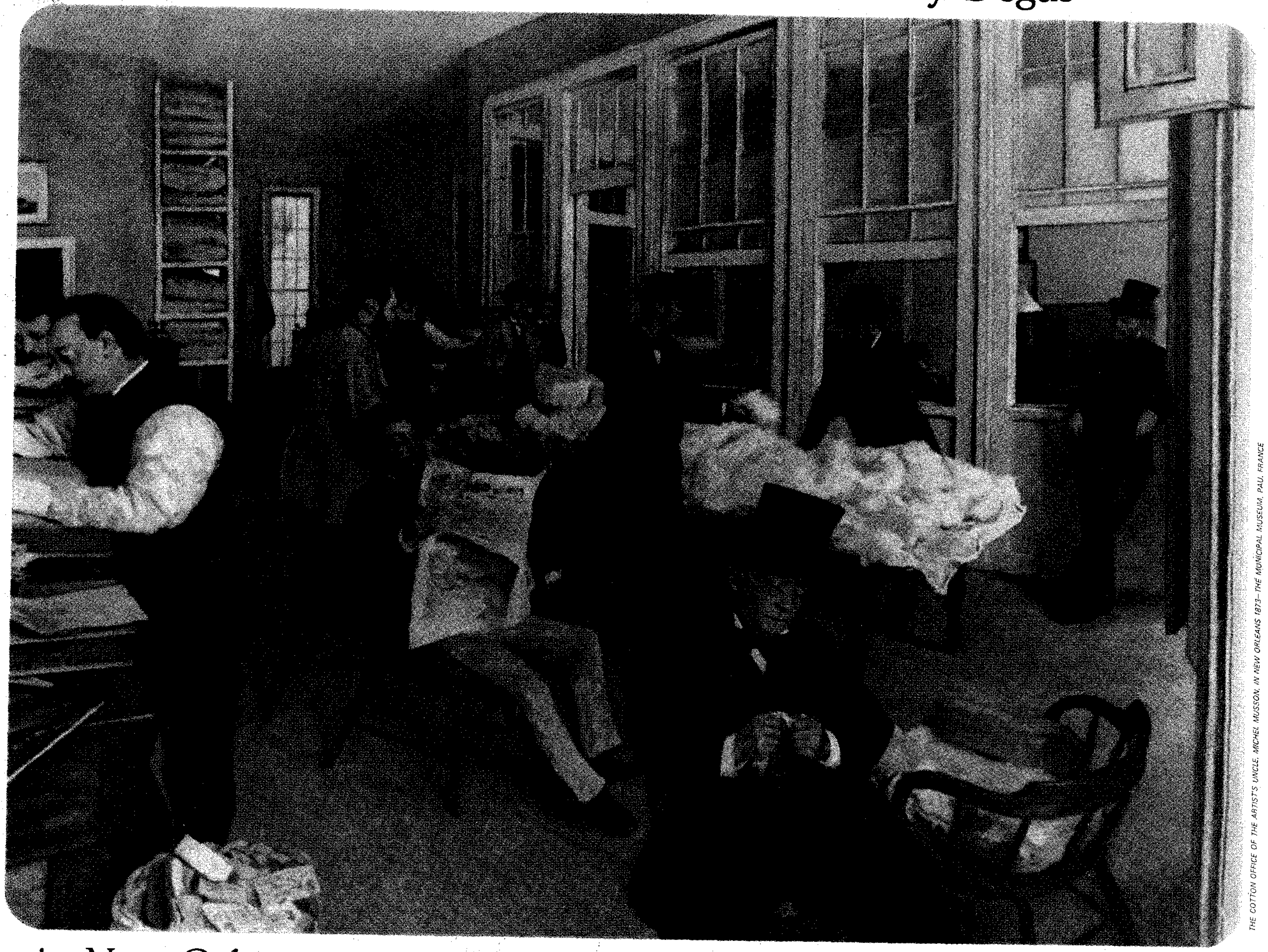
Cutty People know.


CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
FIFTH
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
BERRY BROS & RUDD
LONDON

America's No. 1 Scotch.

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers · New York, N. Y. · Distilled and Bottled in Scotland · Blended 86 Proof

The Cotton Exchange at New Orleans in 1873 by Degas



THE COTTON OFFICE OF THE ARTIST'S UNCLE, MICHEL MUSSON, IN NEW ORLEANS 1873—THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, PAU, FRANCE

—in New Orleans *at 407 Royal Street, is located Raymond H. Weill Co.,*
Roger G. Weill • Raymond H. Weill—Universally Recognized Buyers and Builders of Great Stamp Collections